

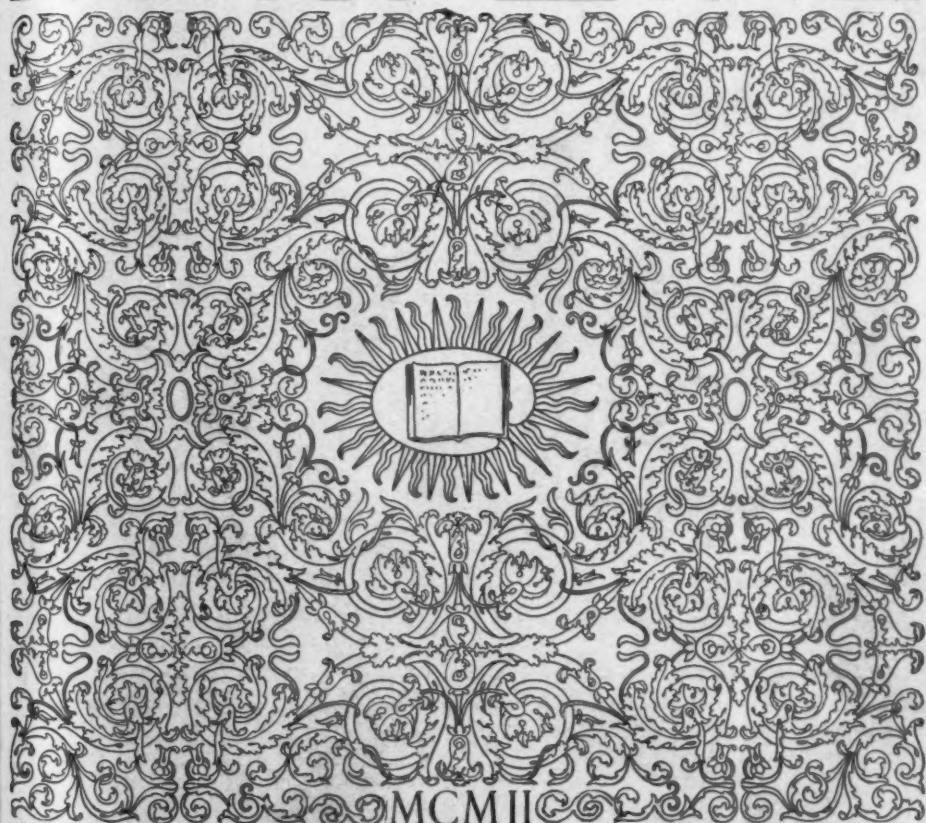
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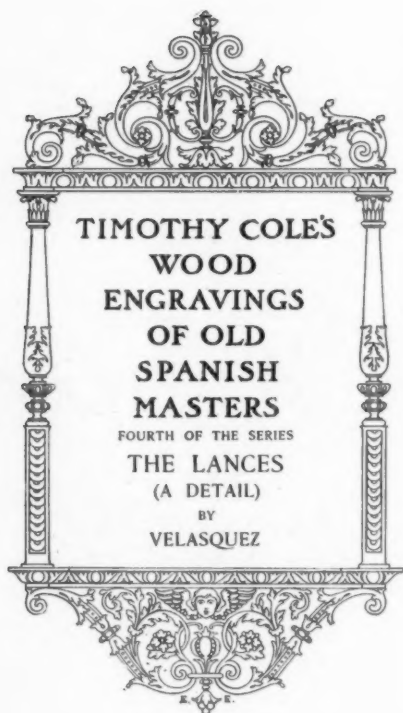
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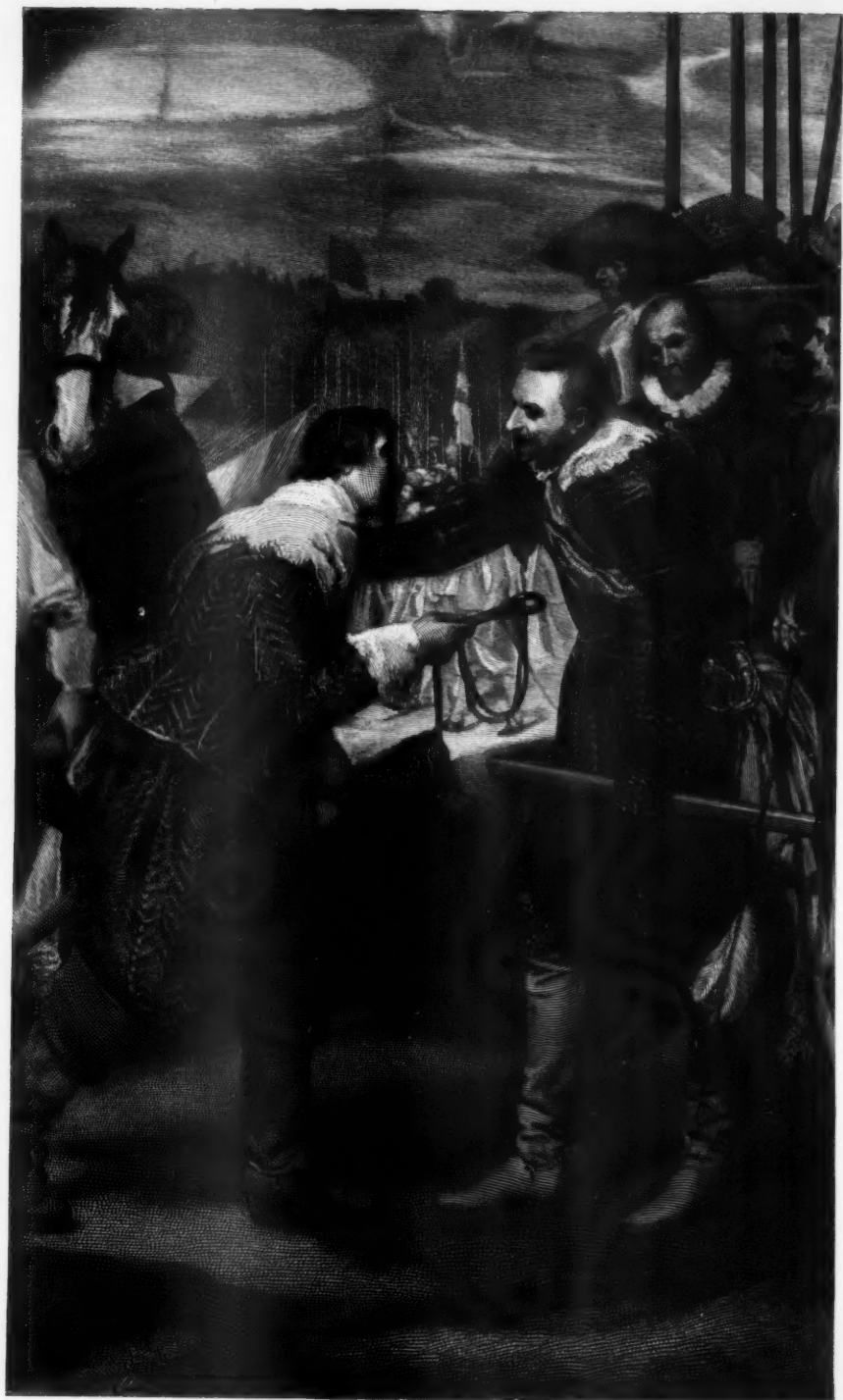
TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

FOURTH OF THE SERIES

THE LANCES
(A DETAIL)

BY

VELASQUEZ



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV.

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OUR EQUATORIAL ISLANDS WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES



BY JAMES D. HAGUE

WITH PICTURES BY C. L. BULL, I. W. TABER AND M. L. STOWELL



It has not come to be generally known that about forty-five years ago the United States acquired formal and actual possession of certain islands in the mid-Pacific, lying within and along the equatorial belt, and reaching westward nearly to the Eastern Hemisphere.

In 1856 it had already come to pass that certain voyagers in those regions, mostly American whalers cruising along the line, had occasionally visited several small, low, and desolate coral reefs and islands, on some of which they had found valuable deposits of phosphates, or so-called phosphatic guano; and in August of that year Congress passed an act authorizing American citizens, under prescribed conditions, to claim, acquire, and

enter into possession of such islands in the name of the United States. Under the operation of this act a number of islands were so claimed and entered upon by American citizens, who there and then acquired lawful possession, and for many years thereafter enjoyed exclusive rights of ownership and exploitation under the authority and jurisdiction of the United States government and the protection of the American flag.

Two of these islands, Jarvis and Baker's (New Nantucket), about that time became unquestionably American possessions, not only under the congressional act, but also by the official act of the commander of the United States ship *St. Mary's*, Captain Davis, U. S. N., who, under instructions from his government, in 1858, visited both and "took formal possession of the islands in the name of the United States, and deposited in the earth a declaration to that effect, executed on parchment and well protected," all of which

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he duly reported to the Secretary of the Navy (Executive Document No. 11, Senate, Thirty-fifth Congress, First Session, 1858).

The flag of the United States was therefore floating over American insular possessions in the Pacific as long ago as 1858 and as far west as $176^{\circ} 32'$ from Greenwich, at Baker's Island, thirteen miles north of the equator, and only about three hundred miles from the anti-prime meridian dividing the two hemispheres.

If these facts are new or in any way surprising to some good American citizens who, in these latter days, have become urgent advocates of the policy of territorial extension in the Pacific, and who, perhaps, especially maintain that the flag, once raised, must never be hauled down, it may be still more surprising to such readers to learn that, somehow, in the course of human events, after many years of possession and active operation by American citizens, and notwithstanding the provision of the original congressional act that no guano should be taken from such islands except for the benefit of American citizens and for the purpose of being used within the United States, all these islands have been delivered or abandoned to other claimants and, by hook or crook, have passed into British possession, under the British flag.

This is true not only of islands which were once acquired and held under the act of 1856

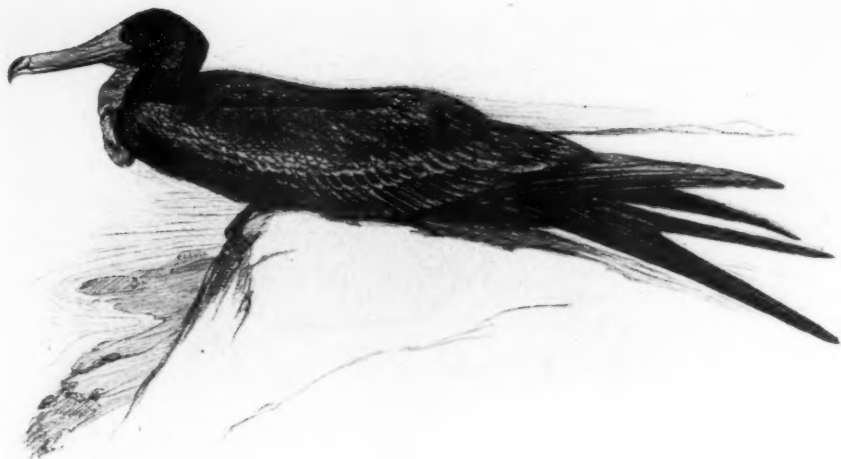
alone, but also of Jarvis and Baker's, for which special claims were made in 1858 by the United States government through its agent Captain Davis, in the *St. Mary's*: both of these islands have since passed, either by sale or license or abandonment of the American claimants and occupants, into the possession of an English trading firm, and thus to an English corporation formed for the purpose of taking over the business of said firm about January 1, 1897. That the deposits were not then entirely exhausted is at least indicated by the prospectus of the English company, which states that the islands referred to then contained about one hundred and twenty thousand tons of guano.

It was some years before the date just named that one or more of her British Majesty's ships appeared in the mid-Pacific, cruising with a sharp lookout for any unoccupied islands that could be had for the picking up; and in 1889, more than thirty years after the visit of the *St. Mary's*, when Captain Davis took possession of Jarvis Island in the name of the United States, H. M. S. *Cormorant* (funny name!) came sailing over the equatorial ocean, seeking what she might devour in that line, and finding Jarvis presumably with nobody at home to set the Stars and Stripes, naturally gobbled up the little island and sailed away, not only without provoking any protests, but, apparently, with such acquiescent assent on the part of



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

GANNET, OR BOOBY, AFTER FLYING-FISH.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

MAN-O'-WAR HAWK.

the United States that a naval chart of the Pacific, published in 1896 by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department for the purpose of showing the insular possessions of various nations, expressly indicates Jarvis as a British island. Christmas, Fanning, and Palmyra islands, lying several degrees farther north and, generally, between Jarvis and Hawaii, were taken up by the *Cormorant* about the same time. Since then almost every island in that part of the Pacific has been claimed as a British possession; and on the naval chart just referred to the only islands in that region which are not distinctly indicated as British are Baker's and its single near neighbor, Howland's, and both of these are now actually occupied by the above-mentioned English company, which is, or recently was, actively engaged in the shipment of guano therefrom, under lease or license of the Colonial Office of the British government and under the protection of the British flag.

These scattered islands, unrelated to other groups, are generally known as the "Line Islands." What importance they may still have for their guano deposits is perhaps questionable; but their possible value as cable stations has recently come into view and may some day demand serious consideration. This possibility seems now all the more important since the United States government, in 1899, seeking to acquire an eligible cable station, made an offer of one million dollars, which the German government declined, for Ualan, or Kusaie, sometimes known as Strong's Island, situated

fifteen hundred miles or more west and northerly from Baker's. Fanning's Island, an inhabited coral lagoon, a few degrees north of Jarvis, was some time since made a permanent cable station for a British five-thousand-mile cable now in process of construction between Vancouver and Australia. As will be seen by the accompanying chart, Jarvis and Baker's are both conveniently situated on lines connecting the Pacific coast of the United States with Australia or New Zealand, touching Hawaii and Samoa; and the claim of ownership by the United States, based on the act of possession taken by Captain Davis, may sooner or later give rise to an international question.

Jarvis Island, nearly due south from Hawaii, lies hundreds of miles from any high land and many miles from any land whatever. In latitude it is twenty-two miles south of the equator and in longitude $159^{\circ} 58'$ west from Greenwich. It is a small speck of coral reef in mid-ocean, between one and two miles long from east to west, and less than a mile wide from north to south, with an area of perhaps a thousand acres. On the flat surface of the coral-built platform-reef, just level with the sea at low tide, the waves, breaking on its outer edge, have swept together a mass of coral debris and sand, piling up a snow-white beach between twenty and thirty feet high, which is an encircling rim of a saucer-shaped surface, the central part of which is eight or ten feet lower than the crest. The island, once a lagoon, is now filled with coral debris. The evaporation of sea-water in the central



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FRIGATE-BIRD, OR MAN-O'-WAR HAWK.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

TROPIC-BIRD, OR BO'S'N, AND ITS YOUNG.

basin left there, long ago, a bed of gypsum (sulphate of lime), on which the guano was subsequently deposited, with resulting phosphates.

The interior surface of Jarvis is almost as completely white as the beach and the surrounding ring of surf, shaded only slightly here and there by a thin and scanty growth

any of the lookouts aloft, when one of these suddenly sang out, not "Land ho!" but that he could see a flag on the water, then a house, then a man riding on a mule, and, finally, the island under the mule! The rider thus distinguished was the late Dr. Judd of Honolulu, celebrated in the history of Hawaiian affairs, who was just then visiting the island



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

FRIGATE-BIRD AFTER THE CATCH OF A GANNET, OR BOOBY.

of dark-green vegetation, a sort of creeping purslane and a little, long, coarse brownish grass. Seen from a ship several miles away, in a dazzling sunlight, the white island can hardly be distinguished from the sea breaking in shining surf upon the encircling reef or rippling with whitecaps in the distant view. It was a tradition of early days that a vessel once approached the island, known to be very near, but not yet made out by

as agent for the American Guano Company of New York, the newly established occupant in actual possession.

Baker's Island is about one thousand miles west of Jarvis, resembling it in general character, but smaller, containing only about four hundred acres, and being darker in color and somewhat more thickly covered with purslane and grass. It also is very remote from any high land, and has only one

near neighbor, Howland's Island, about fifty miles away to the northwest.

As sources of phosphatic guano Jarvis and Baker's were unquestionably the most important of all the Pacific equatorial islands which were acquired by American citizens under the congressional act of 1856. The above-named company of New York capitalists engaged actively in the enterprise of equipping these two islands with all required facilities for the exploitation of the deposits and the loading of vessels. Supplies, materials, and laborers were sent there from Honolulu. Vessels were chartered at San Francisco to load at the islands and to sail for Hampton Roads. A ship was despatched from New York to Jarvis and Baker's, loaded with materials for the construction of houses and working plant on the islands, and with cables, chains, anchors, buoys, and other needed outfit for deep-water moorings.

It was to examine these phosphatic deposits and to search for others like them that the writer visited and explored a large number of coral islands lying along the Pacific equatorial belt in 1859-61.

The most serious difficulties of the new enterprise were met in the mooring of vessels and the transport of guano from shore to ship. There was no safe anchorage. The shores of coral reefs and islands in the Pacific are generally very bold, descending at a precipitous angle from the surface to submarine depths, which, in this part of the ocean, average probably more than fifteen thousand feet. At Jarvis and Baker's and similarly situated islands the water deepens boldly from the outer edge of the reef, and at hardly a ship's length from the shore a hundred-fathom line could not reach bottom. Ships were usually moored off the western shore of the island, where they were made fast to mooring-buoys, which were held in place by heavy anchors and connected chain cables, two anchors for each mooring, one on the outer edge of the reef and one offshore in deep water. Thus moored, there was hardly room for a ship to swing between the buoy and the reef, a safe enough position with wind and current both steadily offshore, but very dangerous under other conditions. The prevailing winds were easterly trades, which, with the equatorial current running almost always strongly to the westward, usually kept the ships tailing offshore.

This strong westerly current was thus an important factor in the safety of vessels

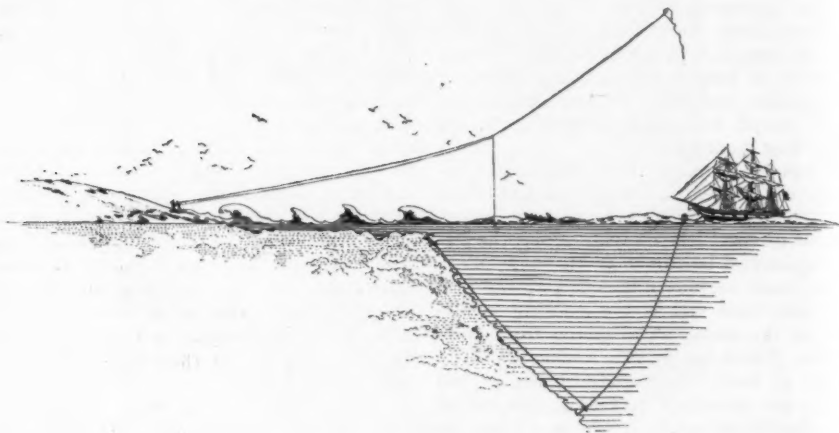
lying at the islands; but it sometimes slackened, and sometimes turned eastward, probably because the belt of current and counter-current, somewhat like a double-track roadway, shifted now and then north or south. The westerly current also greatly increased the difficulty of bringing ships safely to the moorings. The experiences of shipmasters engaged in that service in those days were often trying and occasionally disastrous. The captain of a ship found himself confronted with the difficult task of bringing his vessel to the mooring under sail, and virtually in the open sea, with just way enough to reach and get hold of the cable, already made fast by one end to the mooring-buoy and coiled in a boat, ready to be put aboard ship at the moment of her coming within reaching distance. Too much way meant forging ahead to fatal disaster on the reef, a ship's length beyond the buoy. Too little way meant failure to make fast, with all the unhappy consequences of drifting swiftly to leeward in the strong westerly current, and beating to windward, sometimes many days, before returning for another attempt. In some instances this was many times repeated, and one ship was unlucky enough to lose more than a month's time in trying to get fast to the island. Sometimes it came to pass that a ship-captain, having in mind an overmastering fear of missing his mooring and thus falling helplessly to leeward, gave his vessel too much way, and went straight to wreck and ruin on the reef before him. Such was the fate which the good ship *Silver Star* met at Jarvis Island, November 10, 1860, in which unhappy event the writer participated as passenger.

Once securely moored under the lee of the western shore, a ship might lie for days and weeks as quietly as in a well-protected harbor and almost as free from any considerable danger. The vessels usually lay within a cable's length of the platform-reef, on the outer edge of which the sea broke in a gentle surf, which offered no hindrance to the passage to and fro of the whale-boats carrying the guano in canvas bags from shore to ship. These conditions prevailed generally during summer months. At other seasons, especially between October and March, there would come occasional periods of very high surf, several days in duration, when all traffic between the shore and the ships became impossible. Then the sea, rolling in from the vast expanse of ocean, moving in long, swelling billows with smooth,

almost unruffled surface until broken on the outer shore, gathered itself in overwhelming masses, like uplifted walls of water, often higher than the highest point of the island, and fell precipitously upon the reef with a body and violence which seemed to threaten with destruction everything before it. On these occasions the spectacle was superb. The outer waves, advancing and culminating as they broke, fell, with a mighty roar, as massive water falls from the brink of a cataract with inconceivable force, and from crests which sometimes must have been

kas, amphibious fellows, very skilful in their work, apt in choosing the favorable moment for passing the breakers, and, in an unlucky capsized, as much at home in the water as fishes. Sometimes, when high surf made the reef quite impassable for boats, it was an easy task and good sport for one of these Kanakas to swim from the shore to a ship at the mooring and return, carrying messages in a bottle tied about him.

It was during one of these high surf periods, when the sea was breaking on the reef with such extreme violence that neither



METHOD OF MOORING SHIPS—LETTERS BY KITE LINE.

more than thirty feet high. I have seen from the shore a whale-boat, twenty-eight feet long, caught unhappily in the surf, lifted up endwise like a chip, its whole length projected vertically, for an instant, against the face of the advancing, still higher, wall of white foaming water. Wave after wave of this sort would come pouring in, following each other in quick succession, sweeping across the platform-reef with beautifully combing, curling, wind-blown crests, washing the beach to its summit and then swiftly receding, moving with noisy attrition a shifting mass of pebbles, sand, and fragments of coral.

The business of loading ships was, of course, much interrupted by these periods of surf. No wharf or pier built on the platform-reef could be made to withstand such destructive force. All the traffic of the islands between ship and shore was carried on in whale-boats manned by Hawaiian Kana-

boat nor swimmer could live in it, that the writer devised and successfully employed a method of communication between shore and ship by means of a large kite, which was made of a light wooden frame covered with thin cotton sheeting, and provided with a strong kite line. When the kite was well up in the air, trailing out seaward across the reef, and had mounted high enough to sustain a little extra weight, a small ring was securely fastened to the kite line. Through this ring a lighter cord was passed, and a bottle, containing a letter for the ship, was tied to the outer end. The kite was then allowed to rise, taking out both lines and carrying aloft the bottle, swinging high in air. When the bottle was evidently out beyond the surf, the kite line was made fast on shore, and the lighter line, passing through the ring, was paid out, allowing the bottle to descend to the water. The ship-captain, seeing what was intended, sent a

boat to fetch the letter; a reply was presently placed within the bottle, which was then pulled up to the ring on the kite line, and soon brought ashore by hauling in the kite.

Jarvis and Baker's were known and located on the charts long before they were supposed to contain anything valuable. They were rarely visited or seen except by whalemén, who, cruising along the equator, might find occasion to land in search of eggs or to call at the solitary post-office, which, at Baker's, during many years prior to permanent occupation, consisted of a covered box fastened to a post set upright in the sand, where passing whalemén might both find letters for themselves and leave letters for others, it being a custom for all whale-ships bound homeward or to the Arctic to take along all letters going their way. Occasionally such an island has become the burial-place of some poor mariner whom death has overtaken in its neighborhood, and whose body, instead of being committed to the deep, has been left to repose in a sandy grave upon this remote speck of terrestrial isolation, high up on the far crest of the beach, beyond the sweep, but always within the sound, of the breakers on the reef.

Such were two unfortunate whalemén, my contemporary voyagers, whose bodies lie buried on one of the Caroline Islands, and whose epitaph, printed some time since in the New York "Tribune," reads as follows:

Sacred to Wilhm. Collis
Boat Steerer of the SHIP
SaiNT george of New BED
ford who By the Will of
Almítey god
was sivriliery injured by a
BULL WHALE
off this Iland on
18 March 1860
also to
Pedro Sabbanas of Guam
4th MaTE drowned on
the SAME Date his
Back broken by WHALE
above
MeNTioned

It was doubtless due to observations made by visitors on such errands that the guano deposits on these islands first attracted the attention which led to the discovery of their value. The material of the deposits, both in appearance and composition, was generally quite unlike guano of the Peruvian islands, much of it, especially of Jarvis, being as

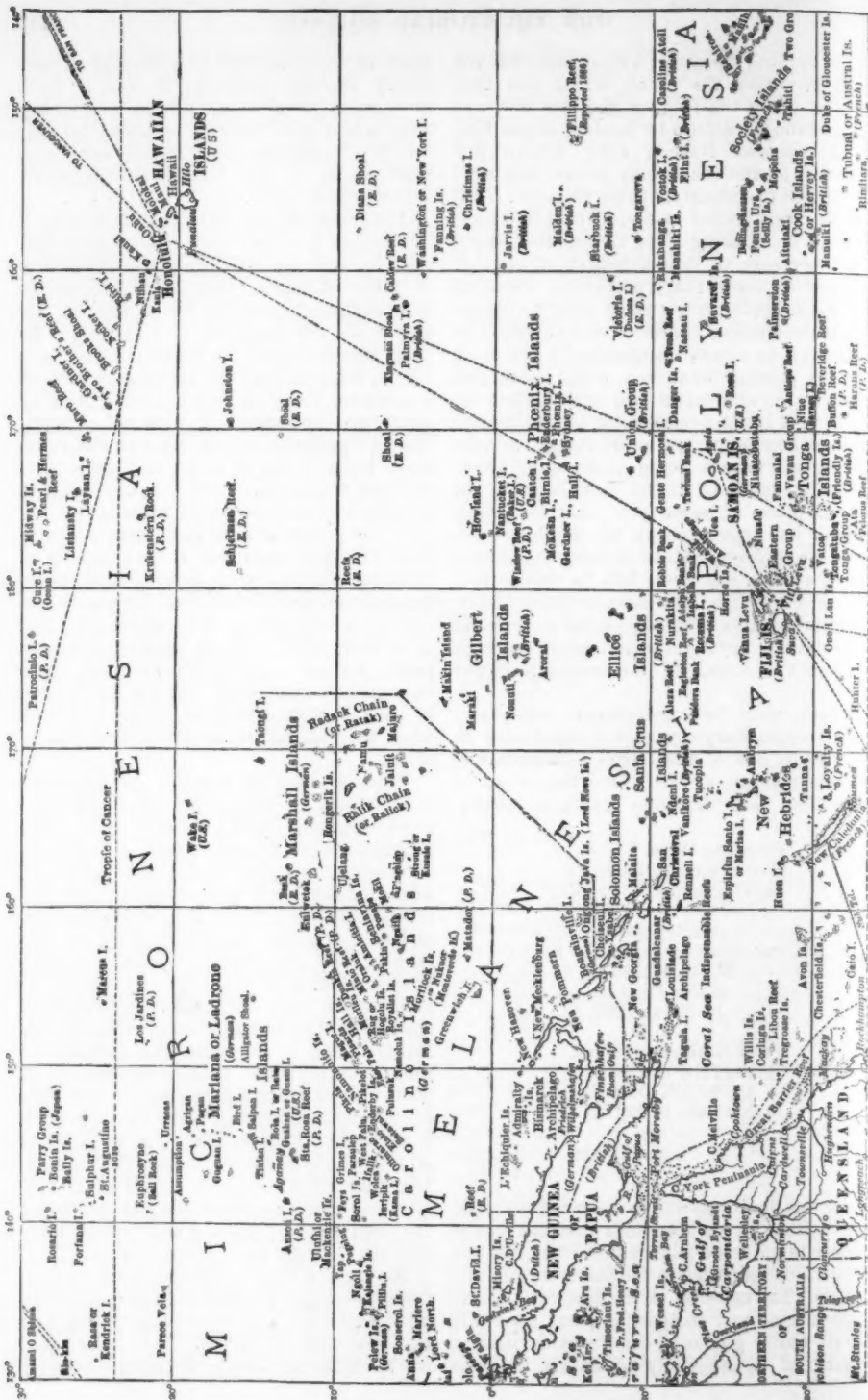
white as snow, as hard as rock, and almost wholly without ammonia. It was, in fact, bird-guano from which almost everything soluble had been leached by water, leaving a highly concentrated calcareous phosphate, then worth, in the United States, about thirty dollars a ton.

These deposits varied in thickness from a few inches to a few feet. The islands had been for ages the breeding-places of millions of birds of many kinds, large and small, subsisting mainly on the fish of the sea and partly on the products of the reef. The birds rest mostly on the bare surface of the island, flocking together in solid masses of thousands, each different kind grouping apart and not mingling with other sorts. Where vegetation affords the material, some kinds build roosts of twigs and stems two or three feet high. Many burrow, and nest in holes beneath the sandy surface.

In the course of ages these countless millions of birds produced a vast deposit of material containing the concentrated phosphates most desirable as food for plants and for the enrichment of the earth's soil; and it is interesting to note how, by processes partly natural and partly artificial, these mineral phosphates of the Pacific Ocean, in their various states of being, illustrate what may be called the transmigration of atoms.

From a state of solution in sea-water these atoms of calcareous phosphate, derived originally from primitive rocks, were converted into various forms of fish food, both animal and plant, and, thus assimilated, were subsequently transformed into the bones and bodies of the fish, which, in turn, as food for birds, came, by and by, to form part of the phosphatic deposits on these islands, whence they have been conveyed in ships to the opposite side of the planet for the fertilization of the fields of America and Europe, there to be again transformed into food, both plant and animal, for millions of people in both hemispheres, to become bone of our bone and, through human embodiment, to be made partakers in all that mortal man is heir to. Some such atoms may rest in Westminster Abbey or in the tomb of royalty; and countless thousands may thus await the final mystery, at the last trump, when this mortal must put on immortality.

Among the birds of these islands an ornithologist might perhaps find many varieties, all of which are known to ordinary observers by a few common names. The most numerous kinds found there by the early occupants



MAP OF A PORTION OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. (FROM "THE CENTURY ATLAS OF THE WORLD.")

Tropic of Capricorn

were the gannets or boobies, the frigate-birds or man-o'-war hawks, the tropic-birds or "bo's'ns," the gulls, tern, mutton-birds, noddies, petrels or Mother Carey's chickens, and, during their breeding-seasons, some game-birds, notably curlew, snipe, and plover.

The gannets are comparatively large birds and great diving fishers, pouncing from high in the air upon fish deep in the water. They go out from the island for a day's fishing early in the morning, and return at evening, heavily laden with fish, many of them large, which they disgorge for home consumption, usually after first satisfying the demands of the tax-gatherers to whom they are compelled to pay tribute. These are the man-o'-war hawks, the tyrants and pirates of the feathered community, depending largely on the toiling fishers for their food. They patrol the coast, a little way offshore, usually about sunset, like a line of guards or revenue officers, and waylay the returning fishing-birds, preventing their landing until they have surrendered a portion of their day's catch.

The man-o'-war hawk is also a somewhat large bird and an expert fisher, but he does most of his fishing in the air. When the booby-bird comes home from abroad he finds the man-o'-war hawk "layin' for him"; and however persistently he may seek to escape by dashing flight, with much screeching and screaming, he finds that before he can safely set foot on the land he must disgorge a fish or two, which the swift pursuer adroitly catches in the air. It seemed, however, to be generally understood, as a *modus vivendi*, between the fisher and the pirate-birds that their contentions were only on the wing and that, once on land, they should dwell peacefully in their separate camping-grounds.

The boobies are awkward and unwieldy on land, and may be easily captured. They rarely seek to escape when a man approaches, but, accustomed to meet the demands of their familiar enemy, the man-o'-war hawk, by disgorging a fish in the air, they frequently resort to the same process and lay at the feet of the intruding stranger what stock of fish they have available. The man-o'-war hawks turned this practice to their own advantage by following after any man who might appear among the nesting birds, circling in the air just overhead, ready to pick up the fish which the frightened boobies might give up as a peace-offering. The man-o'-war hawks were generally eager for anything, and would hover closely, ready to

take from the hand of a man whatever he might toss in the air. On one occasion one of these birds swiftly snatched a note-book, which lay for a moment on the ground, and sailed away, dropping it, however, on finding it to be neither fish nor rat. All the game-birds, the curlew, snipe, and plover, were as shy and hard to get at as they are in populated countries. The gulls and the smaller tern, when disturbed by man, would rise from the ground in innumerable flocks, flying, curving, and circling in the sunlight and casting a perceptible shadow, like a cloud, on the land beneath.

There was one beautiful little white bird, rarely to be seen except on the weather shore of the island, hovering there over the reef and the foaming breakers, flying slowly with a gently wafting movement, circling overhead almost within reach, and peering inquisitively into one's eyes, as if seeking some spiritual intercourse. Almost every visitor who saw these birds was impressed by their remarkable beauty and curious behavior.

Even sailors who came ashore for a Sunday's liberty, sometimes rough fellows whose path across the island could too often be traced by the dead bodies of the booby-birds wantonly slain, were strangely affected.

"What kind of a bird is that little white one over there to windward?" one of these men asked, returning from his tramp.

"Don't know any special name for it. Why?"

"Danged if I don't believe it's a spirit of some kind," he replied.

It was interesting to read, some time after, in Darwin's "Journal of Researches" during the voyage of the *Beagle*, the following note, referring to the birds on Keeling Island:

The gannets, sitting on their rude nests, gaze at one with a stupid yet angry air. The noddies, as their name expresses, are silly little creatures. But there is one charming bird; it is a small snow-white tern, which smoothly hovers at the distance of a few feet above one's head, its large black eye scanning, with quiet curiosity, your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit.

The tropic-bird, or "bo's'n," is about as large as a gannet and, although generally white, has two very long, delicate, and usually bright red tail-feathers, which sailors call the "marlinespike," whence comes the name after the boatswain. It is a pluckier bird than the gannet, more self-

respecting and self-contained. When approached by man, it neither waddles away in a flurry nor disgorges a peace-offering of fish, but defends its eggs or young against intruders.

Some interesting experiments were made with these birds as messengers, especially between Baker's and Howland's islands, about fifty miles apart. On several occasions a bird was taken from her eggs at Howland's Island and placed on board a vessel going to sea or to Baker's, whence she returned to her nest directly after being liberated, bearing a message, written on a bit of canvas, tied to her foot. Thus the schooner *Ortolan* sailed from Howland's one morning at eight o'clock, carrying a bo's'n which was set free the following day and was found on her nest next morning at daylight with message reporting the latitude and longitude of the vessel, sixty-eight miles away, at the time of the bird's departure.

This may recall to readers of "Foul Play" an interesting incident of that well-known story by Charles Reade and Dion Bouicault, in which the hero and heroine, being castaways together on an otherwise uninhabited island in the Pacific, are led to study the problem "how to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of ocean."

The idea of tying messages to the feet of birds and so communicating with ships sailing in that part of the world was derived by the authors of the story from the actual experiences of an Australian ship-captain on whose vessel a bird once alighted, bearing a message from stranded castaways seeking rescue; but the plan of weighting the bird's foot, not heavily enough to prevent flight, but sufficiently to induce the bird to alight on a vessel if occasion should offer, was an invention which the author puts into his hero's mind by causing him to observe a duck seeking rest on a boat after flying with obvious difficulty, due to an unnatural impediment attached to one foot, which proved to be a crab that had fastened itself there some time before.

By a curious coincidence, this ideal conception of the self-attachment of the over-weighting crab was actually realized at Jarvis Island in the case of a gannet which was seen by the writer to move with difficulty, by reason of a heavy lump attached to one foot, which, on examination, plainly told its own story. The bird, at some time long before, had evidently been on the reef at low

tide, where a bivalve as large as a full-sized clam had closed upon its foot, never to open again. The bird had flown away, and in time the mollusk inside the shell had died without relaxing the grip. Gradually the interior had been compactly filled with fine sand, which, with alternate wetting and drying, had become a solid petrification. The under side of the shell was worn away by long contact with other surfaces; but the upper side still showed the scallops and flutings of the original form. It evidently caused the bird much distress, which was mercifully ended there and then, and the foot, with its extraordinary attachment, found a place, long ago, in the museum of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

There are but few, if any, islands in the Pacific where rats may not be found, and they are sometimes present in large numbers. In many cases they are the survivors of shipwreck. On Howland's Island especially they had increased and multiplied almost beyond belief. They must have been on the island for years, as there seemed to be no remaining sign of any shipwreck that might have brought them. They were very small, and had probably degenerated under changed conditions of food. They lived on eggs and the bodies of birds too small to defend themselves. A struggle for existence seemed to be in progress between the rats and the smaller kinds of birds, on the eggs of which the little rats depended chiefly for their support, and these birds appeared to be at the verge of extermination. The larger birds were in no danger of this sort, as they could not only easily defend their eggs, but some were eager hunters for the rats, which they greedily sought as food. The man-o'-war hawks especially were as ravenous for rats as for fish, and it seemed marvelous that the rats could ever come to be so numerous in the presence of such an enemy. The rats probably managed to survive and increase by keeping out of sight during the day, hiding themselves away in holes or beneath the stones or slabs of beach-rock, beyond the reach of watchful hawks. Under cover of night they emerged from their hiding-places and swarmed over the surface of the island, seeking their food among the smaller birds. They had no fear of man, entering and overrunning his premises with great freedom, seeking food and fresh water. A little bait, attracting the rats together, made it easy to kill a score or more at a single fire of a shot-gun. One day a gang of less than thirty Kanaka laborers went out in the

morning to hunt rats, and returned before noon with a catch of more than thirty-three hundred.

It became an amusing diversion to overturn the large flat stones beneath which the rats were hiding in solid masses, and watch them as they scampered in all directions, pursued and quickly snatched up by the man-o'-war hawks. These crafty birds were apt to learn that the appearance of a man walking on the island, especially with a dog, meant rats for them, and any one thus going forth was usually followed by a hovering flock, ready and impatient for the sport they had learned to expect. A rat brought to hand by the dog was quickly tossed in air, where the birds were ready to snatch it, sometimes with a contest on the wing for disputed possession. One form of this sport, a sort of aerial polo, which seemed to be as good fun for the birds as for the observers, consisted in tossing two rats into the air at the same moment, not singly and apart, but tied together with about six feet of strong twine.

Instantly the birds made a dash for the rats, and the successful winner of the first prize went sailing off with one rat in his bill and the other swinging in the air beneath until snatched by the second winner, when, after a quick, sharp struggle and a taut strain on the cord, the bird with the weaker hold was compelled to let go, which again opened the game to all pursuers. This then went on as a continuous performance, with somewhat Jonah-like but rapidly repeated disappearances and reappearances of the little rats, swallowed and reluctantly disgorged by the birds in quick succession, until the flock, thoroughly exhausted by their impetuous flight and extraordinary exercise, alighted on the ground for a short truce, when the two temporary stake-holders would be found sitting face to face, keenly eying each other from opposite ends of the string still connecting them, each anxiously on the sharp lookout for sudden jerks and unpleasant surprises, while all the other pursuers gathered around in a ring, waiting for the two prize-birds to fly. The general aspect of all participants seemed to verify the familiar adage that the pleasure is not in the game, but in the chase.

Sports and amusing or interesting diversions, although somewhat rare at these islands, were not wholly lacking. The game-birds afforded some shooting, while the reef and the sea were more or less attractive for a fisherman. Students of natural history

found many engaging pursuits. At low tide the reef is almost bare. Along the outer edge it is frequently gullied with short and narrow inlets from the sea, forming pools with white sandy bottoms, into the depths of which one may look down, through quiet and beautiful green sunlit water, and see, as in a great natural aquarium, innumerable kinds of marine life—growing corals, fishes of vivid colors flashing in the sunlight, mollusks, sea-urchins, and sea-shells in countless varieties of form, size, and color. In such a pool a lady, wife of the resident manager, nearly lost her life while seeking shells on the reef at low tide, when, having stepped into the water and stooped deep down to reach a shell, her arm was suddenly seized by a monstrous squid or cuttlefish, which held her there with such irresistible force that she would have been quickly overcome and drowned if help had not been close at hand.

Sharks, large and small, abound in the neighboring waters, and sometimes, when the sea is smooth, come within the outer edge of the reef. Flying-fish are always in sight. Pursued by their enemies in the water, they take to air, where the fishing-birds await them. The flying-fish are excellent food. It was easy to catch them, during the night, by hanging a lantern in a boat moored offshore. The fish, attracted by the light, fell into the boat, from which they could not escape.

At high tide the reef was often beautiful, covered then by about five or six feet of water. The Kanakas are fond of frolicking in the water, and find as much fun playing with their surf-boards on the reef as New England boys do in coasting. It was very amusing to watch a company of natives in the surf, perhaps fifty or a hundred of them, strung out in a line along the outer edge of the reef, just where the water begins to break, each with a light board six or eight feet long, all ready and waiting for the breaker as it gathered and rose to a combing crest, each launching his board just in front of the advancing wave, climbing on to it, standing up, balancing himself adroitly, keeping the board "end on" as it shot in with the foaming breaker, all shouting and singing as they came darting toward the shore, or making fun of companions who lost their balance and tumbled into the sea again, and then up quickly and out, ready for another shoot.

Sometimes the surf offered other diverting scenes, more amusing to the observers on

the beach than to the active participants on the reef. Occasionally a boat-load of sailors, coming ashore for half a day's liberty, might be seen risking the passage of high surf on the reef in an ordinary boat, steered with rudder and tiller-ropes, capsize by the first breaker, tossed about in the water, the sport of the waves and the amusement of the Kanakas, and lucky to reach the beach alive, and, if remaining in their boat at all, crawling out of it at last through a hole in its bottom.

Nor were unpleasant experiences of this sort strictly limited to strangers and green-horns, as the resident nautical expert or pilot-captain at Baker's Island had good reason to know.

The captain was going off one day to board a ship, the *Flying Dragon*, then lying at the mooring, intending to take with him as a present to the ship's captain and company a very large basket of fresh eggs which he had caused to be gathered that morning among the nesting-places of the tern. These eggs, though small, were very good to eat, and the captain in his generous way provided enough to fill a laundry hamper of the largest size, one in which *Falstaff* might easily have been concealed. It must have contained thousands of eggs. As the captain of the ship was accompanied by his wife, an accomplished and agreeable young lady from Boston, the shore-captain had arrayed himself in his best linen and spotless white duck suit, with the purpose of paying a visit of ceremony in the cabin. The hamper filled with eggs, uncovered at the top, was placed in the bow of the whale-boat, while the portly captain stood proudly in front of it, like a commanding figurehead. Thinking the moment favorable, he gave the order to shove off, but, unhappily, before the boat could reach smooth water, a heavy sea fell upon the reef in an unusually vicious breaker, lifting the bow of the boat suddenly upward, taking the captain off his feet, and tumbling him backward into the hamper, where, in the confusion which followed while the boat was tossing in the breakers, he was left to struggle helplessly in a mass of crushed eggs, from which he was quite unable to extricate himself. When, after some assistance, he finally scrambled out of the hamper, there was not an egg in it left unbroken. The ludicrous effect of this albuminous spectacle in white and yellow, varied in tone by adhering masses of brown-speckled egg-shell, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

When these equatorial islands first became

American possessions, the birds were their chief occupants. Other inhabitants were few, both in kind and number, although ants and flies appeared in swarms when people came to dwell there. Sheep and rabbits were introduced about that time, as a contingent food resource, and they thrived fairly well on the scanty vegetation without fresh water.

These islands are in an almost rainless region, and, having no source of fresh water in the ground, are, for that reason, naturally uninhabitable for mankind. Living there required hardly less provision of water and food-supplies than is needed for shipboard. The native food resources of the islands were amply abundant in fish, birds, and eggs; but the rainfall was found to be too uncertain and unreliable for the needed water-supply.

Distilling apparatus was sometimes provided, so that potable water could be produced from the sea in the event of short supply from ships; but, lacking this in one or more instances, a precautionary measure consisted in laying out on the ground in long rows and wide areas, like strawberry patches, a great number of shells, halves of large bivalves, each of which, during a shower, caught a little water, which was then gathered in buckets and poured into a cask. Heavy showers fell occasionally, usually in the night; but in the daytime it often happened that a rain-squall, approaching the island from the windward, would part in two, apparently divided by the upward column of heated air rising from the land, and so pass by, partly to the north and partly to the south, leaving the central portion of the island dry.

The climate was very equable and the weather almost always perfect. The temperature varied slightly between extremes ranging from 75° to 85° Fahrenheit. The prevailing winds were easterly trades, varying in their direction with the changing seasons, coming from the northeast during the northern winter, when the sun's declination is south, and from the southeast during the northern summer, when the sun's declination is north.

The apparent flow and set of the sea showed similar variations, running from northeast to southwest during the months of northern winter, bringing more frequent periods of rough water and higher surf; and from southeast to northwest during the months of northern summer, with smoother seas and fewer surf-days.

These variable conditions of sea and wind produced a notable effect on the leeward beaches of the islands, especially remarkable at Baker's, where a large area of beach, covering perhaps ten or fifteen acres, about ten feet deep, and containing hundreds of

side. A large lot of valuable spars which were lying on the crest of the beach on the lee side of Jarvis Island, and which, during one night of high surf, were washed away and supposed, at first, to have been carried off to sea, were all found, a day or two later,



DRAWN BY M. L. STOWELL.

AN HAWAIIAN, OR KANAKA, SURF-RIDER.

thousands of tons of sand, was shifted twice every year, by the changing trend of these sweeping seas, from the west to the south shore of the island and back again, to and fro, between the summer and winter seasons. Strangely enough, whatever floating material was washed by these very high seas from the western or lee beach, instead of being carried off to sea as might have been expected, was almost always kept within the outer line of breakers, swept partly around the island and washed up on the weather

stranded high and dry on the weather beach at the opposite or eastern end of the island. During my stay among these islands I saw two shipwrecks, the *Silver Star* on Jarvis, and the British ship *Virginia* on Baker's, both on the western shore, and in both instances the stranded hulks were lifted, some time after, by the winter surf and carried around to the south side of the island.

Another noteworthy effect of changing seasons at the equator is in the perceptible movement of the sun from north to south

and back again between winters and summers of the temperate zones. At about the time of the equinoxes in March and September the sun is in the zenith, exactly overhead, at noon, over the equatorial islands, and his rays would then fall down the chimneys if there were any, while the midday shadow of the house, the only thing there to give any shade, fell to the south during the northern summer and to the north during the

anxiously looking for an expected vessel, our island tender, the cry of "Sail ho!" was raised, about nine o'clock, upon the discovery on the eastern horizon of a bright light which was supposed to be that of the coming *Josephine*. A light was set in the cupola on the house-top, and preparations were instantly made to show signal-fires on the weather beach; as a warning to the approaching vessel, possibly a little out of her



DRAWN BY J. W. TABER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.
WHALEBOAT LANDING THROUGH THE SURF.

southern summer. The days and nights are practically of equal length all the year round. The sun rises and sets at six o'clock, its greatest variation being about two minutes. After the sunset there comes no twilight. The daylight quickly fades away, and within a quarter of an hour the brighter stars appear. Sometimes the most exciting event of the day was the keen search of competing observers to see who might first discern the evening star or locate Sirius in the darkening sky. Under occasional conditions the atmosphere was wonderfully clear, with a perfectly cloudless sky and the horizon wholly free from mist or cloud-bank. On several such occasions I have seen stars of second magnitude, at the time of their setting, plainly visible near and at the horizon, hidden for a moment by a rolling billow and again visible at the instant preceding final disappearance below the line where sea and sky join. Such stars often seemed like lights of ships, and I well remember one evening at Jarvis, in December, 1860, when we were

reckoning; but the steady rising of the light above the horizon soon made it evident that we were looking at Jupiter.

It was under such circumstances that I had the very unusual experience of seeing the north star from the southern hemisphere. Looking to the north about seven o'clock in the evening, January 6, 1861, I saw the north star about one degree high. It was then about the time of its upper meridian transit, when it should have been a little less than a degree and a half above the pole. As my point of observation on Jarvis Island was about twenty-two minutes of latitude south of the equator, the star duly appeared at the time of its upper meridian passage about one degree above our horizon. It remained clearly visible during the evening's observation, which was again repeated in similar manner four days later, January 10.

On these little equatorial islands, lonely specks of desolate coral reef and sand, surrounded by sea and sky, life is reduced to its simplest terms, and, unless excited by a

casual shipwreck, an unusually animating disaster, or by some other diverting event, is as equable as the climate and as monotonous as the ocean breaking on the shore. Jarvis and Baker's, at the beginning of operations, were both provided with ample

cupation, twenty-five or thirty years, and until the *Cormorant* came along to raise the British flag. It had the appearance of a sportsman's seaside club-house, and was as completely furnished as the celebrated mid-ocean cottage which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

TROPIC-BIRD FISHING.

equipment for comfortable dwelling and subsistence. The official residence was a commodious building, constructed in New York and sent out around the Horn, ready to be put together on arrival at the island. It was a square, two-story house, with broad verandas on each floor, many windows, a pyramidal roof surmounted by a cupola serving as a lighthouse and, above all, a flagstaff, from which the star-spangled banner waved without ceasing during the period of American oc-

cupation, twenty-five or thirty years, and until the *Cormorant* came along to raise the British flag. It had the appearance of a sportsman's seaside club-house, and was as completely furnished as the celebrated mid-ocean cottage which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine

discovered in the course of their romantic voyage. Indeed, for some time I thought that Mr. Stockton must have somehow heard of the Jarvis Island house and made it part of his story; but he assured me, when I questioned him, not long before his lamented death, that although several others had made similar inquiries, the house he wrote of was one wholly of his own invention; and he added the observation that, as a matter of fact, he often found it most difficult in writ-

ing fiction to steer clear of the truth.

The working crews of the islands were quartered in suitable camps near their field of labor. They were native Hawaiians, good fellows, willing workers, admirably adapted to the duty required of them,

which was largely in boats and in the water. I well remember one who excelled in diving. On a certain occasion, when the placing of a deep-water mooring had just been accomplished, it became necessary to detach under water the end of a hawser which had been made fast to the submerged part of a spar-buoy, about forty or fifty feet below the surface of the sea. The man was told to take his sheath-knife down with him and cut the hawser as near its end as he could, so as to lose as little as possible of the valuable cable. Taking his knife in his teeth, he disappeared beneath the water, and remained out of sight so long that he was almost given up for lost, when he suddenly reappeared, and, on being asked if he had cut the hawser as he had been told to, reported that he had *unbent* it without cutting off any part of it whatever.

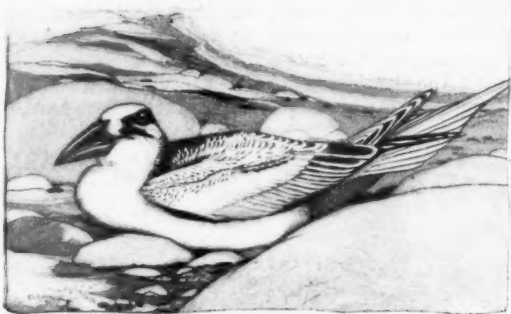
If the rainfall had been sufficient, these barren, desolate islands would long ago have been covered with vegetation, including coconut-trees, which would have given abundant support to a population of native islanders such as may be found now inhabiting

small coral islands of the Pacific, depending wholly on the coconut for their food and drink, having but little use and no need whatever for fresh water.

Nature's processes of distribution by the great ocean currents bring to all these Pa-

cific islands, sooner or later, not only the seed of life-supporting vegetation, but also the drifting waifs of humanity, carried by the winds and waves from the over-populated to the uninhabited islands. Many of these, known fifty or more years ago to be without population, have since been peopled in such ways. Howland's Island, although naturally uninhabitable, gave various indications of early visitors, probably natives drifting from windward islands, whose traces were still visible in the remains of a canoe, a blue bead, pieces of bamboo, and other distinctly characteristic belongings. A modern instance was also observed at Baker's Island in 1863, when a Japanese junk was discovered drifting by, which, on being overhauled, was found to contain the dead bodies of four Japanese men.

Had the equatorial islands been thus covered with trees and thick vegetation, with or without population, the birds could not have nested there in dense masses on the ground, and the guano deposits which have resulted under existing conditions would never have been formed.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

TROPIC-BIRD ON NEST.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY.

STORMY PETREL.



MIDSUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE strident hum of sickle-bar,
Like giant insect heard afar,
Is on the air again;
I see the mower where he rides
Above the level grassy tides
That flood the meadow plain.

The barns are fragrant with new hay,
Through open doors the swallows play
On wayward, glancing wing;
The bobolinks are on the oats,
And gorging stills the jocund throats
That made the meadows ring.

The cradlers twain, with right good will,
Leave golden lines across the hill
Beneath the midday sun.
The cattle dream 'neath leafy tent,
Or chew the cud of sweet content
Knee-deep in pond or run.

July is on her burning throne,
And binds the land with torrid zone,
That hastes the ripening grain;
While sleepers swelter in the night,
The lusty corn is gaining might
And darkening on the plain.

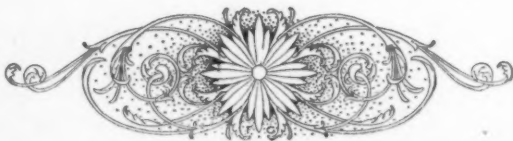
The butterflies sip nectar sweet
Where gummy milkweeds offer treat
Or catnip bids them stay.
On banded wing grasshoppers poise,
With hovering flight and shuffling noise,
Above the dusty way.

The thistle-bird, midsummer's pet,
In billowy flight on wings of jet,
Is circling near his mate.
The silent waxwing's pointed crest
Is seen above her orchard nest,
Where cherries linger late.

The dome of day o'erbrims with sound
From humming wings on errands bound
Above the sleeping fields;
The linden's bloom faint scents the breeze,
And, sole and blessed 'mid forest trees,
A honeyed harvest yields.

Poisèd and full is summer's tide,
Brimming all the horizon wide,
In varied verdure dressed;
Its viewless currents surge and beat
In airy billows at my feet
Here on the mountain's crest.

Through pearly depths I see the farms,
Where sweating forms and bronzed arms
Reap in the land's increase;
In ripe repose the forests stand,
And veiled heights on every hand
Swim in a sea of peace.





A Ballad of Semmerwater
A North-Country Legend
By William Watson

DEEP asleep, deep asleep,
Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater,
Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
A mickle town and tall;
King's tower and queen's bower
And the wakenman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
"I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the ells's cot,
The ells's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oat-cake,
They gave him of their ale.

He cursed aloud that city proud,
He cursed it in its pride;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
Down the brant hilloide;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower
And weed and reed in the gloom,
And a lost city in Semmerwater
Deep asleep till Doom.

MARK TWAIN'S OLD HOME

VIEWS IN HANNIBAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI



MARK TWAIN'S OLD HOME IN HANNIBAL.

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT IN JUMPING OUT OF THE WINDOW FARTEST TO THE LEFT, ON THE SECOND STORY, HE JUST DID NOT LIGHT ON THE SHOULDERS OF CAPTAIN BOWEN, WHO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING. THERE WAS A HIGH BOARD FENCE ON THE LEFT, FOR THE WHITEWASHING OF WHICH HE SOLD PRIVILEGES TO ONE OR MORE OF HIS YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS, SOMEWHAT AS RELATED IN "TOM SAWYER."



THE CAVE SPOKEN OF IN "TOM SAWYER."

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT, IN HIS DAY, THERE WERE TWO BEAMS AT THE ENTRANCE IN THE SHAPE OF THE LETTER A.



THE HOUSE POINTED OUT AS HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S HOME.

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT THIS IDENTIFICATION SAVES THE TROUBLE OF BUILDING A HOUSE FOR THE PURPOSE.



HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, SHOWING LOVERS' LEAP:

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT HE ONCE ROLLED DOWN MOST OF THE INCLINE JUST BELOW LOVERS' LEAP, AND IT HURT.

THE BOYHOOD HOME OF MARK TWAIN.

BY THE REV. HENRY M. WHARTON.

BEAUTIFUL for situation is the lovely little city of Hannibal, on the Mississippi, the boyhood home of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, known the world over as "Mark Twain." The hills are high, the valley is picturesque, the houses are handsome and comfortable. The town claims a population of fifteen thousand, and is just now enjoying a boom, recent discoveries of deposits having been made that will greatly enrich the place. On a late visit I endeavored to gather some information regarding Hannibal's "first citizen," with the following result.

Mr. Clemens must have been acquainted with Hannibal for a long time, for he has recently said that he has known the place ever since "Lovers' Leap" was a mole-hill and the Mississippi River a small creek.

The local tradition remembers the father of the humorist, "Squire" Clemens, as a good and peaceable citizen. He brought to the town with him his wife and children, and nothing unusual is remembered of the family, except that Mrs. Clemens had a peculiar and interesting drawl in her speech. When her son lectured in the town theater she called the attention of the neighbors to the fact that "Sam had a mighty long drawl to his talk, and she wondered where in the world he got it." Whereupon an old farmer remarked: "If the dam is a pacer, you will very likely find an amble in the colt." They brought up their children as well as circumstances would allow, considering three things, the Civil War, the West on the river, and the children. It is generally believed that Aunt Polly in "Tom Sawyer" was "Sam's" own mother, and that Tom was Sam. If this is so, one can almost read the family history in that captivating little book.

"Oh, yes, I knew Sam," recently said an old resident whose name had been given to me as one of the few still living who had something to say of the youth of the writer. "I knew him when he was a boy. He was a printer's devil,—I think that's what they

called him,—and they did n't miss it: he surely had lots of mischief in him. We boys used to go of a Sunday down to the cave and git into all kinds of rascality. Sam was very good on a joke. Last I saw of him round here was when he went to the war."¹

A favorite sport of the boys was to go to a high hill near an old mill, and start a loose rock down the steep side until, gathering force and velocity, it finally went crashing into the water below. On one occasion an ill-directed missile assailed the mill and made a hole through it like the path of a thirty-pounder. The miller ran out and lifted up his voice in prayer, beseeching Heaven to spare him and his property, promising, if the prayer was answered, never to ask another favor of the Almighty while he lived. One immense boulder, partly buried in the hillside, promised to the mind of young Sam a lot of fun. He called the boys together and thus addressed them: "Fellows, this is a bigger rock than ever rolled down any hill; it will take lots of work to move her, but when she starts, all the world can't stop her. We can lift her out. I will be the boss, and you fellows work, and we will see the greatest thing that ever happened." Many Sundays were spent in toiling at the sides and underneath the great rock. The "boss" never for one moment lost his nerve, but cheered the others on in their work, until one day they succeeded in turning over the great mass of stone. Over and over it went, and faster and faster, till the boys were frightened almost out of their senses. They did not know where or how the thing would stop. It was making for the road which wound around the hill; some one might be passing; or, even if not, the way might be forever blockaded. They watched and wondered. At last it struck the road with tremendous power, and taking a mighty leap, landed in the channel of the Mississippi River. Of course no one knew who did it, but it is said that it was necessary to

¹ See in THE CENTURY for December, 1885, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," by Mark Twain.

send a government dredge to take the obstruction from the stream.

In his writings Mr. Clemens sometimes gives the real name of one of his characters, and one will find, upon investigation, that his picture is true to life. Among these, I will mention two extremes, Huckleberry Finn and Laura Hawkins, who figures as Becky Thatcher. One was in the lower walks of life, living on charity, sleeping in old barrels, and covering himself with such rags as might fall to his lot; the other was a beautiful, accomplished girl, a strong and lovely character, the pride and belle of the village. It was lately my good fortune to meet the lady, Mrs. F——, whose youth was thus celebrated. She is happily engaged in a work of charity, and one can see by her kindly face and cheerful nature that she is well qualified for such a delicate and noble work. By Mr. Clemens's own confession, she was his first sweetheart, as may be seen by his wedding announcement sent to her with an indorsement in his own handwriting that such was the case. I had this photographed, but the passing years have so dimmed the words that it is difficult to decipher them. I have also procured a photograph of the entrance of the now famous cave, in which one can, in imagination, follow the steps of the two children Tom and Becky, rambling about the cave with candles held high above their heads, running, walking, climbing, peering into every dark passageway, and sometimes venturing in, until suddenly they realize that they have become separated from the other members of the party and are lost. On and on they wander, their fright increasing with each step, Becky breaking into sobs, and Tom striving to keep up a brave heart and to comfort her. He extinguishes one of the candles in order that the light may last longer; but when that is nearly gone, they sit down to think, perhaps to die:

"The children fastened their eyes on their bit of candle and watched it melt slowly and pitilessly away; saw the half-inch of wick stand alone at last, saw the feeble flame rise and fall, climb the thin column of smoke, linger at its top a moment, and then—the horror of utter darkness reigned."

In concluding the story of "Tom Sawyer," the author says: "So endeth this chronicle. It being strictly a history of a *boy*, it must stop here; the story could not go much further without becoming the history of a *man*. When one writes a novel about grown people he knows exactly where to stop—that is,

with a marriage; but when he writes of juveniles, he must stop where he best can." From all the information within reach, it would be safe to say that the continued history of Tom Sawyer would be the autobiography of Mark Twain.

"Sam was always up to some mischief," said "Becky" to me. "We attended Sunday-school together, and they had a system of rewards for saying verses after committing them to memory. A blue ticket was given for ten verses, a red ticket for ten blue, a yellow for ten red, and a Bible for ten yellow tickets. If you will count up, you will see it makes a Bible for ten thousand verses. Sam came up one Sunday with his ten yellow tickets, and everybody knew he had n't said a verse, but had just got them by trading with the boys. But he received his Bible with all the serious air of a diligent student. He took me out when I was first learning to skate, and I fell on the ice with such force as to make me unconscious; but he did not forsake me. We had many happy experiences. Recently he came here and spent an hour. We had a good long talk over the days and years that are gone."

The prototype of Colonel Sellers was a well-known neighbor of Clemens's in Hannibal. It used to be told of this man that in a public address he once declared that though he and his audience might not live to see it, the time would come when a traveler might take a train in Hannibal which, without change of cars, would land him at Puget Sound. Of course the villagers laughed him to scorn, for they had in mind only the little puffing, wheezing steamboat and the stage-coach of that day. Yet it is literally true that an express-train passes Hannibal every day bound, without change, for Puget Sound.

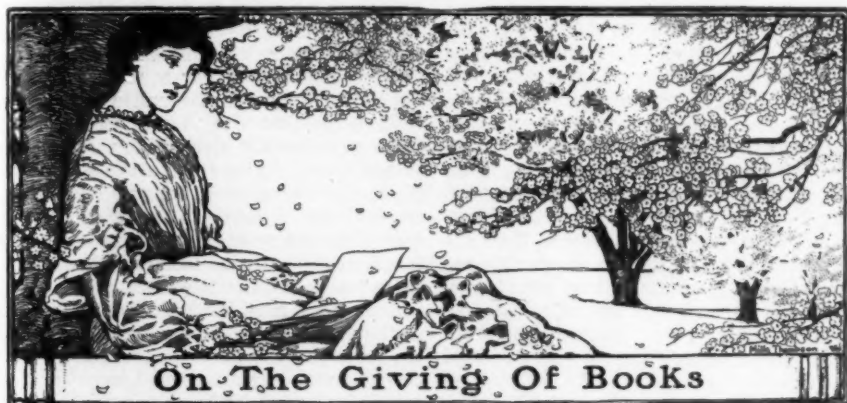
Another characteristic incident: A number of citizens were standing in front of a store watching an eclipse of the sun. Not a word was spoken, all being awed into reverential silence, when suddenly the voice of this well-known citizen was heard to say: "Gentlemen, give me your attention! The man who says 'there is no God' is a damned fool."

Two neighbors, having called at the home of this character on a very cold day, noticed, as they passed along, that there was only one small stick of wood where the "woodpile" should have been, and this was remarked upon as they entered the house. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I am glad you referred to the circumstance. That supply of wood is abundant for the winter. The fact is, this house is

so warmly and compactly built that one small sliver of that stick would make the building so hot in every room that the whole family would be compelled to seek the open air for comfort. In fact, we have to go out of doors and remain for hours in order to cool off. I am perfecting a plan to build houses which will need no fire, not even for cooking, nor in the coldest weather."

Mr. Clemens holds a safe place in the affections and esteem of the citizens of Han-

nibal. His name is a household word, a possession of local pride, and all claim a personal interest in their gifted fellow-citizen. How wonderful is the spell of humor! As long as boys shall climb those hills or float along the Mississippi, as long indeed as the English language is read, the name of "Mark Twain" will be known and honored, and the mere mention of the humorist will serve to bring a smile to the face of sorrow and lighten the burdens of many a weary life.



On The Giving Of Books

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

I CANNOT find what Lamb said about presents, but it was either that Presents endear Absents, which is very true, or that Absents make Presents, which is not always so true. No presents that are ever made me endear the donor more than presents of books; but none require a nicer discrimination in their making. For they are not only a measure of the giver's taste and culture, but also, which is a more delicate matter, a revelation of what the giver considers my taste and culture to be; and sometimes, even, they are a revelation of what he considers my taste and culture ought to be.

There is a room in a remote corner of this house reserved for my use, and of the nature of a museum. The curiosities it contains are curiosities of friendship and are curiosities only to me; for only I know the circumstances of their acquisition. They are chiefly books, and they line the walls on each side. On one side are the books that have been given me by my more intimate and therefore more discerning friends; on the other those

that have been given me by the merely kind. This side has three sections: the first, occupying most of the space, has been supplied by the good-natured kind—by those who are kind to me without particular reason, and whose kindness, seeking some active expression, takes the pleasant form of gifts; the second, containing the *cadeaux d'occasion*, by those who, though kind, are also perfunctory; and the third and smallest by those who, though kind, add to their kindness a certain compassion, not without severity, for the undeveloped state of portions of my mind, which results less in the present of a book than in the administration of a just reproach.

Let me begin with the reproaches. They are miscellaneous, and not very numerous. Also, with perhaps two exceptions, they are just. Among them there is a manual of English grammar and composition, sent me by an anonymous castigator, with this inscription on its fly-leaf: "To her who splits infinitives"; a novel by Miss Corelli, given me only last Christmas by a cousin who said she

hoped its teaching would be helpful; an elaborate treatise on gardening, sent by some one I do not know as an example of how treatises on gardenings should be written; three works of a semi-medical nature dealing with the proper way of rearing the young, and with the things they should not eat; a book about making husbands happy; a complete set of the novels of Miss Edna Lyall; a German book of truths about the manners of the English in South Africa, sent by one who tells me it is well to look facts in the face; a German book of meditations for the Sundays in the year, with all the passages bearing on one's own beams and other people's motes marked in red; and a truly magnificent Browning.

This Browning was sent me by a friend who had quoted him rapturously during the whole of the first mild day of March—that charming day of promise that comes at last, when we have somehow lived through the interminable grayest weeks of the year, and seems as if it were a gracious parting benediction bestowed by the winter that has buffeted us so long—the winter growing gay toward the end, relaxing like a severe governess into smiles on the eve of going away for the holidays. I was not in the mood for Browning, and cannot imagine why my friend was. On such a day, a brief halleluiah on first getting out is the only quotation from the poets that expresses my mental state, and all the rest of my attention I want for the snowdrops. What my friend quoted disagreed entirely with snowdrops, with the innocent bareness of the fields where we were wandering, with the pure coolness of the air, and the mild, pale sky. And our boots were wet through long before we reached home, and to be able to go on quoting Browning when your boots are wet seemed very wonderful to me.

I am not sure that I like a quoting friend. I know that I am numbed by an over-enthusiastic one; and the moods of two persons walking together are so seldom identical that it is, on the whole, safer not to quote. With a spirit chilled by the very glow of my friend's raptures, and feet that sank at every step into the gurgling sponginess of the ground, I was moved at last by the ceaseless "Of course you know this," followed by something at once rollicking, luscious, and gruesome, to confess that I had not read much Browning, and that what I had read I had not enjoyed. Before all things I would, if possible, clear my mind of cant. I will not pretend to like what the cultivated like only

because it is liked by the cultivated. I will read what makes me happy, not what ought to, but does not. There are many books in the world, and few years in which to read them; why should I spend even an hour reading one that gives me less pleasure when I can be reading one that gives me more? The knowledge impressed upon me by my friend, but already in my possession, that every one has read Browning, did not make me want to do so, too. The spectacle of my friend coming to a standstill beneath a willow-tree and declaiming something she told me I must be a log not to appreciate, only revealed to me that I am a log. I stood before her, shifting from one foot to the other, wondering which boot had most water in it, wondering whether her husband liked her to say things that sounded so big and bad, aware that the verses were tremendous, and terribly afraid lest their horror should make my eyes begin to start out of my head with fright—a thing no woman who respects her attractions should on any account let her eyes do. "Well?" asked my friend at the end, as I stood silent. A robin on one of the willow's red shoots had been whistling the most innocent accompaniment in the world. I looked up at the robin, and the robin put his head on one side and looked down at me. Almost could I have believed I saw him wink. I know I could not help laughing at the expression on his face. "Give me, O Nature, your primal sanities!" I cried, for I too can quote a lot of things if sufficiently goaded; and encouraged by the presence and the obvious sanity of the robin, I frankly told my friend I had not liked it, tried to explain why, and added, with a beautiful humility, that I was aware it was not Browning's fault. I do not think this attitude deserved the retort that I was a tomtit criticizing an eagle. As though tomtits ever did criticize eagles! And as though, if they did, it would matter to the eagles!

Seriously concerned by my insensibility, my friend sent me the magnificent Browning next day; and in spite of a certain rebelliousness in my heart, I did at last cut its pages, and take it out to the tree with the anemones growing over its roots, beneath the leafless branches of which, the sun shining warm on my head, I can, if anywhere, find the sensitive mood in which beauty of every kind most quickly penetrates to my arid and expectant soul. And there the whole afternoon the sun shone, and the anemone buds unfolded, and the larks sang, and I read reverently, eager to

enjoy; yet at sunset I felt only tired and baffled, and took in the book with a sigh, and carried it unhesitatingly to the corner of the museum devoted to reproaches, and put it on the shelf, and wrote and thanked my friend, and have not read it since.

Those letters of thanks for what has made us sigh, how difficult they are! In this one I anchored my gratitude in the firm bed of the lovely bit in "Waring" where the woods grow sappy—to me, sitting in woods that were doing it, a green oasis of comfort in much that had bewildered about bodies dead and living, and love. How glad I was to get away from the bodies, so luscious when alive, and so nasty when dead, into those sappy woods, into the gay society of early moths, small birds, and young gnats! My friend, in return for my letter expatiating on this delightful passage, wrote briefly and obscurely, but using the capital letters of contempt, that I was, after all, what she had always feared being so much in the country would make me, a mere Daughter of the Fields; and with this cryptic criticism the incident closed.

On the shelf next to the reproaches are the cadeaux d'occasion—standard works, chiefly, in brilliant bindings, wedding gifts, birthday gifts, books, that is, given in the exact spirit in which one gives carriage-clocks. I go and gaze at them from time to time, grateful at least that they are books, for what should I have done if they had all been carriage-clocks? They are as pleasing to the eye as they are uncomfortable to hold. They are slippery, with sharp, hard edges to their leaves; they are heavy with the splendor of thick paper and wide margins; and they do not open graciously at the first touch like the friendly ones dear to my heart on the opposite shelves. All of them look new except the Milton. His three volumes used to be the most gorgeous in the row. He is bound in white vellum, lettered with gold and edged with scarlet; and at first he had long blue silken streamers at generously frequent intervals as book-markers; but I cut these out one day to tie up my baby's sleeves. He, too, was given me in the carriage-clock spirit, a wedding gift presented by the form of relative Lamb calls a male aunt. Well do I know that that male aunt had never read Milton. He was on his way, I am positive, to a clock-shop, bored to the depths of his being by the possession of a niece about to marry and the necessity of choosing something for her; and catching sight in a window of a row of bridal-looking volumes, manifestly expensive, and bearing the irreproach-

able name of Milton, went in and bought them, and was spared the further journey to the clock-shop. "Thank you so much, dear uncle, for the beautiful books," I wrote, perfunctorily grateful to the perfunctory donor. "The binding is quite lovely, and I shall so much enjoy reading 'Paradise Lost' again." Again? I had not read it once; but in those days I did not possess the regard for truth that develops in lonely places and so often makes its owner look foolish.

A few years later, "Paradise Lost" in the German translation was read aloud at some knitting-meetings to which I used to be taken by an active cousin who was always starting things. Her position that year was that we should all, whatever our state in life, raise ourselves at least one step higher in the moral and intellectual scale than the step on which our parents stood. My cousin was not, herself, a parent. Those, she said, who will not raise themselves, must be raised by somebody else; and she proceeded to raise me by reading "Paradise Lost" aloud in German, while I, in my turn, was raising the stockingless to the level of those whose legs are clothed. "And so we kill one bird with two stones, as the English say," explained my cousin, who liked to air her acquaintance with foreign tongues. "Do they?" I asked anxiously; and fearful lest I might end by being the bird, I sent a case of ready-made stockings to the next meeting, and never went to another. But the reading of Milton made me think of my wedding present. What indigestible, woolly stuff the opening of "Paradise Lost" was in German!

Des Menschen erste Schuld, die Frucht des
Baumes,
Des Untersagten, deren gift'ge Kost
Tod in die Welt gebracht, all' unser Wehe
Und Edens Einbuss', bis ein Mächt'gerer
Uns sühnt' und neu errang den Sitz des Heiles,
Sing, Himmelsmuse. . . .

It parched my throat to read it aloud. It reminded me of dry, suffocating things; in spite of its seriousness, of trivial, irrelevant things, of dust, and flannel, and the singular discomfort of grasping a hand clad in a new cotton glove. Up in my museum I sought out the original Milton, *Des Menschen erste Schuld* throbbing in my ears. The grave magnificence of the opening in English made me fear I had been missing another source of happiness in not reading it sooner, and I determined to make up for it at once. But I did not, on that occasion, get very far. Almost at once I was confronted by my com-

plete inability to appreciate the lofty if it is long—by my limitations, that is, of which I am heartily tired; for do I not meet them at every turn, and is not my soul bruised with the constant knocking against them? It was no use trying to comfort myself with Johnson's dictum that "Paradise Lost" is one of the books the reader lays down and forgets to take up again, because it did not comfort me. I turned over the pages, feeling sorry, when my eye was arrested by

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown. . . .

This riveted my attention at once. It had the somber stateliness of the more splendid of Bach's fugues. It mattered nothing to me that I knew Johnson had depreciated it, too, and said of it that surely no man could have fancied he read "Lycidas" with pleasure had he not known the author. Of what consequence was it who had written it, or what men did or did not fancy? All that concerned me was that one woman found a pleasure so acute in reading it that by the time she had done she knew it by heart, and, for some reason mere instinct cannot investigate, when she said the last eight lines aloud so that her ears too might have their share of the beauty, they made her cry.

But "Paradise Lost" came not a hair's-breadth nearer the range of my appreciativeness. The binding of the other parts lost its freshness; the stiff covers, which would neither open nor shut properly, grew gradually limp; for a long time there was hardly a day on which one or other of the volumes was not taken out of doors into the sun and wind; and there are places in the fields here, grassy corners beneath hedges, reedy corners beside ditches, that I cannot see without remembering the poems read in them. A clump of alders on the edge of a flooded meadow is glorious to me because beneath it I first read "Samson Agonistes." The lines to "Sabrina" are forever connected in my thoughts with the loveliness of cherry-blossom in a south wind, blown down in showers on the book and the grass, because I read them in a cherry-orchard in the time of flowering. Glassy, cool, translucent waves; twisted braids of lilies; amber-dropping hair—how exquisite it is! I used to write down the beautiful words for sheer joy in them. But still I could not read "Paradise Lost." Then one of those friends who are discriminating as well as kind endeared himself to me by the present of Professor Raleigh's "Milton";

and not only did the book itself add to the sum of my happiness, but it sent me right through both "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," with not the least inclination to put them down and forget to take them up again, but rather leaving me, when I had finished, with a desire, which I cannot but regard in my calmer moments as tending toward the unnatural, for more. Singular consequence of my cousin's activity! Who could have imagined that the process of knitting stockings in a stuffy room—the philanthropic atmosphere is always bad—would lead me at last to reading Milton in a cherry-orchard in the sweet spaciousness of the country, and to heaping tardy blessings, as I did so, on Milton's donor, who could no longer receive them in person, he being unfortunately, in the fullness of time, defunct?

Next come the books given me by those kind people, relatives and others, who like to make presents. At Christmas and on all the anniversaries they give me books, and then they come and ask me if I have read them. I have not read them. With the best intentions and the liveliest gratitude, how can I read so many books? The day has only twenty-four hours, and one must go to bed. And when pleasure in the kindness of the giver makes me, as it often does, open one of them, exhaustion makes me shut it again. The books in this section are new novels and recent poetry; they come nearly all from England and America, and their cleverness is startling. The American ones in particular galvanize my mind, naturally slow to grasp things, into a fever of attention that quickly leaves it prostrate. They stretch my spirit in the way the society of the un-interruptedly epigrammatic stretches it. I suppose it is good for spirits to be stretched at proper intervals, but the process should not be without its pauses. These books have no pauses; and the slow German mind, dwelling apart in the desert and getting slower the longer it stays there, asks itself painfully whether everybody, then, is so brilliant in the distant, seething world over there. Do people never get away from each other and keep quiet? Do they say clever things all day long? Do they begin the first thing in the morning, or is there, say till one o'clock, a blessed period of torpor? Only to think of the intellectual nimbleness necessary if one would meet them on equal conversational terms makes me so tired that it is quite hard to keep awake. But let it not be supposed that I am ungrateful for the

kindness that prompts the sending of these books. Who that lives in the country does not know the pleasure the arrival of such a parcel gives? Each of them has been opened with an eagerness wholly outside the experience of him who lives within a walk of a book-shop. I love to unpack the books, and feel them, and arrange them on the shelves. I love to look at the nicely filled rows. I love to cut their pages when I am too lazy for anything else. I love, if in an exemplary mood, to dust them. Really, the only thing I do not love is reading them.

And as for the bookcases on the other side of the room, where the bindings are shabby with use, I think when I stand in front of them, reading the dear, familiar titles, that I will never give a book to any but the most intimate friend. It is too delicate a business altogether. How can I gage the needs of an acquaintance? Perhaps he has no needs. Almost certainly they will not be the same as mine. Once I thought I knew a woman, and when a book had made me happy I used to send it to her that she might be made happy too. Her letters in return were enthusiastic about what she called the friendship of books; I blush when I remember the responsiveness of mine. And the just punishment of him who gushes without first being very sure of his man overtook me, too; for chance taking me into her country, and affection inducing me to go and stay with her, I saw them all again, those books sent with so complete a faith in their welcome, and not one had had its pages cut. I confess that I found the experience chilling. In this friend's sympathies I had believed long and firmly. But my sorrow was cured by the reflection that I had no right to grumble, for she had treated my gifts only as I had treated so many of the books sent me; and on carefully examining the chill I had felt, it turned out to be the result, not of disillusionment or anything tragic, but only of the discovery, bitter to my vanity, that I must for a long time have been boring her. I repeat, it is a delicate business giving books.

All the more precious, then, from the very difficulty of fitting the gift to the receiver,

is the right book given by the right person. Here on these last shelves there is no reproach, no perfunctoriness, no casual good nature, and certainly no splendid binding. The editions are ordinary, in modest covers that can bear knocking about and have no beauty to spoil. Gifts of books addressed solely to the spirit should never be *éditions de luxe*. Of what use is a book to me, however much I may want to read it, if it is so gorgeous that it must not be taken anywhere where rain might fall on it, or where it might get muddy, or where a heedless gnat, caught by the quick turning of a leaf, might leave its legs in the pages, angering the owner of the defiled book, who does not want its legs, almost as much as it is itself angered by having to go on being a gnat without them? I can no more take an over-gorgeous book to my heart than I can fold my child in my arms when it is dressed for a party. Not for any inducement would I disturb the state of starchedness in which the German child proceeds to its parties; I gaze upon it on such occasions with a natural pride, but also with a proper awe. Is this my child, this cleanly creature, so sleek and combed and fair? (For that my child the day it goes to a party is several shades fairer of skin than it is on other days is a fact that has almost ceased to astonish me.) And even as this child in its starched apparel is to me, so is the *édition de luxe*: a thing of beauty to rejoice over, to gaze at and be proud of, but never a thing to touch. There is not a single one on these shelves, and nobody who comes into the museum ever lingers before them. The eyes of the infrequent stranger are caught at once by the brilliancy of the rows opposite. Perhaps he thinks that things so dog-eared can only be the lesson-books of a painful youth. How should he guess that each dingy volume, battered in proportion as it has been loved, is a link in the chain of perfect comprehension that joins me to some dear, far-away friend? How should he dream that the right book, sent by my friend who loves it too, is a little bridge flung over space by him to me, across which his soul and mine go gaily to our silent, merry meetings?



CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN STREET AND HIGHWAY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.

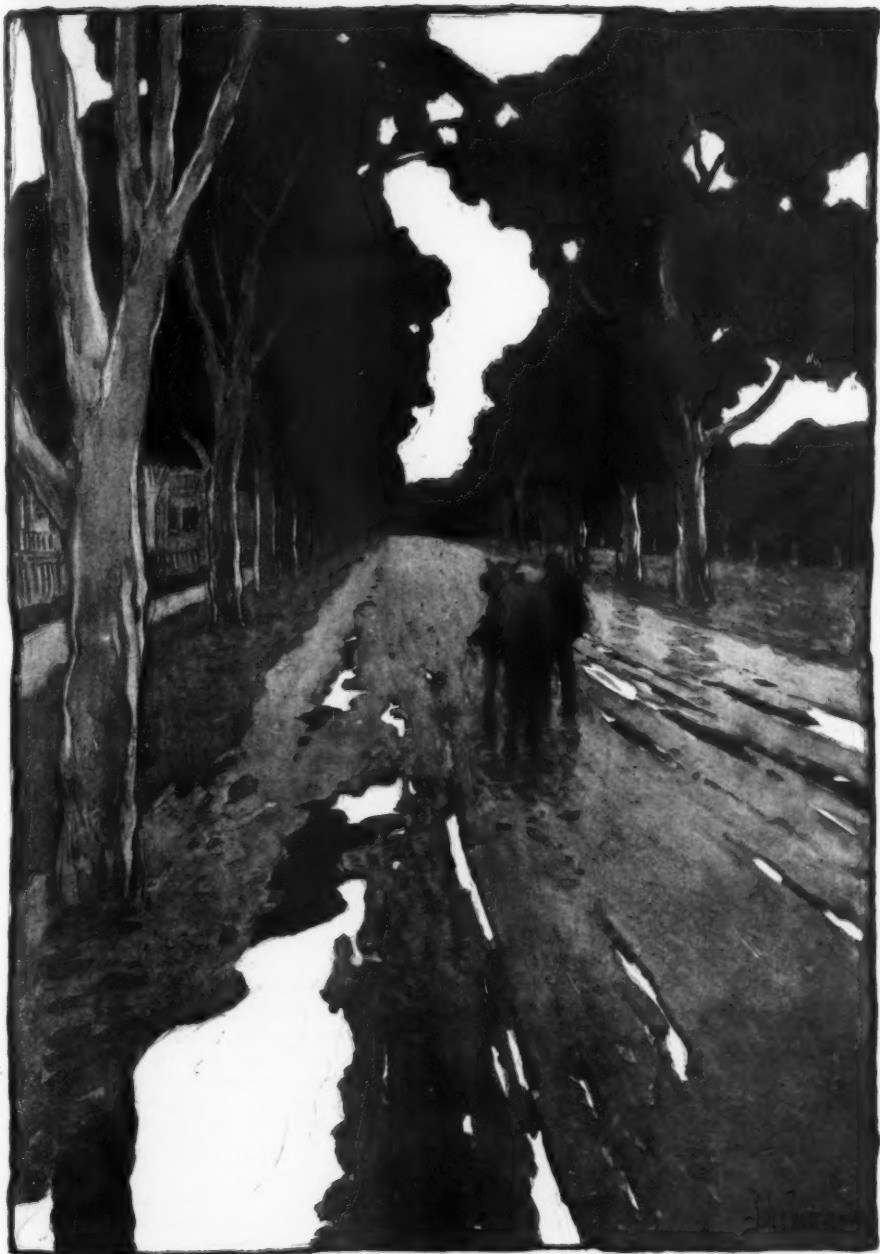
ONE of the most common forms of civic improvement—the form that has most widely engaged public attention and has been attended with the best results—is the improved construction of roads in country and town, and the suitable adornment of the latter class of highway. The work is comparatively simple; the results are more or less immediately apparent, and are correspondingly gratifying.

Improved construction of the road-bed is the first consideration. The good-roads movement has become very wide-spread in this country, although perhaps the average American highway is still the worst to be found in any really civilized country. But the tendency to road improvement is everywhere very marked. Many hundreds of miles of macadamized and Telford road have been constructed, and even in the building of common "dirt" roads there has been a great improvement. For towns and cities the advantages of smooth and noiseless pavements are now widely appreciated. Asphalt is everywhere increasingly used, wooden pavement is again finding favor, and vitrified brick in its improved forms of manufacture has become very popular as a comparatively cheap and satisfactory kind of smooth pavement. In the West, in particular, where the character of the soil makes dirt roads impracticable and macadamizing materials are scarce, there are hundreds of towns that have been completely transformed in appearance by the adoption of brick pavements, which have literally laid the foundation for a regeneration in civic character. In the same communities, as a rule, the improvement of the roadway has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in sidewalk construction. In that line there is nothing more agreeable for eye or foot than long stretches of granolithic walk, commonly laid with broad margins of turf on either hand, the smooth, clean, light gray in beautiful contrast with the velvety verdure. And there is no surer

way to save the precious grass from trampling feet than to give it such a footway neighbor.

Good construction of a roadway means good maintenance. This commands a public respect that means clean usage, discouraging the scattering of papers and other rubbish. Neatness and order lead naturally to civic beauty. A street well constructed and well kept is on the way to become a beautiful street. If it is a business thoroughfare, the tendency will be toward better architecture in the buildings; if it is a residential street, there will be a corresponding improvement in the houses and grounds.

The elements for an attractive street are very simple. After properly constructed road-bed and sidewalks come shade-trees. These should be all of the same kind on one street, or at least on one block of a street. Otherwise the effect will be broken, ragged, and discordant. Wherever practicable, the trees should stand in a margin of turf between the sidewalk and the road. If the street is extremely broad, this turfed space can be made an ample belt of verdure. If, on the other hand, the street is a narrow one, and particularly if the fronts of the houses are on the line of the sidewalk, the mistake of planting trees that grow high should not be made. For, while the lofty vault of the trees may give beauty to the street itself, the dense foliage will be harmful to health by excluding needed light and the free movement of fresh air from the houses. On narrow streets, therefore, trees of low-growing habit are desirable. By planting them at frequent intervals they may be made to shade the walks sufficiently, and at the same time they will not deprive the adjacent dwellings of needed light and air. As a rule, shade-trees are undesirable for urban business thoroughfares, unless the streets are particularly broad. In the latter event, trees naturally of small size, trimmed in formal shapes, perhaps, may serve an admirable decorative function as adjuncts to



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

LONG MEADOW STREET, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The wide, elm-shaded main street of a New England village in the Connecticut valley.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

An example of formal planting in a subtropical climate.

good mercantile and civic architecture, and also for mitigating the depressing effects of mean construction.

A narrow residential street may be a very attractive one if the houses stand well back from the street-line, with pleasant grounds about them. In a growing town, however, the danger from such conditions comes with the liability to convert the street to business purposes, or to erect more compactly disposed dwellings. If business comes in, the transition is commonly marked by jagged lines. Commercial structures, often of a cheap and undesirable aspect, are built out to the street, while the dwellings stand recessed back at irregular intervals. And when at last the street is fully occupied for business purposes, it is altogether too narrow; the roadway and the sidewalks are cramped, and often a widening has to take place at the public expense. If built up closely to the line with dwellings, the street is likely to lack air and sunshine, and the tendency is toward squalid conditions.

An excellent remedy for these evils is offered in the Massachusetts law that empowers municipalities to establish building-lines at any desired distance back from the street-line. When such a line is established, no buildings can be erected on the intervening space. The municipality acquires an easement in this strip of land, which can still be used by the owner for anything but building purposes, and, on the establishment of such a line, owners may claim damages, as in case of takings for a street-widening.

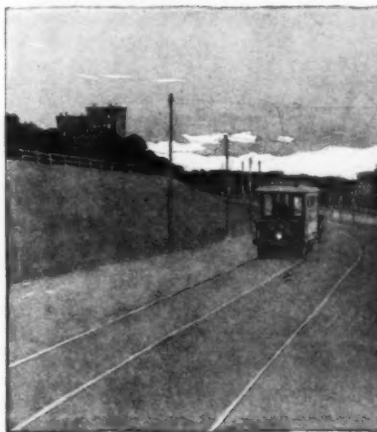
It is, however, commonly more of a benefit than a damage to have property thus restricted, for it assures a more permanently desirable character to the street; and in case a street-widening should ever be called for, no obstacles will stand in the way: by taking the restricted strips, there will be ample room for the wider roadway and sidewalks.

Ideals for attractive street-planning are to be found in many parts of the United States. There is nothing more charming as a rural street than that of a New England village at its best—lofty aisles of leafage, the trees with feet in a carpet of turf at the sidewalk border; the houses, quiet and unobtrusive, standing well back, and marked with the true home character, whether they are humble cottages or abodes of the rich. The noblest development of such rural streets is to be found in the old towns of the Connecticut valley and in western Massachusetts. There the main highways have an extraordinarily generous width, often giving room for quadruple rows of old elms and broad spaces of turf, the roadway requiring only a narrow space in the total width of the thoroughfare.

The beauty of such streets goes far to compensate for the too prosaic aspect of our typical wooden country houses, conferring upon the New England villages of the best type a picturesque charm that bears comparison with that of English villages, though of a quite different fashion. In this way there is probably nothing finer than the celebrated street of the Connecticut-valley

town appropriately named Long Meadow. Long Meadow street, as it is called, is bordered by almost the whole of the township's main village, which extends along the grassy interval of the great river, shaded by hundreds of the typical elms which in that valley are found in their highest perfection. Beneath one of the double naves of natural Gothic the electric cars now speed their way, and hundreds of long-distance trolley tourists have spread the fame of this street far and wide as one of the great sights of the Connecticut-valley trip. Such streets seem to grow, rather than to be made; they require age to perfect the ensemble of lofty elms and venerable houses that together

ing. In climates where the English ivy is not hardy, similar effects of evergreen may be gained by the planting of the *Evonymus radicans*, a beautiful Japanese forest plant which would be ideal for such purposes if its growth were more rapid. Wherever practicable, the mantling of electric-wire poles, trolley posts, and sign-board posts with climbing plants is advisable. Unfortunately,



stand for many decades of existence. But even these stately old ways were once new, and equal effects may now be planned. To all good highway development the mellowing touch of time will give its justifying charm.

Even though the glorious elm, as many now fear, may be doomed to perish before the assaults of its numerous enemies, in almost every part of the country other trees, suitable to local conditions, may be made to rival the elm in grandeur. Meanwhile, in all work that looks to permanent effects, the raw edges of newness may soon be softened, and the wayside made attractive with well-kept turf, shrubbery, and climbing plants. Many climbing species have a rapid growth, and can be made to cover bare places with beauty in a single season. Poles and stakes may thus serve as substitutes for trees while these are grow-

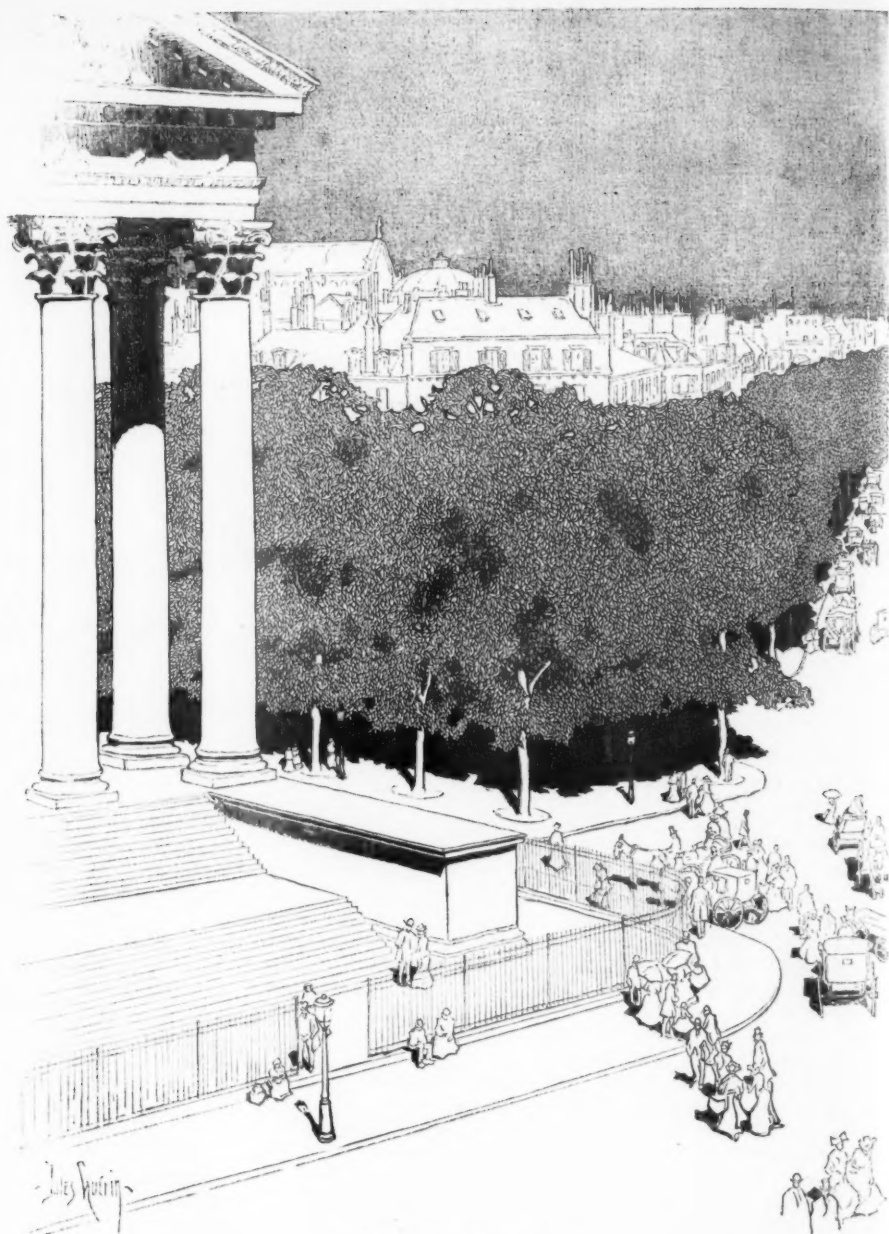
ing. In climates where the English ivy is not hardy, similar effects of evergreen may be gained by the planting of the *Evonymus radicans*, a beautiful Japanese forest plant which would be ideal for such purposes if its growth were more rapid. Wherever practicable, the mantling of electric-wire poles, trolley posts, and sign-board posts with climbing plants is advisable. Unfortunately,

Even where these posts and poles must necessarily stand in all their ugly nakedness, their ill effect may be ameliorated through screening by wayside trees. Indeed, under

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

BEACON STREET BOULEVARD, BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A street with a reserved space for an electric railway, the tracks of which are laid through turf.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE RUE ROYALE, AS SEEN FROM THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

Example of a wide business street with low-growing trees as an adjunct to architecture.

these conditions they often lose the greater part of their offensiveness. But here a great and growing evil must be guarded against. In towns and villages tree destruction by electricity is becoming alarmingly frequent. Magnificent trees are often slaughtered by the careless placing of wires or cables bearing strong electric currents. The branches, swaying in the wind, chafe against the conductors and wear away the insulation; then the current escapes and kills the trees. In many places the beauty of whole streets has been thus ruined. Something should be done effectually to prevent this wholesale electrocution of shade-trees.

There are certain great streets in various American cities famous as typical examples of civic beauty and stateliness. In spreading the gospel of civic improvement such object-lessons have the greatest value. What one community has done surpassingly well other communities will seek to do. Hence, these great streets serve as models that, with due modifications according to local circumstance, have been widely followed elsewhere. One of the foremost of them is Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, with its central reserved space for trees, turf, and monumental adornment, and its breadth of two hundred and forty feet between building-lines. Another famous thoroughfare of the residential type, urban and suburban in character, is Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. A celebrated illustration of the possibilities of stately development under semi-tropical conditions is Magnolia Avenue at Riverside in southern California, adorned with pepper-trees and palms, extending for miles through orange-plantations and bordered by pleasant residences.

The extraordinary development of street-railway lines under electric traction has made it necessary to plan highways largely with reference to such occupancy. This has frequently led to an adaptation of the central reserved space between two roadways, which characterizes the boulevard type, to the requirements of electric traction. Such central reserved spaces for car-tracks have been a feature in New Orleans for something like half a century. In that city certain wide avenues originally had canals in the center, between two roadways. These canals were filled in, and the space was devoted to car-tracks. Electric traction, however, made it possible to cover the entire space with turf, only the gleaming lines of steel showing in the grassy carpet. This is one of the many ideas in civic design that

we owe to the genius of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, who first introduced it in his plan for the Beacon-street boulevard in Boston and Brookline, as the route for the first electric street-railway built in a great city. This simple device is really one of the great civic acquisitions of the age; it abolishes dust, diminishes noise to a minimum under the muffling action of the turf, and accelerates transit by removing the railway-tracks from the roadway. Moreover, it revolutionizes the circumstances that make a neighborhood nuisance of a great public convenience, and brings the street-railway into conformity with the finest residential development as a basis for a beautiful form of public improvement.

This idea achieved quick popularity and has been adopted widely. In highway planning for urban and suburban requirements, the best results can be obtained only when car-tracks are separated from the road. In country districts this is often best effected by distinct rights of way entirely apart from the highway; but in cities and towns a more immediate relation to the highway is essential, and the reserved central space offers the best solution. A comprehensive method of dealing with this problem has been adopted by the Boston suburb of Milton. A system of electric railways was called for, and the town authorities decided to require reserved spaces everywhere. The township area was predominately rural and very extensive; but the interests of economy required that both for land purchase and road construction the width devoted to such purposes be considerably less than demanded for roads of the usual boulevard type, one hundred and ten feet at least. The aim here was not to obtain stateliness of effect in grand residential avenues, but to secure the maximum of safe and rapid transit in a network of rural thoroughfares that should be attractive as drives and agreeable as elements in the development of the town. Accordingly, existing roads were widened, and, where necessary, new highways were laid out, under a plan that called for a total width of seventy-four feet, with two roadways eighteen feet wide, a reserved central space for car-tracks running through turf, sidewalks six feet wide, and planting-spaces of three feet.

In this way the modern railway principle of double-tracking was applied to ordinary highway conditions. With all traffic on each road going in one direction, the narrow space of eighteen feet seemed ample. The double roadway thus provided is well adapted

to the modern requirements of the automobile and the bicycle, and the separation of traffic into streams flowing in opposite directions reduces the danger of collision to a minimum. Like a railway, the highway itself is thus double-tracked. It should be said, however, that experience indicates that while the double roadways of the Milton type answer for purely rural conditions, the width is inadequate to the development of the town as a suburb of a great city. Therefore it is proposed to lay out future avenues of the kind with double roadways twenty-four feet wide. A more economical plan suggested is to have one roadway of thirty feet, with single tracks for electric cars in a reserved strip on each side, adjoining the

sidewalks. The main objection to this plan is that it would interfere with access to abutting premises, while the frequent crossings by residential driveways would be a menace to transit.

To promote and preserve the charm of the typical country road, as well as to beautify the formal city or village street, should be one of the chief aims in civic improvement. An example of a country road of ideal beauty is to be found in the Greater Boston municipalities of Medford and Winchester. A historic old colonial estate of some hundreds of acres is still owned by the descendants of the original proprietor, who in stately fashion maintained his country-seat there. The few suburban places into



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A BEAUTIFUL TYPE OF RURAL HIGHWAY (GROVE STREET IN MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS).



which the estate is now divided have little changed it from its original park-like aspect. One of the main roads between the two communities traverses the ancient estate through the greater portion of its length. This is a public highway, but the present proprietors have assumed the charge of maintenance, in order to assure the preservation of the character that has been gradually developed under more than two centuries of occupancy by virtually one family. The beauty of this road is of so simple an order, and yet so exquisite in its combination of wildness and unstudied finish, that only a faint idea of it can be given in words.

A formal street, in its development, may be compared to a canal, while a country road is more like a brook or river, meandering naturally through fields and woods. Grove street, as this highway is called, for the greater part of the way takes its course in easy curves and grades between low, substantial walls of gray stone. At one point, however, near the site of the original mansion, the continuity of the stone construction is interrupted by an old-fashioned wall of brick, preserved for its historic associations and said to have been built by slave labor. There being a more direct way between the two communities, comparatively little traffic passes over this route, and a narrow roadway suffices. The road is bordered by wide turf-margins as far as the walls, between which and the road wild shrubbery grows here and there, and climb-

ing plants mantle the stones. Within the wall, and bordering the road, is a diversity of tree-growth, deciduous and evergreen, in charming irregularity, and giving renewed interest at every turn. While everything grows naturally, and apparently at random, there is nothing unkempt or neglected in effect, but a simple, unstudied orderliness that tells of a strong human feeling for landscape beauty behind it all.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ESSEX WOODS ROAD, NEAR MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

A woodland drive with sylvan beauty made permanent by taking the bordering strips for park purposes.

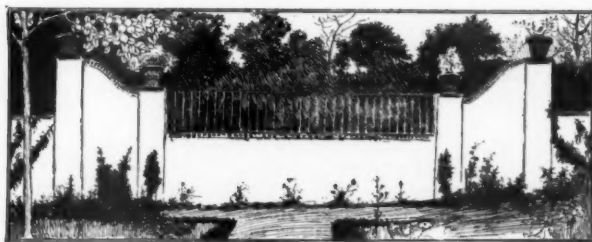
In the foregoing instance the conditions have been exceptionally fortunate. But there are even better ways for preserving the charm of a beautiful country wayside. In a suburb where the city is pressing hard upon the country, land is too valuable to be held indefinitely in broad acres; all this loveliness must eventually pass unless, under conditions of a denser occupancy, measures are taken to make it the basis of something enduring.

A most admirable example is that set by the seaside town of Manchester, on Cape Ann. One of the town's great charms for its wealthy summer dwellers is the beauty of the drive through the Essex woods. Well-grown woods have their value for timber and fuel, however. So, to fend off all danger of wayside spoliation, the entire belt of woodland traversed by the road, in a width just sufficient to preserve the integrity of the forest border, was purchased by subscription, and presented to the town for permanent preservation as a part of its park system. An area of seven acres, thus secured, was equivalent to a long roadside stretch of sylvan scenery. The example of Manchester has been followed by the Cape Cod town of Yarmouth, which for like purposes has secured a long belt of land bordering a pleasant drive through the woods. In case landowners refuse to part with their wayside property, the Public Parks Act provides the means to secure such strips by right of eminent domain. Simply the taking of an easement in the land would be sufficient, leaving to the owner the right of free access to his property beyond, but forbidding him to cut trees and shrubbery, or

otherwise to interfere with the natural aspect of the strip in question. Since wayside property of the kind is usually of low valuation, a comparatively small expenditure would secure a long strip of beautiful roadside for the perpetual enjoyment of the public. Then, with every year, the trees would grow, and the scene would gain in beauty.

In connection with the extensive movements for the construction of finely engineered State highways in various parts of the country, it is possible to accomplish much in these directions. Shade-trees can be systematically planted, with results surpassing their service in adornment. For, both in shading the way and in acting as windbreaks, they tend to protect the road-bed from disintegration, preserving from evaporation under excessive sunshine and drying winds the moisture necessary to proper binding. Much is also possible in the way of simple embellishment and in protecting these roads against disfigurement.

Well-kept borders of grass and shrubbery may be maintained; artistically designed guide-boards and mile-posts may be erected; electric-wire poles and trolley posts may be kept as far from ugliness as possible; and the defacing tendencies of the advertising fiend may be restricted. It should be considered that large sums of the public money have been expended in the creation of these improved highways, and their purpose should be correspondingly respected by giving them an aspect worthy of their civilizing function. The examples cited above can be most appropriately followed by the permanent reservation of wayside strips at points of notable beauty, or commanding important prospects.



A VISIT TO THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S AUDIENCE GIVEN BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA TO THE LADIES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

BY BELLE VINNEDGE DRAKE.



IN China it is the national habit to devote about thirty days at New Year's to a renewal of vows to cleanliness, friendship, kindred, and business honor. Debts are paid, the body is arrayed in its purple and fine linen and started on its yearly round of calls upon relatives and friends. In recognition of this time-honored custom,—and custom runs back a long way in China,—the Empress Dowager kept open house, and invited the ladies and children of the various foreign legations to call upon her at the New Year season's anniversary—February 27, 1902, by our reckoning. It was an invitation courteously sent, and with courtesy it was accepted, with no disposition to judge deeper than the kindly appearance of its spirit. It was a curious semi-heathen, semi-Christian little procession that wended its way to the east gate of the Imperial City. The ladies, interpreters, and children were all carried in sedan-chairs by coolies, and each legation contingent was preceded by its own mounted escort of soldiers and mafoos astride their shaggy little Chinese ponies. Besides these, the court sent a mounted escort of twenty officials and attendants, who preceded Mrs. Conger's chair. The dean of the diplomatic corps, the distinguished-looking and courtly Austrian minister, acted as official protector for the party, and preserved thereby the dignified proprieties of the occasion. Three different detachments of Chinese troops were stationed between the outer wall and the gate leading into the Forbidden City, and presented arms as the almost solemn little cavalcade passed through the lines. At the gate of this city the usual official sedan-chair gave place to one of imperial ownership, a little open red chair, not unlike what our American go-cart without wheels would be, and carried on two long poles by four stalwart eunuchs. The way taken led by the

famous dragon wall, which must have lost its original charm of keeping out evil spirits, from the number of foreign devils who eluded its vigilance that day; but, since inanimate things can be depraved only when reflecting the spirit of the animate, may it not be reasonable to suppose the dwellers within the gates of the Forbidden City may have awakened to a recognition that evolution had at least carried us beyond the horn-and-hoof stage?

Whatever individual theory the world may have about it, all restraint was removed that day, and American, British, Russian, Italian, French, German, Spanish, Austrian, and Japanese were permitted to vanish behind that wall which had for so many centuries stood guard against all foreign invasion. Safely inside, the imperial chairs were given up, and the court eunuchs assumed the responsibility of assisting tripping feet and lifting trailing skirts through the open courts. At the door of the room where our outer wraps were removed and tea was served, several distinguished Chinese officials, led by Prince Ch'ing, greeted us with a genuine American hand-shake and cordial smile, and, figuratively at least, offered us the keys of the city.

After sipping a cup of refreshing tea, official precedence began to form itself in proper order for the march across the court to the throne-room. The dean, Baron Czikann, in a dazzling uniform of gold lace and numerous jeweled medals, imposingly led the procession, followed by Mrs. Conger, wife of our distinguished American minister, and doyenne of the diplomatic corps. With this dazzling head, the brilliancy decreased by gradual stages to the lesser lights of ranking importance in the different legations. We passed directly from under the canopy of heaven through a door into the presence of a boyish-looking, bright-eyed man of thirty-two, who calls himself a son

thereof. Whatever of august personality that title may suggest, it was wholly eclipsed by the far more powerful presence of China's Catharine II.

American womanhood was most nobly represented that day in the gentle and kindly spirit, yet self-possessed and gracious dignity, of Mrs. Conger, who said in a clear, well-modulated voice: "Your Majesties: On this holiday occasion the ladies of the diplomatic corps bring to you most cordial, happy New Year greetings and the best of good wishes for the imperial court and for all China," which was promptly taken up and interpreted into Chinese by Mr. Williams, Chinese secretary of the American legation. Whereupon Prince Ch'ing knelt before her Majesty to receive her reply, which he gave in Chinese, and was interpreted into English by Chang Te-i, the new Chinese minister to England. After which their Highnesses offered the right hand of fellowship with true democratic warmth of interest to each alike from the head to the foot of the procession. It is barely possible that the long continuity of inherited court experience may have lent a little more grace to the bended knee of our European sisters, and they may have suffered less mental perturbation over the possible disaster of backing down three or four steps from the throne; but, with the rare adaptability of the American woman and the excellent example of Mrs. Conger, the four other ladies from the United States managed to acquit themselves with at least some semblance of grace.

The hand-shaking of the Empress was not a perfunctory function, for she shook the hand of each person, and looked keenly into her eyes, and distinctly separated her from her kind. She has that rare possession of so much charm in woman, a soft, caressing voice, supplemented by an engaging smile, an eager, observing alertness of expression, and a noticeably gentle touch.

This formality over, she left the throne and all its formal greatness, and came down among the children of men with a true housewifely interest in the comfort and pleasure of her guests. Of course chief favors were shown the wives of the ministers as the first-ranking ladies present, but she did not forget those of lesser fame, and was particularly attentive to the children.

Her first duty was to see that we were served tea in a little drawing-room leading off from the throne-room. She was attended by about twenty-five princesses, and, from the Empress Dowager down, it was a beau-

tiful picture of Oriental splendor and beauty. The Empress Dowager was dressed in the national costume, consisting of a long, loose, sack-like garment reaching from the neck to within about three inches of the floor, over which is worn a short, sleeveless jacket. They were made of blue satin exquisitely embroidered all over in figures of butterflies, bats, characters in gold denoting long life, and flowers, all in harmonizing colors. Her hair was dressed in the Manchurian extension fashion, and adorned with dozens of pearls, of varying sizes, from a penny down to a pinhead. Her feet were prettily dressed in the embroidered Manchurian shoes perched on brackets, so that she seemed taller than she really was, for she cannot be quite five feet tall. None of the ladies had small feet. The younger ladies wore differently colored gowns of the same style as the Empress's, with large clusters of brightly colored flowers in their hair, and, with only a few exceptions in the case of widows, their faces were most artistically painted, a study in pink and white, with a single blood-red spot on the lower lip. The effect of this kaleidoscopic coloring can better be imagined than described.

During this little tea-drinking ceremony the Emperor passed here and there, an evidently amused spectator of the animated, picturesque scene. He was closely followed by an attendant, who lent an arm of protection when femininity came too near, pushing him into close quarters.

After sipping from her own jade cup of tea, the Empress passed it to the lips of Mrs. Conger and the wives of the other ministers in turn, as a sort of mark of fraternal amity and good will. We were now conducted to the private apartments of the Empress Dowager, and, since it is the first time foreigners have ever entered that portion of the palace, the event is historical.

We were first taken to the banquet-room, where refreshments were served. From our entrance into her private palace, all men, save the Emperor and the eunuchs, were excluded. Mrs. Conger sat at the right of her Majesty, and Mme. Uchida, wife of the Japanese minister, a graduate of Bryn Mawr and an enthusiastic admirer of all things American, sat on her left. Acting as interpreter for the Empress Dowager was a most bewitching little Chinese maid of eighteen, daughter of a former minister to Germany, where she was educated, speaking German and English very well. She was a dainty little creature, with modest yet self-reliant manner, sweet voice,

and a sympathetic responsiveness quite remarkable in one so young. The refreshments were served in what we would call buffet style. Since the Chinese never use a cloth for covering the table, and there is no general demand for the supply of such Western accessories, no surprise should be expressed when it is recorded that the tables were draped with a honeycombed variety of cotton spread bordered with fringe, belonging to the genus commonly known as "counterpanes" in our country. But it was a graceful concession to our custom which gave the spirit far more significance than the letter. After all, a fine pattern of Irish linen would have made a poor show, with every spot covered by Chinese epicurean delicacies.

There were bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, fruits, sweets, and everything known to the category of the correct Chinese palate. The Empress passed from one table to the other, with true motherly concern for the pleasure of every one. When she felt quite satisfied that all her guests had been well served, she led the way across her handsomely furnished drawing-room to her bedroom, where she more fully revealed those qualities peculiar to women which so clearly differentiate the sexes. She took Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida by the hands and led them up to her bed, or kang, patting it to show them its luxurious softness, and finally, with girlish abandon, climbing up on it and bidding the two ladies do likewise. And as she settled down for a visit with them, she suggested a young girl home from boarding-school with some girl chums for a vacation and a jolly good time.

The kang had curtains in front which were draped back, and the walls of the room formed the other three sides. Surrounding these three sides was a shelf on which were all manner of curiously carved pieces of jade, five loudly ticking clocks, of which the Chinese are so fond, and some fruit, which was placed at the head to appease the spirits. The diplomatic corps had specially requested, when accepting the invitation to call, that no gifts be offered when the Empress gave this New Year audience. However, as she sat cozily confidential with the ministers' wives, she quietly slipped a very pretty little jade ornament into the hands of each in turn, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, and a whispered Chinese admonition which said as plainly as any English words could do, "Don't you tell." She gently patted one of them on the cheek in real lover-like fashion, and affec-

tionately let her other hand rest on theirs. Some one suggested she must have very sweet dreams on such a downy bed, whereupon she laughed, and said: "Yes; and when I dream of snow it brings me good luck." While she was having a good, old-fashioned visit with her friends, the Emperor came up boyishly to the side of the bed, when she laughed quite merrily, and saying something to him which made him smile, he quietly slipped away. She served the ladies tea here, into which she dropped some fragrant blossoms which she declared were a panacea for headache.

Her rooms were filled with rare and beautiful works of art—porcelain, cloisonné, brass, bronze, tapestries, and carved jade. One piece of jade presented the outlines of a huge boulder, over ten feet high, which, upon close examination, disclosed the most exquisite carving of foliage, flowers, and long processions of Chinese climbing to the top. Another piece of jade formed a large bowl-shaped fountain-basin about three feet high and over three feet in diameter, with flowers and vines carved all around the brim, and goldfish swimming in the water it held. The carved wood partitions between the rooms were an immense cabinet from floor to ceiling for the reception of exquisite old porcelain, brass, and cloisonné. There were very large candelabra of cloisonné; the black wood chairs, tables, and kangs were inlaid with pearl in fantastic designs. The rooms were heated with braziers, or, more accurately, the chill was taken off by them; for the Chinese would suffocate in our furnace-heated houses, while long exposure in theirs would congeal our blood close to the freezing-point.

When the Empress felt we had done justice to her boudoir, she tactfully gave the signal to go, and led us into the banquet-hall, where her councilors of state had been doing the honors of the palace in the entertainment of the gentlemen of our party. She was accompanied by her ladies in waiting, who stood modestly by while she bade them good-by, exchanging a few words with them.

When it is remembered how short a time ago such a levee would have violated every principle known to the code of womanly modesty and sanctity, some measure may be taken of the progress China is making toward emancipation from not only time-honored, but religion-honored traditions. If only two or three years have been required to work so great a change, surely it would be a hopeless pessimist who would not see in it

signs of better things, while to the optimist it suggests a future, not far remote, when China will at least marry into the family of nations, if she may not develop into a full-blooded relationship.

When the gentlemen had backed themselves out of her imperial presence, Mrs. Conger took the initiative for the ladies of the foreign deputation. It was evident that her Majesty parted reluctantly from the wife of America's minister to her empire, for she has confided to her own confidential officials a strong leaning toward that gracious, kindly lady, whom she considers most intelligent, because she can talk politics, and frankly admits if all foreign ladies are like her she would be most happy to know them. In bidding her good-by she expressed a desire to see her often, that she might make better acquaintance with such a representative type of womanhood.

Without a medium of common speech, with widely varying racial characteristics, forms of government, and religion, yet this bright, youthful-looking little old lady of sixty-seven met us on the common ground of universal sisterhood, and admitted us into an atmosphere of sympathetic understanding which banished all thoughts of differing race, morals, religion, or politics. As we looked into her strong, intelligent, and attractive face, it would have been difficult for the most prejudiced to see a line of cruelty or malice in it. True, we cannot forget the awful scenes of the summer of 1900; but, with the magnanimity that should come to every believer in the Christ spirit, the nations have agreed to accept China's attitude in good faith and begin all over again with a better and, it is to be hoped, truer understanding of the relations of men.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. GODKIN.

BY JOSEPH B. BISHOP.



THIS is not my purpose in the following pages to essay an all-round estimate of the career and public services of Edwin L. Godkin. My intimate association with him for sixteen years, as his assistant in the daily task of editing the "Evening Post," obviously disqualifies me for the work. All that I shall attempt will be a personal study of his mental characteristics and methods of journalistic work as these were disclosed to me. It was my privilege and constant pleasure to enjoy with him a degree of intimate companionship such as he accorded to few men. It was not easy for him to be confidential with anybody. Direct and open he always was, sometimes to an extent well-nigh terrifying; but confidential, in the sense of disclosing to you his inmost feeling as well as thought, he seldom was with anybody. He detested sentimentalism in every form, and had an infallible scent for it, no matter in what guise it might approach him. In his eyes it was a form of humbug, and that was enough to condemn it. I have never come in personal contact with a mind so free from

cant as his was. He did not need Carlyle's injunction, "First clear your mind of cant," for the taint had never entered his. He had that perfect intellectual sanity and perfect intellectual integrity which stand revealed in the works of Huxley and Darwin, and more clearly still in the private letters of the two. What they sought, Mr. Godkin always sought with a zeal and determination that nothing could resist—the thought at the bottom of every question which carried conviction with it. He was intensely eager to get the honest thought of other men, but the thought that he held to finally was the one that carried conviction to his own intellect. When he had decided upon that, it became the law and the gospel for him, and there was no power on earth capable of swerving him from his devotion to it. Other men might call him intolerant; he knew to the very depths of his soul that he was right.

I can most clearly reveal the qualities of his mind by citing some illustrations of his methods. It was his custom to hold each morning an informal conference of editorial writers as to the subjects which were to be

treated in the day's paper. At this conference it was understood that everybody should "free his mind" without restraint, and this was always done. What was especially calculated to unnerve a newcomer in these gatherings was the intensity of concentration in Mr. Godkin's eyes, when he turned to him, after the latter had proposed a subject, and asked: "What would you say about it?" Woe to the poor man if he had nothing above the commonplace view to present. He would not get far in his exposition before, with an impatient wave of the hand, and whirling quickly around in his chair, the chief would dispose of the matter with an unceremonious verdict, like, "I don't think that's worth while," or, "We have said that already," or, "Oh, there's nothing in that." After that, nothing more upon the subject was to be said. Sometimes, after an interested attention of a few seconds, a quick, searching question would be put that would go through the subject like a knife through a toy balloon, leaving complete and utter collapse. But if a real thought were brought forward, an old subject with a novel method of treatment advanced, Mr. Godkin's eye would kindle with delight, his mind would at once begin to play around it, illuminating it with touches of humor and expanding it with penetrating insight, till the author became fairly astonished at the beautiful proportions of his own offspring. Just at this point came the author's greatest peril. The chances were ten to the dozen that Mr. Godkin would become so delighted with the development of the subject, so intoxicated with the intellectual pleasure of its treatment, that he would say, with a serene smile of perfect enjoyment, "I'll write on that."

But the loss of his subject was not the worst misfortune that happened to the subordinate editor. He was destined to see it treated in a manner that might well fill him with despair. Not only was all that he thought about it expressed in a way that he could never hope to equal, but with it a veritable host of ideas that had been lurking in his mind, but which he could not get hold of. It was this quality in Mr. Godkin's writing that Lowell defined so exactly in one of his letters to him: "You always say what I would have said—if I had only thought of it."¹ And how well he said it!—with an inexhaustible supply of quiet, delicious humor, a wealth of experience drawn from wide knowledge of men and books, and a

lightness of touch that has never been equaled in journalism, and very rarely equaled in literature. Everything was grist for his mill. A casual quip in conversation, the latest good story, a sentence from a new book, a fresh bit of political slang—all these found lodgment in his mind, and just at the proper place they would appear in his writing. Time and time again I said something to him that I thought would interest him, and failed to get the least response, or even a sign that he really comprehended it; yet, as certain as fate, it would stare me in the face a day or a week later, fitting into a leading article as nothing else would have fitted in that place, and as I myself would never have had the thought of using it.

He was as ready to listen to criticism of a subject of his own proposing as he was to assail a subject advanced by others. All he asked of you was perfect frankness and sincerity and the possession of a real thought. If you had something to say that was worth saying, a more eager listener or a more responsive one could not be desired. If you got the better of him, and showed him a defect in his own idea, he did not hesitate for a second, after he had argued the point with you, to admit defeat. So, too, with his work after it appeared in "proof." Any suggestion of change that was made and was of value he would take instantly. He had less of the vanity of authorship than any man I have ever known. Delight in his work he always took, but it was from sheer enjoyment in the intellectual exercise attending it—an enjoyment which seemed as detached from himself as if it were the work of another person. He had in very large measure the faculty of walking around himself, looking at himself at a distance and from all sides, which was of incalculable value in his work. Many a time when he thought of writing upon some topic that needed careful treatment, I have heard him say, "I want to write on it, but don't know whether I can trust my discretion." He was always on the watch for his rollicking humor, lest it lead him into extremes of expression that might prove harmful to the cause he was striving to aid. Time and again he would write something, and before putting it in type take counsel on it, watching you closely to see if you caught the humor of it and comprehended fully what he had said in it. If you failed in this test, he would never ask your judgment again. If you met the test, but advised against publication, backing your

¹ "Letters of James Russell Lowell," Vol. II, p. 76.

advice with good reasons, he would suppress the matter without a particle of hesitation or compunction, and say no more about it.

Nothing delighted him more than what he was fond of calling "journalistic rows." When one of these broke out between two or more contemporaries, he always followed it with intense enjoyment, and sooner or later fairly itched to take a hand in it. The "joy of combat," inherent in the Irish blood, was strong in him, and he knew he must watch it. Repeatedly, when a "row" was on, he would write something about it, just by way of trial, and then take advice. If you said in criticism that in writing about it he had committed some of the most flagrant of the offenses that he had for years been assailing as the leading characteristics of these "rows," he would burst into a roar of laughter and say, "Well, I am afraid that is so, but I really should like to show what a pair of humbugs they are." But he would destroy his "copy," nevertheless. Never was his enjoyment of a "row" keener than when he himself was the object of attack, as was very often the case. He would read all the hard things said of him in one paper after another, fairly shaking with pleasure, and then say: "What a delightful lot they are! We must stir them up again." If the able editors who thought they were making him miserable with their "scathing" attacks upon him as "Larry" Godkin could have seen him under these conditions, they would have been greatly astonished.

The secret of his unusual conduct under fire was given with entire accuracy by Mr. E. C. Stedman, to whom I was once describing it. It was his consciousness of power. "He knew that he could hit back much harder than they had struck." And he could. No assailant who ever fell under his editorial hand would deny that. I was once asked to go to see a friend, a man of high character and unusual influence upon the intellectual life of his time, who sent word to me that he was ill in bed. I found him in bed, really ill, and the cause was that he had been made the object of Mr. Godkin's powers of ridicule for something he had done which offered provocation for that treatment. "I do not care a rap," he said, "for what any other editor may say about me, but Mr. Godkin has the awful power to wound." When I told Mr. Godkin of this, he was quite overcome with contrition, and said, with perfect sincerity, that he had no idea the man would take it so hard as that.

"I will never write another word about him," he added, and he never did.

His unfailing sense of humor kept his mind in a condition of perpetual youth. Although in years he was the oldest man on his staff, intellectually he was the youngest member of it. His ability to take fresh views of an old subject, to find in it a phase that gave it new interest, was inexhaustible. No man was ever less prone to get into ruts. His objection, always ready to a suggested topic, "Oh, we've said that," was a constant prod to research and original thought. At the same time he was a firm believer in the gospel of iteration, and when any kind of campaign of education was in progress, he insisted upon enforcing it; but even then he was always able to give each succeeding application a sufficient touch of variety to make it attractive. When he was conducting his memorable assault upon the personnel of the old Republican machine of New York city, he hit first upon the device of always referring to its members as the Boys, with a capital B, and this from the moment of its appearance in print became the established usage. Then followed his repeated designation of them as the "Johnnies," "Jakes," and "Mikes," with quotation-marks, and the use of all names of other Boys in like manner. A peculiarly characteristic touch came later, when, in speaking of their political work, he described them as "engaged in their Jakery and Mikery." There were people who complained of weariness because of his persistence in the use of this nomenclature, but it was undoubtedly most effective in bringing that kind of political activity into disrepute.

He had the ability, somewhat rare among men of humor, to appreciate a joke when he was himself the victim of it. When he first took editorial charge of the "Evening Post" he had associated with him two other well-known Mugwumps, Carl Schurz and Horace White. The combination did not work harmoniously, and after a year or more Mr. Schurz withdrew. There was much speculation in the newspapers as to the cause of the disagreement, and the suggestion was made by Isaac H. Bromley, unique and refreshing humorist of happy memory, then in the service of the "Tribune," that "there were too many mules in the same pasture." Mr. Godkin was inexpressibly tickled with this, and always recalled it with hearty laughter. On one occasion a gentleman who had been appointed to public office was spoken of in a sketch of his life which was published in

the local columns of the paper as "the son of an Irishman living in Arkansas." He came into the office in a condition of great wrath and insisted upon seeing Mr. Godkin personally about it. He saw him, and after he had departed, Mr. Godkin came out of his room with his face fairly beaming with amusement, and said: "Don't you think there is something comic in a man's coming to me with the claim that he has been insulted by being called the 'son of an Irishman'?" On another occasion a well-meaning but very unsophisticated reformer came to me with a wonderful tale of the great things he and his associates were doing in municipal politics. When I failed to be sufficiently impressed with the value of his labors, he asked, as a personal favor, to be introduced to Mr. Godkin. I presented him and retired. Within a few minutes he fairly burst from Mr. Godkin's room, his face aflame and his gait very rapid. Behind him, a minute later, came Mr. Godkin, his eyes flashing and his whole countenance emitting wrath. Striding up to my desk, he exclaimed: "There is only one answer to be made to the stuff that man talks, and that is, 'You're an ass!'" "Did you make it?" I asked. "No," he replied; "but I came very near doing so." "I judge from his appearance as he departed," I said, "that he was able to gather your meaning, nevertheless." Then the humorous aspect of the case struck him, and his wrath disappeared in a hearty laugh. No matter how earnest or how indignant he might be about anything, the moment a ludicrous view of it appeared, he was ready to enjoy it, not infrequently to the sacrifice of all other aspects of it. One thing he would not submit to, and that was to be bored. The city during the height of his career was fairly crowded with persons who had made this discovery under circumstances far from agreeable to themselves. If a stentorian yawn, or a deep sigh, would not start a bore, heroic methods were resorted to so effectively that an active enemy for life was usually made. I was complaining to him one day that a person to whom he had introduced me was boring me almost beyond endurance. "Why don't you let him see it?" he asked. "I do," I replied, "in all the usual ways, but he refuses to recognize them." "Then I would ask him to please go away," he said. "I have always found that effective."

He was amused always with that perennial type of reader known to all publishers as the "stop-my-paper" subscriber. When-

ever he received an angry letter from one of them, his invariable form of reply was that the letter furnished indubitable evidence that the writer stood in especial need of the enlightenment and instruction which the paper was supplying, and that hence it would be sent to him for the full period of his subscription. On one occasion he received a long and extremely pretentious communication from a "constant reader," criticizing his conduct of the paper and instructing him at great length and with much specification as to the way in which he should edit it. Mr. Godkin replied with studied courtesy, saying that he had read the letter with much interest and was deeply impressed with the writer's desire to aid him in editing the paper. Still, he felt obliged to say that he was convinced that the writer was laboring under a misapprehension as to the value of his own opinions. If those opinions, he added, were as valuable as the writer evidently believed them to be, the house in which he lived would be surrounded with large hotels that would be crowded with pilgrims from all quarters of the earth who had come there to get the benefit of his advice. The fact that his dwelling was not so surrounded should convince him that he was putting too high an estimate upon his views. Nothing further was heard from this critic. Few critics, in fact, ever ventured upon a second encounter.

From the outset of his career as editor the charge of "omniscience" was brought against him. Charles Dudley Warner struck a chord of approval in many hearts when he dubbed "The Nation," in its early days, "The Weekly Judgment Day." Undoubtedly Mr. Godkin had always with him the conviction that he was right—what man of really strong intellect has not? In almost every case he was right, or, to put it in another way, he was more nearly right than his critics. He was better informed than they were, had a profounder knowledge of the subjects he was discussing, and brought to them more careful thought than they could command. The reasons for this were to be found in his intellectual training and experience. I do not think it will be disputed that he was the best and most widely educated man who has entered journalism in this country. As a "great editor" he stands in a class by himself. No one would think of placing him in the same category with Greeley or Bennett or Raymond or Dana. As a purely intellectual man he ranked above them all. He was the son of an eminent scholar, and was born into as well as trained for the in-

tellectual life. He entered American journalism on its intellectual side and remained on that side throughout his career. All his interest in his newspaper centered in the editorial page; he paid only casual and superficial attention to the other parts of it. Then, too, he was from first to last the philosophic observer of events, viewing them in this country more or less as an outsider. In times of unusual excitement he was capable of becoming an insider for the moment, but he invariably resumed his attitude of observer subsequently.

In commenting upon American politics and development, he was always weighing them in the light of human history, with which he had the familiarity which came from constant reading and intimate personal knowledge of the leading minds of his time. From the time when, as a young man just entering upon life, he wrote a history of Hungary, down through the period when he went as a newspaper correspondent to the Crimean War, and till his later days, he lived in constant association with men and books. He was as familiar with every phase of European politics as he was with those of this country, his knowledge coming not only from books, periodicals, and newspapers, but from personal acquaintance, resumed almost yearly in long visits abroad, with the leading statesmen and publicists of nearly every country in Europe. No other American journalist possessed such advantages as these, and he was naturally aware of the superior power which they gave him.

And was he the only editor who has assumed greater wisdom than his fellows? Lowell, writing to him in 1867, said: "T is the curse of an editor that he must always be right. Ah, when I'm once out of the 'North American Review,' won't I kick up my heels and be as ignorant as I please! But beware of omniscience. There is death in *that* pot, however it may be with others. It excites jealousy to begin with."¹ Note the rare insight of that final sentence, and you will find, I think, a partial explanation of the attitude of many of Mr. Godkin's esteemed contemporaries toward him. He not only assumed to be always right: in most cases he was right. Few things are harder to bear in a fellow-being, especially in a fellow-editor, than a steady-going quality of that sort.

But while he was intolerant of ignorant or superficial criticism, he was never so toward men in whose sincerity and intelli-

gence he had confidence. The "Evening Post," under his editorship, was the home of that absolute intellectual freedom, intellectual courage, and intellectual honesty without which there can be no great newspaper. Every subject was discussed in the editorial council with a freedom of opinion that was simply unlimited. When the paper spoke, it uttered the combined view of the entire staff as it had been arrived at in the discussion. Sometimes, probably in a great majority of instances, the original view of Mr. Godkin was the one expressed, but often he had abandoned that for a different one brought forward by some one else. He had no pride of opinion, but, on the contrary, hailed with positive delight one that he recognized as superior to his own. He would fight for his own for all it was worth until convinced, and would fight at times with a good deal of human heat; but when the tussle was ended, even in his own defeat, there was not a trace of bitterness or injured vanity. Nothing was more intolerable to him than the modern conception of the intellectual side of a newspaper,—the conception that has come in with the advent of commercial journalism,—which looks upon the editorial page as the mere tender of the business side, its writers as so many hands in a factory, rather than as constituting the soul of the paper.

Was he a pessimist, had he no faith in American institutions, was he never an American in feeling and sympathy? I have left these questions till the last, because they call for the most careful treatment, and because I am aware that a large number of people will not agree with what I shall say about them. When I first became associated with him, on the eve of the Presidential campaign of 1884, he was an optimist, in the proper sense of that much-abused word. He detested dishonesty and trickery in political and public life, but he scorned the idea that these were dominating influences, or that the American people were indifferent to them. He threw himself into the task of preventing Mr. Blaine's election with all his force and with an unshakable conviction of ultimate success. I remember distinctly that, as the campaign drew to a close and the virulence of partizan bitterness reached a degree of intensity rarely if ever known in this country before or since, he never for a moment faltered in his faith as to the success of his view of the case at the polls. On the day of election, when we were

¹ "Letters of James Russell Lowell," Vol. I, p. 383.

all weary with the long and bitter contest, and when, as is inevitable in such a condition of overwrought nervous tension, many of us were troubled with anxious doubt as to the result, he was imperturbably calm. When I expressed my fear on the subject, he said, with an earnestness of conviction that I shall never forget: "I have been sitting here for twenty years and more, placing faith in the American people, and they have never gone back on me yet, and I do not believe they will now." That was his invariable spirit in all the early years of my association with him. It was still his spirit in 1888, for when Lowell delivered his address in this city, in April of that year, on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," Mr. Godkin, in commenting upon it on the following day, said:

What was better than all was that there ran through every sentence a vein of that high morality and courageous hopefulness, and of that supreme confidence that, in the long run, the better cause will have the upper hand, which, to men who are worth much either to home or country, always sounds like a trumpet blast. Every one who listened to him, and, above all, those who have to deal with the unspeakable meannesses and trivialities of factional politics, must have been grateful for being raised for one brief hour into the pure air and the clear light which surround the things that ought to be.

The key-note of all his labor at that time and for several years afterward was "courageous hopefulness." He believed in his work, and believed that "in the long run the better cause will have the upper hand." He never could understand the persistent criticism of his methods that he was a destructionist, that he tore down rather than built up. Time and again he quoted, as expressing his creed, Lowell's familiar lines:

I loved my country so as only they
Who love a mother fit to die for may,
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame;—
What better proof than that I loathed her shame?¹

He believed with all his mind and heart that there was no surer way to bring about better politics, higher standards of political morality and conduct, than by merciless exposure of political wrong-doing, and merciless condemnation of those who were responsible for it. On one occasion, when a somewhat timid reformer was remonstrating with him for what he regarded as too great resort to personalities, he exclaimed: "My dear sir, rascals in all ages have objected to

personalities!" He believed in denouncing sinners, rather than sin. His conception of his duty as a journalist was much like that which Socrates in his "Apology" said his had been in Athens: "The state is exactly like a high-bred steed, which is sluggish by reason of his very size, and so needs a gadfly to wake him up. And as such a gadfly does God seem to have fastened me upon the state."

With all his zeal and persistence, he believed in times and seasons for reform work, and had little patience with the type of reformer who could not see that there were times for action and times for inaction. In fact, from the outset of his career as a journalist, he was shy of the "crank" reformer. He had constant trouble with his early abolitionist associates, because he could not discard entirely the saving quality of common sense in his editorial course. Many of them parted company with him early in his career, and others were unable to approve his conduct or to keep faith in him. He was always on his guard against too close identification with them in the public eye, feeling much the same about them as Colonel T. W. Higginson says the wife of a moderate reformer felt about his associates: "Oh, why do the insane so cling to you!"² His sense of the ridiculous was so acute that he feared the consequences of attaching that quality to any cause he was advocating. Many times did I hear him say in the presence of such danger: "We must keep those people in the background as much as possible, or we shall all become ridiculous."

His whole soul revolted at the war with Spain. He once told me that the sight of a battle-field in the Crimea, after the fight was over, had given him a loathing for war that he could not overcome, no matter what the provocation might be. As to the Spanish War, he believed it to be unnecessary and unjust, and that it could have been prevented and would have been prevented had not Congress precipitated it. When it came, he was unable to reconcile himself to it, and he remained in this attitude to the end. He did not believe that the institutions of the country could survive it without a radical change in character, and when the people of the country sustained both the war and the administration under which it had been fought, he was convinced that the character of the American people also had changed. His old buoyant faith that "in the long run the better cause will have the upper hand"

¹ "Epistle to George William Curtis," 1874. ² "Contemporaries," chapter on "Eccentricities of Reformers."

was dead within him, and he saw nothing but the breakdown of free institutions in America as the ultimate and not far-distant outcome. There is no reason why I should not speak freely of this attitude of his. He made no concealment of it, for it was not possible for him to conceal what he believed to be the truth. Hour after hour would he argue the point with me, with much of the old intellectual vigor, but without a ray of the old hopefulness. He had simply given up the fight, and having given it up, saw nothing but gloom in the future. Time and again he would exclaim, when I refused to accept his view, "I cannot see how you keep up your optimism!" On one occasion when we had found ourselves getting further and further apart, he went away, but returning a few minutes later, said, with that directness which was his distinguishing characteristic and noblest attribute: "I am going to ask you a direct question, and I want a direct answer. Do you think age is telling on me?" When the direct answer was given that in some ways it was and in others it was not, and that it showed most in a growing unwillingness to hear the other side, and in despair of the future because his advice had not been followed, he answered with great simplicity, that old quality of walking around himself for an impartial view still unimpaired, "Well, you know, I am very near the border-line."

It was impossible after this period to arouse the old hopeful spirit by any appeal whatever,

even to his sense of humor. In the earlier days he would always be ready to laugh over a charge that he was a pessimist. "Why," he would say, "they have been calling me that for forty years. When I lived in Cambridge, and spent much time with Charles Eliot Norton, they used to say that, when Norton and I sat up late at night discussing political men and affairs, about two in the morning things became so dismal that all the dogs in Cambridge began to howl."

If he was a pessimist, he was the most cheerful as well as the most delightful one the world, or at least my part of it, has ever known. If ever there was a life of intellectual freedom, it was the life which had him for its center and moving spirit. We hear a great deal nowadays about restrictions upon intellectual freedom, and several persons who claim to have had theirs restricted have filled the land with clamor about their sufferings. Mr. Godkin had the first requisite of intellectual freedom, an intellect to be free with, and that he used it for the welfare of his fellow-men no one can successfully dispute. He did, for nearly a quarter of a century, perform the inestimable service that Lowell attributed to him of "heightening and purifying the tone of our political thought." He made journalism in this country an intellectual profession to which any man of talent might be proud to belong, and for this all journalists owe him a debt of lasting gratitude.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

LIFE laid upon his forehead a caress,
 And, smiling, gave him, for his birthright dower,
 Humor and judgment, passion, purpose, power,
 And gifts of vision, pure and limitless:
 Then—for she ever tempers man's success,
 Nursing the canker in Earth's fairest flower—
 She added pain; and taught him, hour by hour,
 To know that only blessed which doth bless!
 So, following the Gleam from early youth,
 He lent a strengthening hand, and gave his heart,
 And aided feet, less sure than his, to climb:
 He sacrificed not others to his art,
 But worshiped beauty with unselfish truth,
 And lives, the well beloved of his time!

RUSTICATORS AT THE COVE.

BY GEORGE S. WASSON.

ONE wild January night a furious north-easter drove the fine snow in curling drifts across the narrow road leading to Simeon's store. The three great elms in front swayed and creaked in the heavy gusts, between which the dismal moan of the steam fog-horn on the Neck was dimly heard mingling with the rothe of the sea on that exposed headland. In the Cove the riding-lights of half a dozen coasters at anchor blinked feebly through the driving snow, rising and falling on the long ground-swell which worked in from outside, and to a small but select assemblage the red-hot stove and tobacco-laden air of the store seemed doubly grateful.

"This here breeze o' wind 's prickin' on consid'ble tough," remarked Cap'n Round-turn, as he unbuckled his overshoes and settled back comfortably in his chair. "Ef the sea keeps on makin' same 's she has sence noontime, 't would n't s'prise me no great ef some o' these lumber-loaded fellers out here did n't pile up on the beach 'fore ever we 're through with it."

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that, you," said Simeon, dubiously. "I could n't make out to sight ary vessel outside in that air glin we had jes 'fore sundown, an' what few there is to anchor in here is all right 'nough, without this wind cants to the east'ard funder, an' gives us a reg'lar-built ol'-fashioned combustible. I don't look to see nothin' come ashore, though, myself. Vessels carries sich tormented heavy groun'-taycle now'days to what they useter, we don't commence to git the wracks there was thirty year' ago."

"Would n't kick a mite to see a cargo o' stove-coal delivered up here on the rocks good an' handy 'bout this time, though," remarked Sheriff Windseye, cheerfully. "My ol' coal-bin 's gittin' to look kind o' sick a'ready. Dinged ef these flaws ain't strikin' heftier ev'ry minute, you!" he exclaimed, as a fierce blast drove the snow like sand against the eastern windows.

"You bate they be," assented Simeon. "It 's been breezenin' on stiddy now ever

sence noontime. I told my woman last night, s' I, 'We 're in for a ling'in' ol' eas'ly breeze o' wind,' s' I. It 's seldom ever I heard the rote out on them s'utheas' ledges plainer 'n what she was last night, an' take it one spell there, swan to man! ef did n't seem 's though them breakers on the Hue an' Cry was ri' down here back o' the salt-shed! Wonder what them summer rusticators 'd say ef they should light down here this weather. S'pose they 'd turn to an' be rowin' acrost from the Island bare-armed an' bare-headed to-night?"

"Godfrey, you!" cried Cap'n Job Gaskett, in response to Simeon's ironical inquiry. "'T would n't s'prise me one mite to see 'em tryin' of it on. No, sir, 't would n't—not a part'cle! I tell ye, them folks doos make out to ac' so like a parcel o' nat'als when they 're down here summer-times that nothin' they turned to an' done would n't jar me none now. Why, I seen some on 'em, one day here last fall, when 't was rainin' consid'ble smart, thick o' fog, an' a fresh breeze a-goin' from out here to the s'uth'ard an' east'ard, damp an' cold 's the devil—there they was, the pore half-fools, rowin' round an' round the Cove into one o' them hotel bo'ts, nary head-gear on to 'em, an' stripped chock to the waist they was, tryin' to git theirselves tanned, I cal'late!"

"Oh, them 's a ter'ble cur'ous class o' folks, them rusticators is, now I 'll be jiggered ef they hain't! But tell ye one thing, an' that is, you come to take them that goes round a-sketchin' an' drawrin' these here portograft views, I cal'late them kind 's the biggest cranks o' the whole kerboodle. One time I seen three o' them kind to once settin' down drawrin' a portograft view o' that set-fired ramshackle ol' wrack of a house Jim Whittle lives into, 'way down on the lower Neck road, there! Why, gracious ever, you, I 'll bate high there hain't a flake o' paint left on to the blame' ol' trap, nor there hain't been sence my rec'lection, an' seem 's ef I could 'member chock back to the Concord fight, too!

"Would n't wonder but what she was



DRAWN BY FLORENCE SCOVILL SHINN.

"DRAWIN' A PORTOGRAFT VIEW O' THAT SET-FIRED RAMSHACKLE OL' WRACK OF A HOUSE."

built 'bout the same time Columbus come ashore up there to Plymouth! But that 's jes the very place them rusticators had turned to an' grafted onto to sketch a portograft view on, much 's to say, 'This here is the pootiest-lookin' place we can make out to scare up to this whole Cove.' Sich works is a reg'lar dod-blowed slur on the town, an' that 's allst you can make on 'em.

"I know blame well we hain't got no gilded palaces, an' all them kind o' krawm, but same time there is quite a few slick an' tidy little places here to this Cove, jes neat an' han'-some as any they 've got up to the west'ard, back o' Baws'n, there. Why, I 'll un'take to name off half a dozen places this minute that 's all painted up an' blinded off pooty 's ary pictur' ever you see, a set o' outbuildin's an' ev'rything complete. But set-fire, you! What 's them kind 'mount to, anyways? Them kind hain't no sort o' 'count to them blame' rusticators!

"They 've allus an' forever got to run afoul o' some ol' lop-sided wrack of a house, or else a boat, or a w'arf; dinged little odds, I guess, what 't is, long 's it makes out to be a reg'lar ol' has-been, that hain't seen no paint nor fixin' up not sence Adam was a yearlin'; an' then, 'Oh, my!' says they, 'but hain't that some lovely!' That makes 'em grin right out, same 's so many Chessy cats, that doos. They got to take an' heave to then, right away, an' sketch her all out complete, so 's 't to lug her off home 'long on 'em.

"Why, sir, ef you 'll b'lieve it, ol' Sam Belcher there he told me hisself one on 'em went to work one time an' drawed a portograft view o' him a-stan'in' into his ol' dory with a plaguy great jag o' lopster-traps one time,—yas, he did, that 's a fact,—an' give him a dollar fer stoppin', too! Must made a reg'lar dandy style o' pictur' to take an' stick up into a gilded frame somewheres, now I swanny!

"That ol' dory o' Sam's come outen the *Pilot's Bride*, ef I ain't very much mistaken, an' she was lost all o' twelve year' sence, I know, an' prob'ly she wa'n't by no means a bran'-new dory then, neither. Sam he ain't never teched her sence in no way, shape, nor manner, without 's to chinse up her garboards a grain with pieces ripped offen his shirt-flap; an' I 'm tellin' of ye she 's about as desprit-lookin' an ol' packet now 's you can scare up in a month o' Sundays.

"For the matter o' that, you come to take ol' Sam there, an' there don't make out to be nothin' so very beautysome 'bout him, neither, specially when he 's all ragged out in his oilskins an' kag-boots, same 's he 'most allus is, an' chock-a-block full o' new rum at that! An' dirty! Wal, don't say a word! I 'll bate he can't remember so fer back 's the time he shifted his clo'es last, or washed his face an' hands, nary one. But there! Seems 's though he jes suited them rusticators right up to the handle, an' I call'ate myself he 'll git adopted by some on 'em yit,

so 's't they can have him round handy to set an' look at."

While in general the company present seemed greatly to enjoy this discussion of the rusticators' failings, Sheriff Isaac Winds-eye, who had recently fitted up his house for their accommodation, took no part in it, and having fashioned a toothpick from a burnt match, sat tilted far back in his chair, using the implement in silence.

But Simeon, who was well known to entertain a supreme contempt for the peculiar class of people in question, now vacated his high perch at the desk, and, with spectacles pushed down to the tip of his nose, advanced into the arena.

"The fust year after them kind o' folks struck here to this Cove," he began, "I turned to an' laid in a prime stock o' these here canned goods; not jes merely tomatoes an' the like o' them, but a real down-right fancy lot o' canned chicken, canned puddin', blueb'ries, blackb'ries, lopsters an' clams, an' 'most ev'rything else I figgered them folks would prob'ly be callin' for. Wal, sir, wha' d I git by it? There they set to-day, the biggest part on 'em, up there on them back shelves." And Simeon turned and surveyed his slighted goods with a look of sorrow and indignation.

"I've eat some few cans in my own fam'ly," he went on, "an' mebbe I've give away p'haps a half-dezen or so cans, but I hain't never sold one single, sol'tary can outen the lot to a rusticator yit, nor I don't never callate I shall. The way it looks to me, I've jes went an' made a clean loss on the whole blame' business. It's seldom ever one o' the tribe 'll so much as set foot inside here 't all, an' when they do it's merely to gawk round, or else call fer somep'n they know plaguy well I hain't got.

"Now, you take it last summer one time: that air little red-headed galoot from Phullydelphy there,—the one that 's built them set-fired homely-lookin' barracks down on the ol' Dunham place, you know,—he come sailin' in here one mornin' big 's Billy-bedamned. Blowed ef he did n't tread up to the counter here same 's a chicken doos to a dough-dish, an' 'lowed how he wanted some Mocho coffee.

"'I hain't got it,' s' I, 'Don't never have no call for it,' s' I.

"'Got any Jayvy?' s' he.

"'No,' s' I. 'All cleaned out o' Jayvy jes this minute.'

"'What hev you got in the way o' coffee?' s' he.

"'Wal,' s' I, 'got some bang-up ol' Rio here, good 's you 'll find in the State o' Maine.'

"But, no, that would n't never do. That wa'n't costly 'nough fer him, an' out he stomped ag'in. Said he was 'fraid his folks would n't like it; but it 's my opinion he did n't actilly know nothin' 'bout Rio coffee. When you take an' come ri' down to the fine thing, it 's ter'ble little them folks doos 'pear to know 'bout, an' jes how under the livin' canopy they git a livin' is somep'n I can't noways fathom.

"P'haps they may be counted dre'tful big herbs up round where they come from, but I cal'late, honest now, you take an' plant one on 'em down here somewheres, an' it 's a chance ef he wa'n't on the town inside o' six months."

"I kin tell you, sir, jes how 't is with them style o' folks," put in Cap'n Roundturn, raising his great forefinger impressively. "The bulk o' these here rusticators could n't make out to git their livin's, noways they could rig it. The thing is, some one o' the ol' seed folks 'quired prop'ty, an' now these here creeturs is jes merely heavin' of it away an' gittin' red on 't fast 's ever they kin. The most o' these here rusticator folks is more or less lackin' an' soft-baked-like; anybody that 's had truck 'long on 'em kin see that the fust send-off. They'd oughter been turned once more into the oven; that 's what ails the most on 'em.

"But then there 's another class o' rusticators that works it on a dif'rent plan," continued the cap'n. "You come to take the gin'ral run o' them kind that puts up to these here summer boardin'-houses in room o' ownin' their own places, an' I 'm knowin' to it for a fact that when they 're to home they live same 's a cat doos un'neath of a barn!

"Yas, sir; that 's jes how them kind lives to home. They 'll turn to an' skin along jammed dre'tful close to the wind all winter, so 's 't to save up 'nough to take an' slide down here for mebbe a month or six weeks summer-times, an' try to make our folks think they 're sunthin' quite a little extrordinary, to be sure!

"Dod-rot 'em! I know 'em root an' branch, from stem to starn-post, jes like a blame' book!" cried Cap'n Roundturn, regardless of mixed similitudes in his wrath at the thought of such gross imposition.

"Some on 'em drives hoss-cars an' these here electuissic mortars when they 're to home, an' blame' tickled they be to strike the

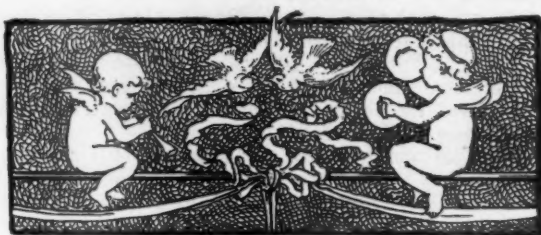
job, too; but soon 's ever they come to git down here with a b'iled shirt an' short pants on to 'em, why, nothin' ain't half good 'nough for 'em."

After thus relieving his mind, Cap'n Roundturn paused, and glared about him menacingly.

"Cal'late to take ary rusticator up there to your place this summer, do ye, cap'n?" inquired Simeon, shortly.

"Oh, I would n't wonder no great—I

would n't wonder," answered the old man, with an air of resignation. "Ev'ry fall reg'lar I jes up an' vum I won't never have no more truck 'long on 'em, nowadays. It 's a plaguy nuisance havin' 'em an' all their dod-blown parafarely round underfoot summer-times; but the thing on 't is, our women-folks makes out to git a little spendin'-money outen 'em, an' I s'pose likely it 'll be jes 's they say about it ag'in this spring, same 's 't is with ev'rything else."



OLD JABE'S MARITAL EXPERIMENT.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

OLD Jabe belonged to the Meriweathers, a fact which he never forgot or allowed any one else to forget; and on this he traded as a capital, which paid him many dividends of one kind or another, among them a dividend in wives. How many wives he had had no one knew; and Jabe's own account was incredible. It would have eclipsed Henry VIII and Bluebeard. But making all due allowance for his arithmetic, he must have run these worthies a close second. He had not been a specially good "hand" before the war, and was generally on unfriendly terms with the overseers. They used to say that he was a "slick-tongued loafer," and "the laziest nigger on the place"; but Jabe declared, in defiance, that he had been on the plantation before any overseer ever put his foot there, and he would outlast the last one of them all, which, indeed, proved to be true. The overseers disappeared with the end of Slavery, but Jabe remained "slick-tongued," oily, and humorous, as before. When, on the close of the war, the other negroes moved away, Jabez, after a brief outing, "took up" a few acres on the far edge of the plantation, several miles from the house, and settled down to spend the rest of his days, on what he called his "place,"

in such ease as constant application to his old mistress for aid and a frequently renewed supply of wives could give.

Jabe's idea of emancipation was somewhat one-sided. He had all the privileges of a freedman, but lost none of a slave. He was free, but his master's condition remained unchanged: he still had to support him, when Jabez chose to call on him, and Jabez chose to call often. "Ef I don' come to you, who is I got to go to?" he demanded. This was admitted to be a valid argument, and Jabez lived, if not on the fat of the land, at least on the fat of his former mistress's kitchen, with such aid as his temporary wife could furnish.

He had had several wives before the war, and was reputed to be none too good to them, a fact which was known at home only on hearsay; for he always took his wives from plantations at a distance from his home. The overseers said that he did this so that he could get off to go to his "wife's house," and so shirk work; the other servants said it was because the women did not know him so well as those at home, and he could leave them when he chose. Jabez assigned a different reason:

"It don' do to have your wife live too nigh

to you; she 'll want t' know too much about you, an' you can't never git away from her"—a bit of philosophy which must be left to married men.

It was reputed that the old fellow worked his wives to death, and certainly their terms did not last long. However it was, his reputation did not interfere with his ability to procure new wives, and with Jabez the supply was always equal to the demand.

MRS. MERIWEATHER, his old mistress, was just talking of him one day, saying that his wife had been ill, but must be better, as her son, the doctor, had been sent for only once, when the name of Jabez was brought in by a maid.

"Unc' Jabez, m'm." That was all; but the tone and the manner of the maid told that Jabez was a person of note with the messenger: every movement and glance were self-conscious.

"That old—! He is a nuisance! What does he want now? Is his wife worse, or is he after a new one?"

"I d'n' kn', m'm," said the maid, sheepishly, twisting her body and looking away, to appear unconcerned. "Would n' tell me. He ain' after me."

"Well, tell him to go to the kitchen till I send for him. Or—wait: if his wife's gone, he 'll be courting the cook if I send him to the kitchen, and I don't want to lose her just now. Tell him to come to the door."

"Yes, 'm." The maid gave a half-suppressed giggle, which almost became an explosion as she said something to herself and closed the door. It sounded like, "Dressed up might'y—settin' up to de cook now, I b'lieve."

"His wives have a singular fatality, and he always replaces them as soon as they go," explained Mrs. Meriweather.

There was a slow, heavy step without, and a knock at the back door; and on a call from his mistress, Jabez entered, bowing low, very pompous and serious. He was a curious mixture of assurance and conciliation, as he stood there, hat in hand. He was tall and black and bald, with white side-whiskers cut very short, and a rim of white wool around his head. He was dressed in an old black coat, and held in his hand an old beaver hat around which was a piece of rusty crape.

"Well, Jabez," said his mistress, after the salutations were over, "how are you getting along?"

"Well, mist'is, not very well, not at all

well, ma'am. Had mighty bad luck; 'bout my wife," he added, explanatorily. He pulled down his lips, and looked the picture of solemnity.

I saw from Mrs. Meriweather's mystified look that she did not know what he considered "bad luck." She could not tell whether his wife was better or worse.

"Is she—ah—what—oh— How is Amanda?" she demanded finally, to solve the mystery.

"Mandy! Lord! 'm, 'Mandy was two back. She's de one runned away wid Tom Halleck, an' lef' me. I don' know how she is. I never went after her. She was too expansive. Dat ooman want two frocks a year. When dese women begin to dress up so much, a man got to look out. Dee ain't always dressin' fer you!"

"Indeed!" But Mrs. Meriweather's irony was lost on Jabez.

"Yes, 'm; dat she did. Dis one's name was Sairey."

"Oh, yes. So; true. I 'd forgotten that 'Mandy left you. But I thought the new one was named Susan?"

"No, 'm; not de *newes* one. Susan—I had her las' Christmas; but she would n' stay wid me. She was al'ays runnin' off to town; an' you know a man don' want a ooman on wheels. Ef de Lawd had intended a ooman to have wheels, he 'd 'a' gi'n 'em to her, would n' he?"

"Well, I suppose he would," assented Mrs. Meriweather. "And this one is Sarah?"

"Yes, 'm; dis one was Sairey." We just caught the past tense.

"You get them so quickly, you see, you can't expect one to remember them," said Mrs. Meriweather, frigidly. She meant to impress Jabez; but Jabez remained serene.

"Yes, 'm; dat 's so," said he, cheerfully. "I kin hardly remember 'em myself."

"No, I suppose not." His mistress grew severe. "Well, how 's Sarah?"

"Well, m'm, I could n' exactly say—Sairey she 's done lef' me—yes, 'm." He looked so cheerful that his mistress said with asperity:

"Left you! She has run off, too! You must have treated her badly."

"No, 'm; I did n'. I never had a wife I treated better. I let her had all she could eat; an' when she was sick—"

"I heard she was sick. Did you send for a doctor?"

"Yes, 'm; dat I did—dat 's what I was gwine to tell you. I had a doctor to see her *twice*. I had two separate and *indifferent*

physicians, fust Dr. Overall, an' den Marse Douglas."

"My son told me a week ago that she was sick. Did she get well?"

The old man shook his head solemnly.

"No, 'm; but she went mighty easy. Marse Douglas he eased her off. He is the bes' doctor I ever see to let 'em die easy."

Mingled with her horror at his cold-blooded recital, a smile flickered about Mrs. Meriweather's mouth at this shot at her son, the doctor; but the old man looked absolutely innocent.

"Why did n't you send for the doctor again?" she demanded.

"Well, m'm, I gin her two chances. I think dat was 'nough. I declar' I 'd ruther lost Sairey than to broke."

"You would! Well, at least you have the expense of her funeral; and I 'm glad of it," asserted Mrs. Meriweather.

"Dat's what I come over t' see you 'bout. I 'm gwine to give Sairey a fine fun'ral. I want you to let yo' cook cook me a cake an'—one or two more little things."

"Very well," said Mrs. Meriweather; "I will tell her to do so. I will tell her to make you a good cake. When do you want it?"

Old Jabez bowed very low.

"Thank you, m'm. Yes, m'm; ef you 'll gi' me a right good-sized cake—an'—a loaf or two of flour-bread—an'—a ham, I 'll be very much obleeged to you. I heah she 's a good cook?"

"She is," said Mrs. Meriweather; "the best I 've had in a long time." She had not caught the tone of interrogation in his voice, nor seen the shrewd look in his face, as I had done.

"I 'm mighty glad to heah you give her sech a good char-acter; I heahed you 'd do it. I don' know her very well."

Mrs. Meriweather looked up quickly enough to catch his glance this time.

"Jabez—I know nothing about her char-acter," she began coldly. "I know she has a vile temper; but she is an excellent cook, and so long as she is not impudent to me, that is all I want to know."

Jabez bowed approvingly.

"Yes, 'm; dat 's right. Dat 's all I want t' know. I don' keer nothin' 'bout de temper; atter I git 'em, I kin manage 'em. I jist want t' know 'bout de char-acter, dat 's all. I did n' know her so well, an' I thought I 'd ax you. I tolt her ef you 'd give her a good char-acter, she might suit me; but I 'd wait fer de cake—an' de ham."

His mistress rose to her feet.

"Jabez, do you mean that you have spoken to that woman already?"

"Well, yes, 'm; not to say *speak* to her. I jes kind o' mentioned it to her as I 'd inquire as to her char-acter."

"And your wife has been gone—how long? Two days?"

"Well, mist'is, she 's gone fer good, ain't she?" demanded Jabez. "She can't be no mo' gone?"

"You are a wicked, hardened old sinner!" declared the old lady, vehemently.

"Nor I ain't, mist'is; I 'clar' I ain't," protested Jabez, with unruffled front.

"You treat your wives dreadfully."

"Nor I don't, mist'is. You ax 'em ef I does. Ef I did, dee would n' be so many of 'em anxious t' git me. Now, would dee? I can start in an' beat a' one o' dese young bloods aroun' heah, now." He spoke with pride.

"I believe that is so, and I cannot understand it. And before one of them is in her grave you are courting another. It is horrid—an old—Methuselah like you." She paused to take breath, and Jabez availed himself of the rest.

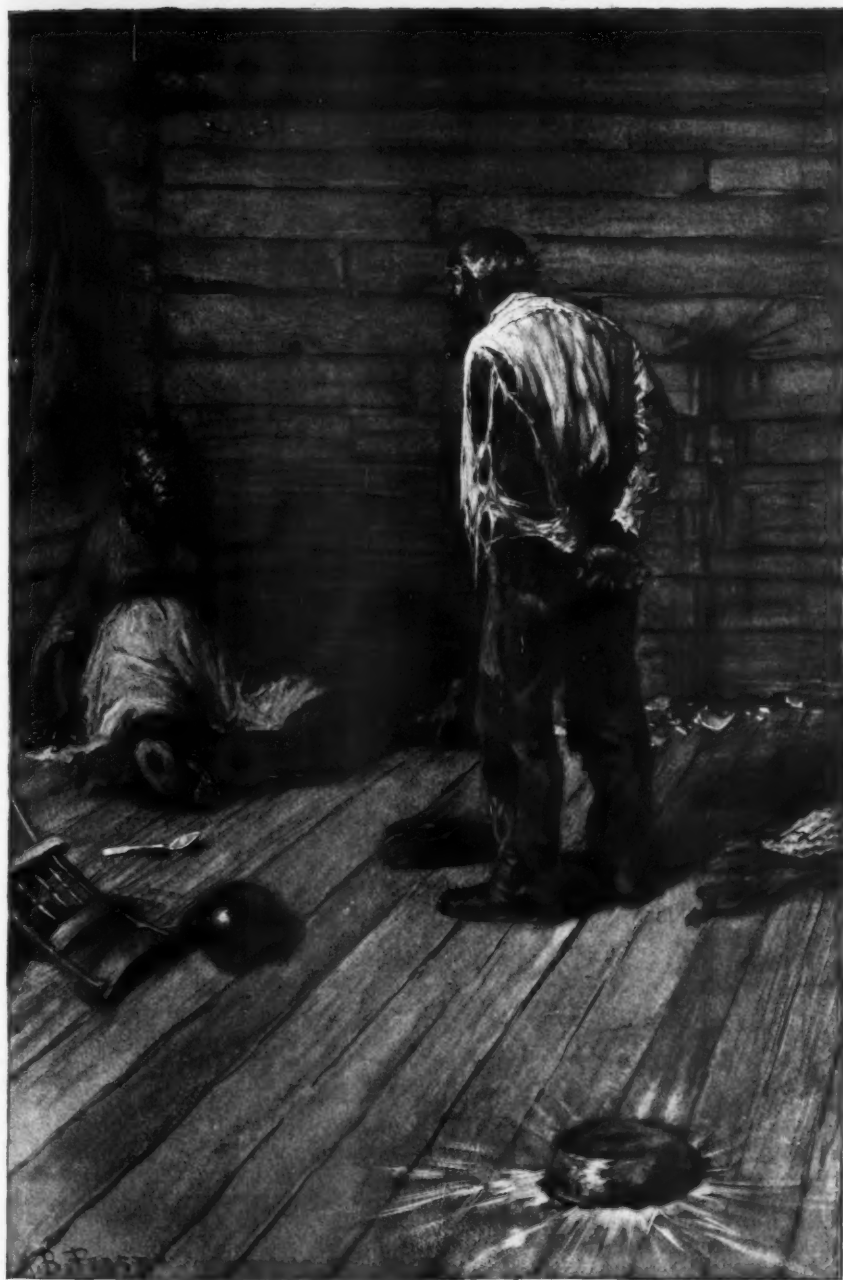
"Dat 's de reason I got t' do things in a kind o' hurry—I ain' no Methuselum. I got no time t' wait."

"Jabez," said Mrs. Meriweather, seriously, "tell me how you manage to fool all these women."

The old man pondered for a moment.

"Well, I declar', mist'is, I hardly knows how. Dee wants to be fooled. I think it is becuz dee wants t' see what de urrs marry me fer, an' what dee done lef me. Women is mighty curisome folk."

I have often wondered since if this was the reason.



DRAWN BY A. S. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'I DON' KEER NOTHIN' 'BOUT DE TEMPER.'"



CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

BY ELEANOR GATES.

PICTURES BY FANNY T. CORY.

II. THE STORY OF A PLANTING.

THE little girl was making believe, as she planted the corn, that the field was a great city; the long rows, reaching up from the timothy meadow to the carnelian bluff, were the beautiful streets; and the hills, two steps apart, were the houses. She had a seed-bag slung under her arm, and when she came to a hill she put her hand into it and took out four plump yellow kernels. And as she went along, dropping her gifts at each door, she played that she was visiting, and said how-do-you-do as politely as she could to the lady of the house, at the same time taking off her battered blue sailor-hat and bowing—just as she had seen the lightning-rod agent do to her mother.

She had begun the game by naming every family she called upon. But it was not long before she had used up all the names she could think of—those of the neighbors, the Indians, the story-book people, the horses, the cows, the oxen, the dogs, and even the vegetables in the garden. So, after having planted a row or two, she contented herself with making believe she was among strangers and just offering a friendly greeting to every household.

She had come out to the field when the prairie-chickens were still playing their bagpipes on the river-bank, their booming sound-

ing through the morning air so clearly that the little girl had been sure they were not farther than the edge of the wheat-field, and had walked out of her way to try to see them, tramping along in her best shoes, which had shiny copper toes and store-made laces. But when she had reached the wheat, the booming, like a will-o'-the-wisp, had been temptingly farther on; and she had turned back to the newly marked corn-land.

Her big brothers had sent her out to drop and cover eighty rows, the last corn-planting to be done that year on the big Dakota farm. They had finished the rest of the field themselves and, intent on getting in the rutabaga crop, had turned over the remaining strip to the little girl, declaring that she could drop and cover forty rows in the morning and forty in the afternoon, and not half try. To make sure that she would have time to finish the work, they had started her off immediately after a five-o'clock breakfast; and in order that she should not lose any time at noon, they had made her take her dinner with her in a tall tin pail.

Her first glimpse of the unplanted piece had greatly discouraged her, for it seemed dreadfully wide and long. So, after deciding to plant the whole of it before doing any

covering with the hoe, because the dropping of the corn was much easier and quicker to do than the hoeing, she went to work half-heartedly. Now, to make her task seem short, she had further determined to play "city."

It was such fun to pretend that, as she

After she had dropped corn as much as a whole hour, the little girl's back ached, and when she went to refill her seed-bag at the corn-barrel that stood on the border of the meadow near the row-marker, she sat down to rest a moment.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"SHE USED HER HOE-HANDLE AS A POKER TO SCARE OUT SOME OF THE MUSKRATS."

went bobbing and bowing up and down the rows, she forgot to stop her game and throw clods at the gray gophers. They lived in the timothy meadow, and were so bold that, if they were not watched, they would come out of their burrows and follow the rows, stealing every kernel out of the hills as they went along and putting the booty in their cheek-pouches.

The marker resembled a sleigh, only it had five runners instead of two, and there were rocks piled on top of it to make it heavy. So the minute the little girl's eyes fell upon it and she saw the runners, she thought of winter. Winter instantly reminded her of the muskrats in the slough below the bluff. And with that thought she could

not resist starting down to see if they were busy after the thaw.

She gathered many flowers on the way, and stopped to pull off her shoes and stockings. At last she reached the slough and waded in to a muskrat house, where she used her hoe-handle as a poker to scare out some of the muskrats. Failing in this, she picked

and stopped abruptly, standing erect. Her shadow pointed straight for the bluff: it was noon and high time to eat dinner.

She sat down on the marker and munched her sandwiches of salted lard and corn-meal bread with great appetite. She was just finishing them when the call of a goose far overhead attracted her attention. She got



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TENNEY.

"SHE LAY THERE FOR HOURS."

up her shoes and stockings and went around the slough to find out if any green leaves were unfolding yet in the wild-plum thicket. A little later she climbed the bluff to the corn-field, making a diligent search for Indian arrowheads all the way.

When she reached the seed-bag again, she threw the string over her head and started up a row determinedly. For a rod or more she did not pause either to be polite or to scare away gophers, but hurried along very fast, with her eyes to the ground. Suddenly she chanced to look just ahead of her,

down and lay flat on her back, with her head on the seed-bag, to watch the flock, high above her, speeding northward to the lakes, their leader crying commands to the gray company that flew in V-shaped order behind him. When the geese were but a dark thread across the north sky, she felt drowsy and, turning on her side with her hat over her face and her back to the gentle spring breeze, went fast asleep.

She lay there for hours, entirely unaware of the saucy stares of several gophers who paused in their hunt for kernels and stood as

straight as picket-pins to watch and wonder at the little heap of pink calico under the battered sailor-hat, or whisked about her, their short legs flashing, their tails wide and bushy, their cheek-pouches so full of kernels that they smiled fatly when they looked at her, and showed four long front teeth. But the little girl was wrapped in a happy dream of a certain beautiful red wagon with a real seat that she had seen in a thick catalogue sent her mother by a store in a distant city. So she never moved till late in the afternoon, when the gentle breeze strengthened to a sharp wind that, with a petulant gust, whirled her sailor-hat across the rows and far away.

The flying hat caused a stampede among some curious gophers who were just then investigating a near-by unplanted row in the hope of finding more corn. Clattering shrilly, they scudded back to the meadow, and the little girl rose. After a long chase for the hat, she went stiffly to work again, not stopping to put on her shoes and stockings, though the wind was cold.

After that she planted faithfully, leaving off only to throw clods at the gophers, or to ease her back now and then. And it was when she was resting a moment that she noticed something that made her begin working harder than ever. Her shadow stretched out so far to the eastward that she could not touch its head with the end of her long hoe. When she first came out that morning, it had fallen just as far the other way. She looked anxiously up at the sun, which was shining slantingly upon the freshly harrowed land through a gray haze that hung about it. Then she looked again at her shadow, distorted and grotesque, that moved when she moved, and mimicked her when she bent to drop the corn. Its length showed her that it was getting late, and that she would soon hear the summoning blast of the cow-horn that hung behind the kitchen door.

She dropped the seed-bag, walked across the strip still unplanted, and counted the rows. She returned on the run. The dropping was little more than half finished, and no covering had been done at all. She knew she could not finish that day; yet if they asked her at the farm-house if she had completed the planting, she would not dare to tell them how little of it was done. She sat down to pull on her shoes and stockings, thinking hard all the while. But just as she had one leg dressed, she sprang up with a happy thought, and stood on the shod foot like a heron while she dressed the other. Then, without stopping to lace her shoes,

she tossed her hat aside, swung the seed-bag to the front, and began dropping corn as fast as she could.

The kernels were counted no longer, nor were they placed in the hills precisely. Without a glance to right or left, she raced along the rows, her cheeks flaming and her hair flying out in the wind. She had decided that she would *plant* all of the strip, but not *cover* the corn until next day.

The sun sank slowly toward the horizon as she worked. But the unplanted rows were rapidly growing fewer and fewer now, and the descending disk gave her little worry. Up and down she hurried, scattering rather than dropping the seed, until she was on her final trip. When she reached the end of the last row, she joyfully put all the corn she had left into one hill, turned the seed-bag inside out, slipped her lunch-bucket into it, and, after hiding her hoe in the stone pile on the carnelian bluff, turned her face toward the house. And at that very moment, with the winding of the cow-horn for its farewell salute, the last yellow rind of the sun went out of sight below the level line of the prairie.

EARLY the next day, while the little girl's big brothers were busy with the chores, she mounted her pony and rode away southward from the farm-house. At the reservation road she faced toward the sun and struck her horse to a canter. A mile out on the prairie to the east, she turned due north up a low ravine; and finally completed almost a perfect square by coming west, when on a line with the carnelian bluff, to the edge of the corn-field. There she tied her pony to a large stone on the slope of the bluff and well out of sight of the house, and, after hunting up the hoe, started energetically to cover up the planting of the day before.

She began at the bluff on the first uncovered row, and swung down it rapidly, her hoe flashing brightly in the sun as she pulled the dirt over the kernels. But when she had gone less than half the distance to the meadow she stopped at a hill and anxiously examined it a moment. She went on to the next without using her hoe, then on to the next and the next; and, finally, putting it across her shoulder, walked slowly to the end.

Arrived at the edge of the meadow, she turned about and followed up another row. Her hoe was still across her shoulder, and she did not stop to use it until she was near the bluff. When she reached the meadow

the second time, she sat down on the row-marker and looked out across the timothy.

"Goodness!" she said, addressing the half-dozen animated stakes that were eying her from a proper distance, "you 've done it!"

The gophers stood straighter than ever when they heard her voice, and new ones came from their burrows and sat up to watch her, their fore paws held primly in front of them, their tails lying out motionless behind, and their slender heads poised pertly, with no movement except the twinkle of sharp, black eyes and the quiver of long whiskers.

"And there ain't nough seed left in that barrel," went on the little girl, "to plant a single row over again."

She sat on the marker a long time, a sorrowful little figure, in deep study. And when she finally rose and resumed work at the upper end of the strip, she thought with dread of the disclosure that sprouting-time would bring.

An hour later, she untied her pony and climbed wearily upon his back. As she rode across the meadow toward home, she shook her head solemnly at the mounds in the timothy.

"I s'pose," she said, "you 've got to have something to lay up for winter; but I think you might 'a' gone down to mother's vegetable patch, 'cause, when the corn comes up, I 'll catch it!"

THE corn-stalks were nodding in their first untasseled sturdiness before the little girl's big brothers paid the field a visit to see when the crowding suckers should be pulled and the first loosening given to the dirt about the hills. They went down one morning, their muskets over their shoulders, and the little girl went with them, hoping that so much time had passed since the planting that they would not punish her even if they found fault with her work on the last eighty rows.

Summer had come in on a carpet of spring green strewn with wild clover, asters, and blazing-star. And as they went along, the verdant prairie rolled away before them for miles in the warm sunlight, unbroken save where their eyes passed to the richer emerald of wheat sprinkled with gay mustard, new flax on freshly turned sod, or a sea of waving maize. Overhead, the geese no longer streaked the sky in changing lines, but swarms of blackbirds filled the air with crisp calls at their approach, and rose from the ground in black clouds. Down along the slough where the wild-plum boughs waved their blossoms they could see the calves

frolicking together; and up on the carnelian bluff, the young prairie-chickens scurried through the grass before a watchful mother.

The little girl trailed, barefooted, behind her big brothers, and was in no humor to enjoy any of the beauties of earth or sky. With anxious face she followed them as they penetrated the lusty stand of corn, going from south to north on the western side of the field. Then she tagged less willingly as they turned east toward the strip she had planted. As they neared it they remarked a scarcity of stalks ahead; and when they at last stood on the first of the eighty rows, they gazed with astonishment at the narrow belt that showed bravely green at the upper end by the carnelian bluff, but dark and bare over the three fourths of its length that sloped down to the timothy meadow.

"I guess *this* won't need no thinning," said the biggest brother, ironically.

They set to work to examine the hills, that only here and there sent up a lonely shoot, the little girl standing by and silently watching them. But they found few signs of the gopher burrowing they felt sure had devastated the ground. All at once the eldest brother had a brilliant thought, and, with a glance at the little girl, who was nervously twisting her fingers, paced eastward and counted the rows that made up the barren strip. There were just eighty!

He came back and joined his brothers; and the little girl, standing before him, dared not lift her eyes to his face.

"Did you plant that corn?" he demanded, ramming the butt of his musket into the ground.

"Yes," answered the little girl, her voice husky with apprehension. There was a pause.

"Did a lot of gophers come in while you 's a-planting?" asked the biggest brother, more kindly.

"Oh, a lot," answered the little girl.

"Did you sling clods at 'em?" demanded the eldest brother, again pounding the musket into the dirt.

"Nearly slung my arm off," answered the little girl.

The eldest brother grunted incredulously.

"It 's mighty funny," he said, "that the gophers liked *your* planting better 'n anybody else's."

The little girl did not answer. Her forehead was puckered painfully as, gripping her hat, she stood busily curling and uncurling her toes in the dirt. Her lashes were fluttering as if she awaited a blow.

"I'll just ask you one thing," went on the eldest brother: "what's to-morrow?"

The little girl started as if the blow had fallen, and stammered her answer.

"My—my—birfday," she said.

"A—ha," he replied suggestively. Then he tramped to the timothy meadow, the others following. And the little girl, walking very slowly, came on behind.

WHEN the big brothers had gone on to the farm-house, after halting a moment on the edge of the meadow to survey the numberless gopher mounds, thrown up on all sides so thickly that the timothy was almost hidden, the little girl still tarried in the corn-field. Her eldest brother's hint concerning her birthday had suggested the cruel punishment she felt certain was to be hers, and she could not bear to face the family at the dinner-table.

For months she had longed for a little red wagon—a wagon with a long tongue, and "Express" on the side in black letters; and had planned how she would harness Bruno and Luffree, the Indian dogs, to it, and drive along the level prairie roads. Evening after evening she had taken out the thick catalogue and pored over the prices, and had shown the kind she wanted again and again to all the big brothers in turn.

Then one day she had surprised her biggest brother while he was taking a bulky brown-paper package off the farm wagon on his return from Yankton. He had sent her into the house; but she had found out later that the package was in the corn-crib, and

had crept in there one afternoon, when the farm-house was deserted, and taken a good look at it as it hung from a rafter and well out of reach. It was still wrapped up, but the brown paper was torn in one place, and through the hole the little girl had seen a smooth, round red stick. It was a wheel-spoke.

Now, she had been promised, since her birthday came at Christmas, that she might change it to June, so that she could receive two gifts a year. This new birthday, her sixth-and-a-half, was not far off, and she had waited for its coming as patiently as she could, in the meantime working secretly on harnesses for the dogs, who had resigned themselves good-naturedly to much measuring. Now, on the very eve of her happiness, she was to be deprived of the yearned-for wagon.

Crouching in the corn-field, she grieved away the long day. Dinner-time came, and all the corn-stalk shadows pointed significantly toward the carnelian bluff; then they slowly shifted around to the eastward and grew very long; and at last commingled and were blotted out by the descending gloom that infolded the little girl.

Lying upon her back, she looked up at the sky, that, with the gathering darkness of the warm summer night, disclosed its twinkling stars, and wished that she could suddenly die out there in the field in some mysterious way, so that there might be much self-condemning woe at the farm-house when they found her cold and still. And she could not refrain from weeping with sheer pity

for herself. After pondering for a while on the sad picture of her untimely death, she changed to one of great deeds and happiness, wealth and renown, in some far-off land toward which she was half determined to set out. But this delightful dream was rudely broken into.

A long blast from the cow-horn sounded through the quiet night and echoed against the bluff. The little girl sat up and looked toward the house through the dark aisles of the corn.

"I'm not coming," she said, speaking out loud in a voice that broke as she ended, "I'm going to stay here and starve to death!"

Once more the cow-horn blew, and this time the call was more prolonged and commanding in tone. It brought the little girl to her feet, and she



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

"TRIED TO COUNT ON HER FINGERS THE DAYS THAT MUST PASS BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

hunted up her hat and put it on. Then, as two short, peremptory blasts rang out, she started toward home.

Next morning she dressed hurriedly and got to the sitting-room as quickly as she could. But there was no bright red wagon standing bravely in wait for her as she entered; there was nothing under her breakfast plate, even, when she turned it over. She ate her grits and milk in silence, choking a little when she swallowed, and, as soon as she could, rushed away to the corn-crib to see if the brown-paper package was still there.

It was gone!

Then she knew that her big brothers had sent it away.

She crept back to the house and climbed the ladder to the attic, where she meant to hide and mourn alone. But no sooner had she gained her feet beneath the peaked roof than she saw what she had been seeking.

It hung by its scarlet tongue from a beam, flanked by the paper of sage that was to season the holiday turkeys, and by the bag that held the trimmings of the Yule-tree. And the little girl, sitting tearfully beneath it, tried to count on her fingers the days that must pass before Christmas.

(To be continued.)



THE KING OF BAD BAD.

[TO M. B. H. AND F. B. H.]

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,

Author of "Tom Beauling," "Captain England: An Antic of the Ocean."

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"I HAVE fourteen other daughters," said the huge King; "but"—his voice sank to a whisper—"they all married Abad Bey. They would do it," he said.

Then, with the manner and in the voice of a Cook guide, his Majesty indicated an unsightly pile on an eminence, and announced, "The house of Abad Bey."

"M-m-m," said I.

Royalty looked its pleasure.

"From drawings of my own," he said modestly. Then clearing his throat, and pointing to a northlier row of houses:

"The houses of my mothers-in-law," said

the King. Impotent hate furrowed his brow. "They are the oldest in the world," he cried passionately, "and the most—"

I tried to look my sympathy.

"I have done everything," the King went on in a hoarse voice, "and nothing happens. I have had them painted all over with bright-colored spots, I have made them run races, I have made them ridiculous in every way, but they *will* stay on and on. And some of them ar'n't really mothers-in-law of mine. I'm convinced of it," he cried. "Some of them are just friends of mothers-in-law of mine. What do they do?" He shouted ex-



"SOMETHING MUST HAVE STUNG THAT ELEPHANT."

citedly. "They kiss each other, and scream, and say they are alone in the world. It is not to be borne. But let them look to themselves! And it is not otherwise with my"—the King blushed deprecatingly—"with my more intimate family, only they are younger and will last longer. I only keep them on in the hope—" the King looked down at his red shoes in some embarrassment.

"In the hope—" I said.

"I have no sons," said the King, simply. "My daughters," he said, "would stretch about a mile and a quarter."

The pathos of the situation brought tears to the kindly monarch's eyes.

"You," he said, "have never betrayed me (everybody else has over and over again), so I can tell *you*. I had a son, a little bit of a one, once. One day he was riding his elephant up and down, and shouting to the people to get out of his way and beat their heads on the ground, and—"

the King paused; there was a lump in his throat. "Something must have stung that elephant, for suddenly he overturned the dog-market and started north as fast as he could, trumpeting at every step, and disappeared in the desert. We followed him for a long time, but presently a dust-storm came and wiped out his tracks, and so I that had one son have now none."

"While there is life—" I began.

Vol. LXIV.—83.

"That was in the book out of which I learned my English," said the King.

I tried again.

"Perhaps he will come back," I said.

"Perhaps," said the King, longingly; "and if he does, I shall know him."

"How, Royalty?" I asked.

The King drew back the rich stuffs that covered his breast, and disclosed a palm-leaf, exquisitely tattooed in dim blue.

"I see," said I; "he has the twin mark to that."

The King nodded for a long time, and then, somewhat to my surprise: "It is so supposed," he said, "and consequently every man-child in Bad Bad, and all the little children of the desert, have been so marked by their designing parents. I shall know my son," said the King, triumphantly, "not because he has a palm-leaf tattooed on his breast, but because he has n't."

The King waved his hand, and a shower of bright sweat fell from it like diamonds.

"It is hotter in summer," said the King.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Ever so much hotter," said the King. "I have no energy in summer to combat plots and things; but that does n't matter, because at that season nobody has the energy to get them up. Even Abad Bey—" He looked about cautiously.

"Tell me," I proposed.



ABAD BEY.

"Abad Bey has a son," said the King. "King, Son-in-law, Son of Son-in-law, Grandson of King, King."

"The plot thickens," I said.

"I won't, won't have it," said the King. "As if there were n't other grandsons!"

"Then there *are* grandsons?" I said.

"Grandsons and grandsons," said the King.

The King glanced at his ivory tablets, and then shook his head.

"I have forgotten to put down how many," he said.

"Indeed!" said I.

"They are nice little fellows," said the King, "awfully nice little fellows. It's their parents and grandmothers," said the King. "I hate them, I hate them."

"Your own wives and daughters?" I said, a little shocked.

"At this moment, perhaps," said the King, "they are plotting to dethrone me. But you—you who have never betrayed me—"

"I only arrived to-day, Royalty."

"Then you never will betray me, will you?" said the King.

I put out my hand.

The King gave me his, which was very fat.

"Don't pinch it, please," he said.

The King turned from his capital to the desert.

"There is life," he cried, "free and large." He looked at his immense body and limbs.

"If it were all downhill, I could manage it," said the King.

At this moment the sun set so suddenly that it seemed to have slipped and fallen.

"Shall we play a game at billiards?" said the King.

"I am a poor hand, your Majesty."

"Then I shall win." The King's simple old face beamed with pleasure. "You must help me be a king," said the King.

Presently we were playing billiards. You would have thought that a child was playing, so eager were the King's cries whenever he scored. And this was often enough, for the table sagged, and the balls, when set in motion, all made for the same corner. Getting beaten was a most intricate affair.

II.

EARLY one morning the King sent for me, and I found him in the palace garden. He was carrying a pretty little basket full of offal.

"A pretense," said the King, in a whisper;

and then aloud, for the benefit of his attendants: "Everybody keep at a distance," he said. "We are going to feed the crocodiles."

I could see that the King was agitated about something, and when we were sufficiently alone,

"There has been an attempt to poison me," he said.

The poor old gentleman was really frightened.

"My favorite cake had it on," said the King.

"Had what on?" I asked.

"The poison," said the King.

"Tell me the whole story," said I, somewhat alarmed.

"It was my favorite cake," said the King; "but I did n't eat it."

We had reached the edge of the crocodile tank, an irregular pond with an island of reeds, sufficiently green to please the eye, in the middle. Various-sized crocodiles lay half concealed among the reeds, but when the King called, they slipped into the water and swam toward us, each, with its nose for an apex, creating a V-shaped wake.

"Keep back—back!" said the King to his attendants.

"The crocodiles," he continued to me, "are a pretense—"

"Under cover of which we can talk," I suggested.

"Just so," said the King. "Shall I continue my narrative?"

"If you please, Sire."

"I suspected the cake," said the King. "I often do, but usually I eat it. On this occasion, fortunately, I did not. Rag Dal warned me. I rewarded her on the spot."

"How did you know it was poisoned?" I asked.

The King held out a little cake, the size and shape of a camphor-ball, but of the consistency of those delectable confections which, with us, are called by the children "kisses."

"It is a little off color," I said.

"Have you a cut or a scratch anywhere about you?" asked the King, anxiously.

"I think not, Sire."

"Then you may take it in your hand without much danger."

I did so.

"And now," said the King—"now—"

"And now?" I said.

"Smell it," said the King, "but very warily—most as if you were feeling the tip of your nose, so that people will not suspect that you are smelling it."

I did as I was told.

"And you ask me how I know that it is poisoned? 'Smell the cake,' was the warning of Rag Dal. I did so—and you see for yourself. Don't you?" This in a kind of pleading voice.

"Possibly, your Majesty," said I, "the egg which went to the composition of this sweet was, to put it as delicately as possible, offensive."

"Oh, no," said the King; "extract of peach-stones. I know, because I had a monkey once—"

The King's anecdote was broken in upon by the arrival in the water immediately beneath us of a very large and ugly crocodile, which, by bringing together his jaws with a loud-sounding and sinister clap, signified a pressing desire to be fed.

"You do not believe in the poison, I'm afraid," said the King. "Give me the cake." I returned the suspicious article.

"Open you mouth, pretty, and beg," said the King, in a playful voice, to the crocodile. While the crocodile was doing this, the King whispered very low:

"I have always hated that crocodile." And still lower, "I call him Abad Bey, in private." Then he threw it the cake and, "Lash um's pretty tail, was it!" said the King.

The crocodile caught the thrown cake with precision, and instantly opened wide its glistening white mouth for more.

"It ought to double him up pretty quick," said the King.

But the crocodile only begged for more. And now it was joined by the others, and a great thumping of jaws arose. The King began to throw offal to his pets, and they fought for it.

"Keep an eye on the big one," said the King. "It will be glorious when the cramp seizes him and he beats the waters with his tail."

Even the gentle old King had a cruel streak in him.

"If he does n't hurry up," said the King, "I shall be ashamed—ashamed."

"It was a natural mistake," I began, "very natural. The odors of prussic acid and of very old eggs are something alike."

"Yes, are n't they?" said the King. And then a new idea came to his exalted mind, and he went quite pale.

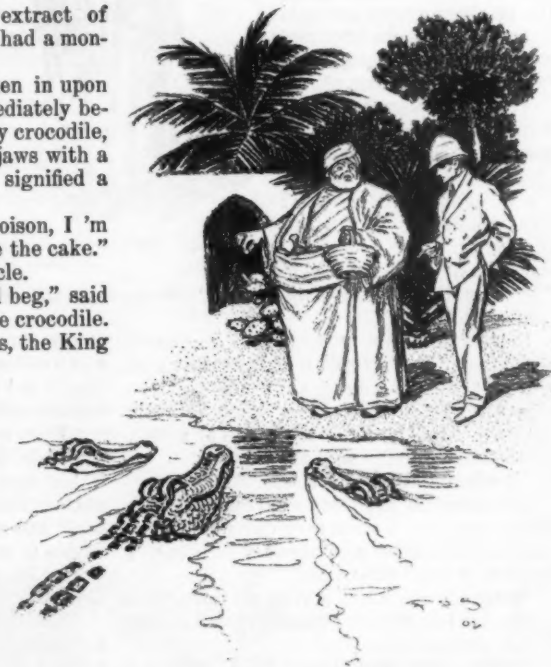
"Who knows," he said, "but a crocodile is a living anti—anti—"

"Dote?" I suggested.

"Who knows?" said the King. "And if he is, why, there is no way of finding out whether the cake is poisoned or not."

"I should not like to try to recover it," said I.

"Ugly—Ugly—Ugly!" cried the King,



"I HAVE ALWAYS HATED THAT CROCODILE."

and then, with the illuminated countenance of one who has hit upon an adequate revenge, and after the manner of unseemly little boys in the street, he thumbed his nose at the crocodile.

But I said very firmly:

"What you have just done, your Majesty, although I will not deny the acute provocation which has given rise to the particular act in question, is not *done* by the best kings."

The King turned away sadly. A large, bright tear trickled out of the King's eye.

"Oh, forgive me, your Majesty!" I cried. "I have blundered. The very fact of your Majesty's doing it, makes it, so to speak, done."

"No—no," said the King; "you were right. I shall put away childish things forever."

At this moment a murmur arose in the garden, and the King had a new interest.

"A mob has broken in," he cried; "they are coming for me."

"Absurd, your Majesty!"

"No," he said. "Last night I had words with Abad Bey about the succession. He was very angry, and said I should hear from him; and now he is approaching with his cowardly assassins."

The King was really terrified, and I myself was uneasy, for the garden was rapidly filling with people. They began to shout, but I was unable to distinguish the words.

"Quick," said the King, "a cigarette! I must appear calm."

It was from this moment that I admired the King. Shaking like a leaf, or rather an elephant with the ague, and puffing at the cigarette, he grandly faced what he truly believed to be murder at the hands of a mob.

"Save yourself!" said the King.

"I remain with you," I said.

And now we were quite surrounded by a yelling crowd. To me they did not appear hostile, but rather glad about something. I could not make out what.

Suddenly a woman, a very old woman to judge by her figure, completely veiled, was thrust forward.

"Have I the King's ear?" she cried in a creaking voice.

"Speak, traitress," said the King, with a great make for majesty.

The old hag gave a giggle, and shrieked her message:

"Girls, your Majesty!"

The King began to understand.

"How many?" he asked after a time, in a patient voice.

"Two," shouted the old lady.

The King bent his head.

"Tell them to keep the best—I mean the better one," said the King.

III.

WORK on the bridge did not progress as rapidly as I wished. I was continually taken from it, often to amuse the King, but usually to assist him with his everlasting counterplots. The King's vizir, the King's barber,



"TWO," SHOUTED THE OLD LADY."

the King's engineer (which was I), and the King composed our council; and one evening after a singularly disagreeable interview with his son-in-law Abad Bey, the King called us together.

"Abad Bey is gaining power with the people," was the King's opening remark. "He told me so himself," continued the King, "and I myself am sensible of having lost ground with them. I am no longer popular with Òm, Rík, and Arrèh. When I ride abroad on my elephant I can plainly see that it irks the people to beat upon the ground with their foreheads. It used to be such a pleasure for them. I have, therefore," said the King, "called you together

to agree upon what would best be done. For you are not only my trusted followers, but (and this I hold in greater esteem) my affectionate friends."

"This is good talk, your Majesty," said the vizir (he would have been a tall man if his feet had been joined to his legs by ankles), opening his little eyes as wide as he could and stroking his fat cheek; "and if my advice is of any value, I will give it."

The King thanked the vizir for his pithy remarks.

Then the King's barber, an old baboon of a man, said:

"I, too, O King, will not be backward when my advice is asked."

The King thanked the barber for his willingness to give advice, and addressed me.

"Do you also speak," he said.

"Your Majesty," I answered, "the people are children: divert their minds."

"I will," said the King, "if I can."

"Your Majesty," said the barber, "the people are human: pervert their morals."

The King was greatly pleased with this advice, and said that he would if he could. And the barber said that he thought there would be no difficulty, provided there was any room left in their morals for perversion.

Then the vizir spoke.

"Your Majesty," he said, "intimidate them."

The King sprang, or rather heaved, to his feet, and his eyes glowed with martial ardor.

"A triumph!" he cried. "I shall be drawn at the head of my troops."

"In the middle of them, if I may suggest," said the barber, himself a timid man.

"In the middle of them," said the King, "by two snow-white elephants in a lofty—lofty chariot. I mean that I shall be in a chariot, and the elephants shall pull it. No, they sha'n't, because they might run away; but they shall pretend to pull it, when, really, it will be pushed along by hand. After me shall come the prisoners taken in—in—"

"In war, your Majesty," put in the barber, loudly.

"You mean the two Germans?" said the King.

"No one else," said the barber.

"But they *were* n't taken in war," objected the King, querulously. "They were taken in a tree."

"It does n't matter," said the vizir; "they will look well in chains."

"I shall wear a full suit of armor," said the King.

"Ahem!" said the barber.

"What did you say?" said the King, sharply.

"Nothing, your Majesty, only—only it's a long time since your Majesty tried on one of his suits of armor, and of late years his Majesty has—"

His Majesty looked uncomfortably at that portion of his anatomy which, except at

those times when he was carried in a litter, preceded him wherever he went, and said simply:

"I shall have to have a suit made."

"One thing at a time, your Majesty," said the vizir. "We should work up a climactical effect upon the people in order to achieve the best results. Let us divide our work into three afternoons. On the first afternoon we will divert the people."

"I shall hold you responsible for that part," said the King to me.

This was not pleasant, but I bowed.

"On the second afternoon," continued the vizir, "we will pervert them."

"It won't take a whole afternoon to do so simple a thing," said the barber. "Leave that part to me."

"Agreed," cried the King.

"And on the third," said the vizir, "we will have a triumph."

"Leave that to me," said the King.

The vizir looked disappointed.

"Then there is nothing left for me," he said.

"We must have funds," said the barber.

"Leave that to the vizir," said the King, and he chuckled for a long time at having made so successful a remark.

"But about the prisoners," said the vizir, a little testily. "We've used them for every triumph we've ever had. The people will not be impressed."

"Why not hire some people and disguise them as prisoners?" I suggested.

The King looked at me whimsically.

"Is that—done?" he said.

"That is one for your Majesty," I said humbly.

The King pinched my ear with his thumb and forefinger.

"You must never leave us," he said, "you delightful man."

"As for the prisoners—" said the vizir.

"True," said the King. "I had forgotten. We must get some."

"Or execute those we've got," put in the barber.

"I've had so much bloodshed in my life," said the King, "so much." He looked appealingly at me. I shook my head.



"THE KING'S VIZIR, THE KING'S BARBER, THE KING'S ENGINEER (WHICH WAS I), AND THE KING COMPOSED OUR COUNCIL."



"THEY ARE PROBABLY ENEMIES," SAID THE BARBER."

"Not done!" said the King, triumphantly, to the barber.

"Then I don't know what to say," said the barber.

"Neither do I," said the King.

"Nor I," said the vizir.

"Nor I," said I.

"Suppose, then," said the King, "we take camels and ride out in the cool. There is a fine moon, and we may get a shot at a jackal. We shall have leisure to discuss our plans, and though we may not hit on any successful ideas, at least we shall have passed the evening in pleasant company and in the pursuit of innocent pleasure."

The King had four camels saddled, and presently we were throwing picturesque shadows against the buildings of the quiet city, and later upon the uncharted desert.

IV.

"WHAT is that, your Majesty?" exclaimed the vizir, who was not a brave man at night.

"Where—what?" cried the King, with a start.

We looked in the direction indicated by the vizir.

"They are upside down," said the King, presently.

"Your Majesty sees it, too," said the vizir, with a sigh of relief.

"So do I," said the barber, passionately, though nobody had asked him.

"It must be what foreigners call a mirage," said the King. "I think, on the whole, I don't like the looks of it."

"There are eighteen, your Majesty," I ventured.

Against the horizon to the north a row of eighteen camels with people or packs on their backs was displayed upside down. Even as we looked the thing righted itself, the ranks seemed to close, and presently it was as if we saw but one camel, and that coming directly toward us.

"They have turned," said the King.

"They are probably enemies," said the barber.

"Let us reënter your Majesty's capital," said the vizir.

The King bit his lip.

"I don't like to run away," said the King, "before I know whether they are enemies or not."

"Discretion—" began the vizir.

"That also," said the King, "was in the book out of which I learned my English."

"If anything happens to you," said the vizir, "it will be on our heads."

"That is true," said the King, after a pause. "I am not at liberty to risk my person. But"—and here the King shook his fist at the distant procession of camels—"look to it, for I shall come again." Then the King struck with his whip, and "Forward!—I mean back!" cried the King.

We rode for a little distance at a sharp trot, the King leading, when suddenly the camel upon which the barber was riding turned its ankle and went down with a little shriek. The King drew rein.

"Kismet!" wailed the barber, for flight had terrified him.

The vizir and I looked to the King for suggestions.

"You will have to get on one of the other camels," said the King.

"Make it kneel, somebody, quick!" cried the barber. "They're coming!"

The vizir looked at the King, and the King looked at the vizir, and then they both looked at me. The moment was psychological.

"Does anybody know how to make a camel kneel?" said the King.

There was a long silence, for nobody did.

The King made an effort. He addressed himself to the vizir's camel, and said, "Kneel, Kicklump-pretty-was-it-is," several times without effect. After that we all tried, but it was no use. The camels would not even look at us.

"You'll have to climb," said the King.

"And be quick about it!" said the vizir.

The barber, greatly alarmed by the rapid approach of the suspicious caravan, made a rush at the vizir's camel, jumped as high as he could, got two large handfuls of camel hair, and fell on his back in the sand. The camel, astonished at this unusual behavior, darted her snake-like head at the barber with criminal intent, but—such was the expeditious manner in which that gentleman rolled himself out of harm's way—was obliged to content herself with his loose green silk trousers, which she devoured on the spot. The King turned away his face.

"Barber," he said presently, "try another camel."

But the barber said no, he would rather fall into the boiling oil-pots of his enemies than into the jaws of any black-hearted son of a dog of a camel. Then the barber buried his face in his hands, and was shaken by unmanly sobs.

"The die is cast," said the King; "we will all stay. It shall never be said that I saw a friend in trouble—"

"Or in *deshabille*," said the vizir, who, though shivering with terror, could not resist the opening.

"—and ran away," concluded the King, sententiously.

The caravan approached.

"What shall we do if they are armed to the teeth?" said the King.

"We would best surrender," said the vizir, promptly, "if you want my opinion."

"It depends," said I, for the King had looked at me beseechingly.

"Yes, it depends," said the King. "Listen, my children. If it seems best to surrender, I will give the signal—so,—he stretched up his hand with the palm forward,—and lest there be any mistake, and they shoot us down,—the vizir groaned,—

"you will all repeat after me, as loud as you can, 'We surrender! We surrender!'"

"Suppose we try it once," said the vizir, "for practice."

"Very well," said the King, "but softly." Then he gave the signal, and the vizir and the barber and I repeated after him, but sotto voce, "We surrender! We surrender!"

"Very good," said the King, "very good indeed. But look sharp, everybody, and mind you do nothing humiliating until I give the signal."

Meanwhile the caravan was drawing near.

"Royalty," said I, "unless I am greatly mistaken, there is a lady in the party."

The King's first thought was not for the lady or for himself, but, like the gentleman he was, for his disturbed friend the barber.

"Barber," said the King, "you would best bury your legs in the sand."



"ON THE LEADING CAMEL WAS A WHITE GIRL."

The barber fell to with hurried scoops.

"Majesty," said the vizir, in the tone of one performing a sad duty, "the face of the woman is white, and, to put it as delicately as possible, bare."

"Shocking!" said the King, with averted eyes.

"Unless," said I, "she is a countrywoman of mine, in which case, your Majesty, and your Majesty's vizir,—this with some asperity,—it is done."

The caravan was now within fifty yards.

On the leading camel was a white girl. I thought she looked prodigiously sweet in the moonlight. The two parties confronted each other in silence.

Suddenly the girl's right hand shot up with the palm out. The King's hand followed suit as quickly as an echo follows its causal sound, and the stillness was broken with loud shouts from both parties of "We surrender! We surrender!"

Fortunately, the girl's party outnumbered ours, and we were outshouted by them, our cries of "We surrender!" being completely mumbled by their cries to the same effect.

I took off my hat.

"They have surrendered, your Majesty," said I.

Slowly the truth dawned upon the King. He swelled before our eyes, and his features assumed as much hauteur as was consistent with their rotundity. He rode forward in a slow and stately manner, and the girl came out to meet him.

"Bad-Badians die," whispered the vizir, who was not without humor, "but do not surrender."

"Your fates—" began the King, in a great rolling voice.

"You must n't shout so," said the girl; "we are very tired as it is."

"My friend," cried the King to me, "for this day's work, which our sons—I mean our daughters and our grandsons—will remember with pride, as a reward for the gallant part which you have borne in this day's great bat—meeting, I should say, I give you this white woman to wife."

I rode quickly up to the girl.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "This is embarrassing—nothing more."

"Reassuring, if not flattering," said the girl.

She looked wonderfully sweet and tired.

"Captives," roared the King, "fall in! Vizir, shoot the first man that escapes—"

"Before or afterward?" asked the vizir.

"No; in the head," said the King. He turned to the barber.

"Barber," thundered the King, "you—you"—his voice weakened—"you would best excavate yourself after a due interval and bring up the rear."

"Lady," said the King, "the view in *this* direction is considered beautiful."

V.

THE King, the lady, and I rode abreast in the order named, followed in Indian file by the vizir and the captives, and rear-guarded

at a seemingly distance by the unfortunate barber. The captives, with the exception of the white girl, whom I judged to be from Baltimore, belonged to some desert tribe whose language and appearance were not unlike those of the Bad-Badians, and who were in number nine. As we rode, the King's curiosity got the better of his desire to be thought a cold, proud conqueror, and when the white girl, without warning, broke into a peal of musical laughter, he fell to asking her questions in his most searching manner.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the King.

"I was laughing," said the girl, "to think that this was the first time it had n't worked."

"The first time that what had n't worked?" asked the King.

"Why, up to now," said the girl, "whenever we have met people who alarmed us, and have tried to surrender to them by all shouting that we did, they have run away."

"Ahem!" said the vizir, who was immediately behind us.

The King looked grave for a while, but presently his large countenance beamed, and became wreathed with a benevolent smile.

"So you were afraid of us?" he said.

"Dreadfully," said the girl. That did the King good.

"What are you doing here?" he asked presently.

"Writing it up," said the girl. "You see, my paper wanted a series of articles about the wonderful city of Bad Bad,—ever been there?—and I said I would go and write them. You see," she continued, "my family was greatly impoverished by the Civil War. Indeed, when it was over, we had nothing left but some handsome plate, which my mother had buried so carefully at the time the troops entered Richmond that it has never been found since, and so mama and I needed money, and I went on a paper, though I hated the idea, and I signed a contract to visit Bad Bad. And then what do you think happened? An uncle that I had never heard of fell out of a second-story window in Chicago and broke his neck, and by his will left me an enormous fortune. Was n't that probably *more* fun? But the trouble was, I had to keep my contract with the paper; and here I am, and it does n't look as if I were ever going to get to Bad Bad, or home, or anything."



"HIS ARMS FULL OF CAPTURED MUSKETS."

The King was touched by the tone of the girl's narrative.

"I would say," he said when she had finished, "that your piquant recital is Greek to me, but for the fact that I understand the Greek language perfectly, and your recital not at all. I gather, however, that you are an American and have just come into a large fortune."

"Find out if she's got it with her," said the vizir, in a very loud whisper.

"A good idea," mused the King. "Have you it with you?" he asked.

"Only the part the milkmaid had," said the girl.

The King was charmed, for he recollected the poem. It had figured in the book out of which he had learned his English.

"And so you want to see Bad Bad," he said.

"I've positively got to," said the girl.

A rise in the desert had brought the city into the range of our vision. It looked not unbeautiful and very shining under the magic touches of the moon. The King waved his hand toward the city.

"The city of Bad Bad," said the King.

"It's immense!" cried the girl.

"It is large, is n't it?" said the King, beaming with pleasure at the compliment. Then he laid his fat hand upon his breast in a thoroughly majestic manner.

"The King of the city of Bad Bad," said the King. I cannot be sure, but I think I heard the vizir mumble, "It's immense."

Here my countrywoman did honor to her country and her sex.

"I knew you were a king the moment I set eyes on you," she said.

For the ensuing second, which I make no doubt was the happiest in the King's existence, powers of utterance failed him. An opportunity to be truly kingly was at his disposal. He measured it in his mind for a little while, and when he at length spoke, his voice was brimming with geniality and, there is no doubt about it, tears.

"Not a prisoner," said the King, "but a guest; not a girl, but a blessing." Then he bowed as low as his anatomy would permit, and touched his forehead with the back of his forefinger.

"Not a king," he said, "but a slave."

"*Tout flatteur vit au dépense de celui qui l'écoute,*" remarked the vizir, in an undertone; and aloud, "That spoils the triumphal procession, your Majesty."

"True," said the King, evidently troubled; "but I will not take back what I have said."

"Don't take it back," said the vizir; "modify it."

"Not a bad idea," said the King, and fell to ruminating.

Presently he slapped that which he was pleased to regard as his knee.

"I have it," he cried. Then he turned to the girl.

"Would you mind pretending to be a prisoner for a few days?" he asked eagerly.

"I should like it of all things," said the girl.

"And you won't mind wearing chains—very light pretensical chains—in a triumph?"

"Not a bit," said the girl.

"You see," explained the King, apologetically, "it is necessary for the military to intimidate the people, with whom, owing to the poisonous influences of Abad Bey, my son-in-law, I am become very unpopular."

"I see," said the girl. "But I think they are a pretty silly kind of people if they don't like *you*."

"Not a girl so much as a blessing," said the King to himself.

We had arrived at the outskirts of the sleeping town when a singularly happy thought struck the King.

"Let every one," said the King, "shoot off his gun and shout. Then give the guns to me, and thus, when we ride into the town, it will appear to the people that the prisoners were taken in fight."

Presently the peaceful night was broken by terrific shouts and a rattling discharge of



"IT WAS A TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSIVE AFFAIR."

firearms, and when we rode into the awakened city, hastily kindled lights displayed to the eyes of the excited citizens their King, his arms full of captured muskets, riding haughtily at the head of a long convoy of prisoners.

At the dog-market the crowd became so dense and enthusiastic that the King was obliged to halt and make a speech.

"Peace be with you, and repose," cried the King, "for though grim-visaged enemies stalk in the desert, your King watches over you."

There were tremendous cheers.

Now Abad Bey, when he heard what had happened, had given orders that no lights be shown in his palace, and so the eyes thereof were, so to speak, closed to the King's triumph.

"Aye," continued the King, pointing to the dark palace, "you may rest in peace, for your King watches, even though Abad Bey sleeps!"

Here the people groaned against Abad Bey.

Later, a light collation was set before the prisoners in the King's European dining-room.

VI.

ON the first afternoon of our threefold manifestation against the hearts of the

King's subjects, we made of our efforts to divert them a complete failure.

"It was n't *your* fault," said the King to me, his face quivering with disappointment; "*you* did your best: but what—what might have amused *your* people did n't amuse mine. My people," said the King, in a tone of distress, "seem to be different from other people's people."

"Of course," said the vizir, "an open-air play would be just the thing in some countries, and it might be a success here, especially a play with so witty a dialogue as that written by the girl for the occasion; but when you take into consideration the fact that a total eclipse of the sun occurred during the third act (a natural enough phenomenon, but not of a nature to act reassuringly upon a superstitious audience desirous of being amused), together with the accidental explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the improvised orchestra circle during the fourth act, and, lastly, that the sixth, seventh, and eighth acts, with their scenic glory and stage pageantry, were handicapped by a sand-storm, during which the audience were obliged to lie on their stomachs, the result is scarcely a matter for wonder, or," he added, as he saw that the barber was about to make a speech, "for comment."

The girl, in a white dress with a blue rib-

bon round her waist, and a wide hat trimmed with yellow daisies, strolled out on the terrace. She had a number of loose sheets covered with writing in her hand. The King, with an affectionate nod, offered her a place on the rug beside him.

"I hope that smoking does not disturb you," said the King.

"Not in the least," said the girl, and she sat down beside him.

"I've been writing up our first night's performance," said the girl, "for the press at home."

"*Chacun à son goût*," said the vizir: "what failed to amuse our people will probably fill the bosoms of yours with inextinguishable laughter."

"To tell the truth," said the girl, "we're a little touchy on the subject of our play, are n't we?" She gave me a bright nod.

"Yes," I said, "we are."

"And," continued the girl, "it seems to be our cue to make good, and so it occurs to me that to carry out the second number on the program—I refer to the perversion of the people's morals—"

"Not without blushing, I hope," said I.

"—it would be an excellent plan," the girl went on without heeding, "to start a wheel."

Neither the King nor the vizir nor the barber seemed impressed.

"That is a game for very little children, is it not?" said the King, dubiously.

"We call it rolling the hoop," said the barber.

The girl put back her head and laughed.

"Hear the dear silly men!" she said.

The barber and the vizir and the King looked a little foolish.

"It's a game for adults," said the girl—"grown-up adults, with heads for mathematics, and combinations, and the laws of chance, and things. You put your money on a color or a number, and the wheel goes round; and sometimes," she said, "you really can win at that game, and sometimes you really can't."

"And then," said the King, brightening visibly, for he seemed to himself to have brought a very difficult calculation to an illuminating conclusion, "you don't."

"That's it exactly," said I.

"And furthermore," said the girl, "I have a real wheel somewhere among my belongings."

"It's a sort of fever," I explained. "Once you begin playing, you never want to stop, and the banker—that's you, your Majesty—can't lose."

"Do try it, Royalty!" said the girl, and she sent a man for her wheel.

It was a very little wheel, but brightly painted, and, in spite of its camel journey across the desert, possessed of a rotary movement which was both smooth and precise. Presently, after more explanations, we were at it, and it may be added that the girl's wheel made a hit with the King and the King's vizir and the King's barber.

Invitations were at once sent out to the leading nobles, and on the following morning a parlor was opened in one of the large halls of the palace. By noon the King's most skilful workers in ivory and hard woods had completed two more wheels, and by four o'clock the sleepy city of Bad Bad was in a foment of gambling, and the double zero was pouring good and, it must be remarked, bad money into the King's pockets. The King expressed himself as greatly pleased with the results of the second afternoon. On the third day came the triumphal march and the military display by which the people were to be intimidated.

It was a tremendously impressive affair. The King, completely surrounded by his army, a disorganization of about sixty men, and followed respectfully by the prisoners in chains, rode several times up and down the chief street of his capital, in a lofty car gay with silk rugs, wheeled by slaves, and preceded by two very large elephants painted white, with big blue eyes surrounding their real ones. The vizir rode on the King's right, the barber and I on his left, and Abad Bey in the car with him. This, the King said, was policy. There was enough enthusiasm to satisfy the most exacting monarch, and when it was all over the girl said that she and the King had reminded her, during the procession, of nothing so much as of any Roman emperor and his Zenobia.

"And now that that is off our minds," said the King, as he sipped his thick coffee, "the thing to do is to find out what has been accomplished and what effect our combined expenditure of talent and treasure has had upon the hearts of our subjects. To-night, then," said the King, "let us disguise ourselves and go down into the city."

The barber contemplated the great bulk of his master for some moments.

"What does your Majesty propose to disguise himself as?"

The King thought for a while.

"I will disguise myself as a fortune-teller," he said finally, "because then, you



"IN A VERY DARK SECTION
OF ALLEY."

looked very pretty as she said it, "as the bandit's sister."

"Ahem!" said the King, the vizir, and the barber.

"We will meet here at midnight," said the King, "and pass the early hours with a recounting of our several adventures."

"Remember," said the vizir under his beard, "that the object of this expedition is to hear pleasant things said about the King."

The King, fairly trembling with eagerness and enthusiasm, bundled off after a costume.

VII.

THE quarter of the town which we had elected to visit in disguise was dark at that hour as to its windows, but where an occa-

sional door leading to a room of entertainment slightly below the street-level stood ajar, a yellow band of smoky light broke in on the gloom of the narrow street, while overhead, between the houses, extended a crooked ribbon of deep night set with twinkling luminaries.

It was a place the ways of which turned and doubled and ended blindly, like the road to the "center" in a child's puzzle; it was where the thief spent his "steal" and the gay young men of Bad Bad their evenings. The wisdom of his Majesty's government had marked certain houses with a red cross by way of indicating to the unused reveler that at some time or other murder had been done within.

In a very dark section of alley we came upon a man who lay upon his back with his arms outstretched. He was richly clothed, and moaned at short intervals.

"I wish I had n't let you come," said I to the girl, and I knelt by the man.

"Is he hurt?" said the girl.

"Are you hurt?" I said.

"Hurt!" said the man, suddenly sitting up. "I should think I was hurt. Look at me!"

It was possible to see that the man was bleeding about the mouth and chin.

"He probably fell off his donkey or into something," said the girl.

"I did n't!" said the man.

"What is the matter with you, anyway?" I asked.

"Listen," said the man. "As I was about to enter a dancing-booth, I chanced to pass my hand over my chin and observe that I had not been shaved for two days. Being at that moment accosted by a fellow who claimed to be a barber, and protested that his magic touch enabled him to raze even the most delicate skin by starlight, I sat down and gave over what used to be my face into his hands. Perceiving at the second stroke that the fellow was the merest impostor and bungler, I endeavored to escape from his loathsome clutches; but at that, being a heavy man, he knelt upon my garments so that I was unable to rise, and having seized with his left hand the hair upon the top of my head, he continued with the most criminal malice and incompetence to shave my cheek and chin. My screams for help were at length heard, and several young men armed with staves came running out from the dancing-booth, and perceiving that I was one in authority, delivered me from the toils, and fell upon the barber with an infinite number of loud blows. It was pleas-

know, I can tell fortunes and make them come true."

When we had applauded the King's resolution, the vizir said, not without malice: "I, with your Majesty's permission, will disguise myself as a barber."

"And I," said the barber, not to be outdone, "will disguise myself as a vizir."

The vizir looked daggers, and the rest of us laughed.

"You," said the King to me, "must go as a bandit."

"And I," said the girl, "will go as a war correspondent."

"It will not be proper for you to go at all," said the King.

"Won't it, please?" The girl appealed to me: "You'll look out for me, won't you?"

"You will have to go in some other capacity, then," said I.

"I will go," said the girl, and she

looked very pretty as she said it, "as the bandit's sister."

"Ahem!" said the King, the vizir, and the barber.

"We will meet here at midnight," said the King, "and pass the early hours with a recounting of our several adventures."

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VII.

THE quarter of the town which we had elected to visit in disguise was dark at that hour as to its windows, but where an occa-

ant for me to observe him as he fled squeaking like a pussy-rat, followed by the young men and the well-merited blows, until at the corner of the street he stumbled and fell, and, in the posture of a chidden dog, received the balance of his punishment. Not willing to be recognized by the young men, for I am one in authority (and having with me no small coins with which to reward them for their zeal), I hurried back in the direction from which I had come, meaning to reënter my domicile and give myself into the hands of the surgeons. But on the way, overcome by pain, shame, mortification, and vain regrets for the beauty which is no more, I swooned. The rest you know."

Here the richly dressed man hurled himself again to the ground and was shaken by long sobs. Presently he looked up, and, in a voice made sharp by pain:

"And who are you?" he asked.

"A bandit," said I, pleasantly enough; but at the word the man, with a piercing shriek, was up and off, and for a long time after he had disappeared we could hear the quick patter of his feet.

We proceeded on our way, and before long came across what we at once recognized for the fat barber who had been beaten by the young men. He also was lying in the street, but face down. He was groaning most piteously, and at intervals made passes in the air with his fat legs as if by this means to protect himself from some menace or other.

"Try the bandit act again," said the girl.

I knelt by the man's head and said very distinctly: "You have but a moment to live. I am a bandit."

The fat barber accompanied an indelible shriek with an incredible bound, and was off, rushing like a blind mole, and the only thing which kept him on his course was the fact that whenever he ran into a building it guided him back to the middle of the street. And now he glanced from a building on one side of the street and now from one on the other.

The girl and I laughed for a long time.

Around the next corner we came upon a little knot of men who, standing with their backs to us, craned their necks to see into a lighted room the door of which was open. We joined the group and, unobserved, looked over their shoulders.

In the middle of the room sat a prodigious man cross-legged. His robes were black and covered with belomantic signs: suns, moons, triangles, squares, eyes, and circles. His face was veiled.

Numerous men and women sat in a circle about the huge man, who, beyond doubt, was a fortune-teller.

"What is your name?" said the fortune-teller to a lean youth with high cheek-bones.

"Ali," said the youth.

"Where do you live, Ali?"

"In the Kamel Taj."

"What is your business?"

The youth toyed with his fingers and looked upon the ground, whereat the people laughed.



"NUMEROUS MEN AND WOMEN SAT IN A CIRCLE ABOUT THE HUGE MAN."

"Please," said the youth, "my employment is very shameful; for every third month I am employed to clean out the refuse from the donkey-stable of that son of a dromedary, Abad Bey—may the dogs bite him!"

"A-a-a!" said the audience.

The huge fortune-teller seemed to sit more erect after this semi-public condemnation of Abad Bey.

"Ali," he said, "a blessed lot awaits you."

Here Ali was obliged to suffer the hearty congratulations of his friends.

"Ali," said the fortune-teller, "who is your favorite public character?"

"My King," said Ali, without an instant's hesitation.

And the people, with great enthusiasm, snapped their fingers and cried:

"Eh-eh-eh!"

The enormous proportions of the fortune-teller seemed fairly to double at this.

"Ali," he said, "I have no doubt the King will hear of your loyalty and put you in the way of some clean and lucrative employment."

Again the youth was congratulated by his friends.

After he had told a few more similar fortunes amid great applause, the mountainous fortune-teller took out an ivory tablet and writing-instrument.

"What is the name of everybody present," he said, "and the place where he or she lives?"

When he had taken down the several names and addresses, the fortune-teller put this question to those assembled:

"Who is everybody's most detested public character?"

As in one great voice came the answer:

"Abad Bey," coupled with the Oriental hiss, "A-a-a!"

The fortune-teller seemed to quiver with delight.

"And who," said he, in a proud voice, expectant of the certain answer, "is everybody's favorite?"

"The King of Bad Bad," came the answer. "Eh-eh-eh!"

Then the fortune-teller began to prophesy, right and left, clean and lucrative employment at the hands of the King for all those whose names and addresses he had taken down.

"This is wholesale robbery," said the girl; "we must save him. The old dear thinks that nobody recognizes him."

We pushed in among the people at the

door, who hitherto, such was their engrossment in the fortune-teller, had not observed us. As we emerged into the light, a terrified cry of "Bandits! bandits!" was raised, the torches were put out, and by their last flicker we saw that the room had emptied as if by magic, and that the last door to close was closing on the fleeing bulk of the King.

Then—for he was leaning against the door with his whole weight to keep it closed behind him—we could hear his quick breathings and almost the beating of his heart.

The girl and I laughed until the tears ran down our faces. Then we beat upon the door behind which the King had taken refuge, and pretended to give orders to large numbers of our followers.

"Let ten men," I said, "go without and guard the various exits of this building, and let ten others come hither with a heavy stick of timber and break me down this door!"

Then we came away, but even in the street we could hear the terrified panting of his Majesty, braced heavily against his door.

At twelve sharp we all met, as by appointment, upon the terrace.

The vizir, in his disguise of barber, came as if he had the rheumatism in all his joints; the barber appeared in rich garments, but covered as to the cheek and chin with a thick coating of rice-powder. When the vizir recognized the barber and the barber the vizir, each rushed at the other, and the midnight quiet echoed with the sounds of their blows and their cries of vengeance. After a time, becoming exhausted with exercise and vituperation, they sank into their places on each side of the King.

The King appeared greatly satisfied with his evening.

"In the first place,"—it was thus he began to narrate,— "not a soul penetrated my disguise. I went freely among the people, and by subtle questioning learned that—" his Majesty's voice broke a little—"that everybody loves me."

The girl looked up sweetly into the King's face.

"But later," said the King, "I stood in grave peril of my life, for being set upon by bandits, ten of whom—"

The King looked hard at the girl and hard at me, for we had not changed our costumes.

"I am ashamed," said the King, simply.

VIII.

SHORTLY after the King had fulfilled the last of the various obligations undertaken

by him while in the disguise of a fortune-teller, he fell ill of a surfeit, and although nothing more serious than an ache harassed his Majesty, nevertheless, as is proper at such times, the court expressed itself as tremendously doubtful of the royal invalid's eventual recovery, and Abad Bey, with the everlasting pretension that to his son should descend the royal scepter, became an obnoxious figure. It was during this period of gloom, when the King would see nobody but his physician, that a dark youth in a blue suit with brass buttons each stamped with a winged foot, and a vizored blue cap supporting the same classic device, rode out of the desert, to the north, on a very handsome camel, and entered the great city of Bad Bad.

As the dark stranger mounted the steps of the palace, the girl, to my astonishment, ran forward, shook him by both shoulders, and, as near as I can remember, said:

"It's Haligan, you dear boy! I am glad you've come, and how did you leave the office and Mr. Worst and Hisgain and the rest, and what have you got for me, and how did you find your way, and tell us all about it." Then the girl said my name, "and this is Mr. Haligan, the special messenger of the paper for which I correspond."

"Pleased to know yer," said Haligan, with the nod of a busy man. "Member of de press?"

"I regret to say I am not," I said. "I build bridges and railroads only."

"Well," said Haligan, in a friendly voice, by which I could perceive that he wished to put me at my ease, "if you engineers did n't build railroads and bridges, dere would n't be any accidunts for reporters to write up."

The girl laughed a clear, ringing laugh. The messenger-boy continued his remarks to her.

"Your stories has been great, miss," he said, "and I've brought wid me a letter from de Sunday editor sayin' he's pleased wid your work, and instructin' you to proceed to de Myramid celebration at Lassar. Business first and pleasure afterward," said

the dark youth, as he delivered the letter. "And how have you been, miss?"

"Great," said the girl.

"Found friends, I suppose, and all dat, everywhere?" said the youth, in the tone of an elder brother, and with a deprecating leer at me.

"All that," said the girl. "But how did you ever manage to get here without an escort or anything?"

"Easy," said the messenger-boy, "for I was armed wid me wad and me compass, and mounted on me camel, and inspired by de get-dere spirit of me callin'."

"Well," said the girl, "it's almost as good as getting home to see you again, Haligan."

"Speakin' of gettin' home," said the boy, "I don't know if it's owin' to de vivid detail of your stories, miss, or what, but dis here city and palace looks as familiar to me as Herald Square about 11 P.M., when de trolleys is chargin' home full of people, and de owls is winkin' de hour. I could n't take a wrong turn if I tried."

Further impressions of the messenger-boy were checked

for the moment by the advent of Abad Bey and a gorgeous suite. He nodded haughtily to the girl and me, and was about to pass on when his eyes encountered those of the messenger-boy. Abad Bey started visibly, parted his lips as if about to speak, thought better of it, and, evidently in some agitation, continued his way.

"Oncet I had a long-lost relation dat looked like dat guy," said the messenger-boy. He took off his cap for the first time (he had only touched it on arriving), and passed his fingers through his thick black hair.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, "what's his name. It ain't A-Bad Bey, is it?"

The girl and I looked at each other in astonishment.

"But it is," we said. "That's just it. Go on."

"And dat mosque off dere?" said the boy. "Is it called de Mosque of Tali?"

"It is," we exclaimed.

"Well, dat's all right," said the boy; "I



HALIGAN.

won't lose me job, I guess, by it, but I was born in dis here city."

At this moment there was a shout from an upper window, and presently the King, attired in what kings wear at night or when they are ill in bed, came pattering out on the terrace as fast as he could, followed by his physician, his vizir, his barber, and his son-in-law Abad Bey, in the order named. He never paused once until the blue-coated messenger-boy was fast in his royal embrace and the mercurial device of the brass buttons threatened to become indelibly impressed upon the thinly covered though ample bosom of majesty.

"Ali! Ali!" cried the King. "My long-lost Alighan! O Alighan, my son!"

The messenger-boy freed himself, and held the King at arm's-length.

"Oncet," he said, "I had a long-lost fadder dat resembled dis ol' guy, but he can't prove it, and nobody can."

"O wise boy!" said Abad Bey. "Of course nobody can prove it."

At this stage the King almost burst into tears.

"I can prove it—I can," he said, "and I will. Behold!"

Tearing aside the silk which covered his breast, he displayed to the eyes of all the before-mentioned palm-leaf done in tattoo.

"A miracle!" thundered the barber.

"Shut up, you ass!" said the vizir.

"Who is dis stout party, anyway?" said the messenger-boy.

"Hush!" said I; "he is the King."

The face of the messenger-boy brightened.

"Dat puts a soyten amount of leaves on de family tree," he said.

"Ali—Alighan," said the King, "speaking truth, have you such a mark as this on your bosom?"

"Speakin' truth, I have n't," said Haligan, "and speakin' sense, if I was to have anythin' on me bosom, it would be a gallows, or an Amurican eagle, or somethin' ornamental, or, wid apologies to de lady here present, somethin' sentimental, such as de ernitiuls of me sweetheart burnt in wid a cigar, like dem discovered on de chest of Micky Mag-hun by de wardens when dey was helpin' him wid his toilet for de electric chair. 'Dem,' says Micky, 'is de ernitiuls of me best goyl; take her dis sprig of geranium wid me compliments, and say dat wid me last sigh I forgive her all.'"

"I knew I could prove it!" exclaimed the King.

Haligan gave his hand to the King.

"Pleased ter know you," he said, "and now duty calls, n' I must be off."

"You can't do that," I said. "It seems, young man, that you are the lawful heir of this kingdom, and it's a pretty good place, and I advise you to stay."

"Kingdom come!" exclaimed Haligan. "Here, miss, you're a reporter; what's de fax?"

"You have heard them, Haligan," said the girl.

"And dey're true?"

"As fax go."

Haligan whistled, and then, with an inimitable mincing accent, he said:

"Oh, I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother," and leered about.

The girl looked despairingly at me and then at Haligan.

"Buck up, Haligan!" she said.

Haligan reflected. "I can't do it," he said at length. "I'd lose me job. Excuse me."

"You'll lose your job, Haligan," I said, "but being king is a better job, and when you get settled, you can start a paper in this old town, and be the whole shooting-match."

"I accept," said Haligan, abruptly.

Then he straightened himself, and turning to his brother-in-law Abad Bey, said, with a superb gesture:

"Me good man, don't stand dere like a bump on a log, but step lively, and ask de gentlemen what dey'll take."

IX.

SOMEHOW the girl was persuaded to remain in Bad Bad until the bridge was finished.

"I must get Haligan started," she explained.

And one day, just before her departure, as we were all sitting in a cozy circle about the King, his Majesty opened his mouth on a subject which lay close to his heart.

"My dear friends," said the King, "and you especially, Tād" (this was a name by which he sometimes called the girl; it means in Bad-Badian, when there is a long mark over the *a*, Little Blessing), "as the day is approaching upon which our pleasant and memorable sojourn together must end, I feel it my duty and pleasure to speak to you gravely upon certain matters. Realizing," said the King, "that I am a timid old man, constantly suspecting plots where none exist, and making myself otherwise ridiculous in many ways, I have decided to abdicate in favor of my son, of whom I am very proud, and on whose strong young frame and alert

mind I shall lean confidently and with affection as I go down the declining years."

The barber sniffled.

"When the girl came," continued the King, "I gave her in marriage to my friend here,"—the King pinched my ear in a friendly manner,—"but when I came to see that true marriages happen, and are not made, I was ashamed to have placed two charming young people in so embarrassing a position, and I herewith apologize for a foolish mistake, which was brought about only through an ignorance of foreign customs. When I saw that the young people, in spite of my foolish words, continued to live independent of each other, I at first marveled, and later understood. I had thought at one time," continued the King, "of offering my own hand to this young lady, and, out of deference to her education and customs, of putting away my other wives; but my friend the vizir, to whom I am grateful for his frankness, and of whom I made a confidant, told me not to be an old fool, and Rag Dal—she is the only woman who ever bore me a son—wept."

Here the girl threw her arms impulsively about the King's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Then," said the King, with a smile that had something of a quaver in it, "when my son came, I asked him if he would not like to have her for his wife; but he said that, although he was a king's son, she was too far above him for anything of that kind. I do not understand these matters, so I am willing to let them rest," said the King.

The King's son mumbled something and glanced away.

The King turned to the girl and me with his brightest look.

"And then," said the King, "I saw that she had made her own choice, after the manner of her own people.

"My dear friends," the King went on, "you from your great and modern country will perhaps look back upon your sojourn in Bad Bad with amusement, and sometimes will laugh over those adventures in which, be it admitted, I played a timid and unkingly part, for I truly believed that the hands of all men were against me and that I had no place in my people's hearts. But sometimes," said the King, "I hope that, when the day is over and the cool is settling on the pleasant garden places, you will take hands and speak kindly of the old man who loved you both and who wishes you well."



CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART SIX.



July the thirtieth.
EATED seven times, the days pass through the furnace. Only the nights are possible, and one lies awake much to realize the fact. Really, I find them more merciful than they often are in this terrible month. While the moon lived they were solemn and unreal, like the nights of an unknown planet in which one was a chance visitor. My brain burned, my head swam; I thought strange thoughts and felt new emotions, and was an alien to myself. Now that the moon is dead, there is a singular quality in the darkness; it creeps on compassionately, like delicate and tender feeling, shielding one from the fiery trouble of the obscured sun. I long for the dark, and when it comes I feel as if it were a cool hand, and I lay my cheek upon it, and am quieted and comforted—no, I am not comforted. I have not heard from Dana for eighteen days.

I read somewhere in a society novel, once, of a husband and wife who could not live together, and she smiled and said:

"Dear Bertie is on a yacht."

But after a good while "people began to think that yachting trip had lasted rather long." I wonder if people think that Uruguay is lasting rather long? But I am astonished at my fixed indifference to that sort of stinging; what I endure is so much more important than any one else's view of what I endure. Married man and woman are a universe to themselves. Other persons look small to me, and quite distant, as if they were the inhabitants of a different solar system.

The telephone people have changed our number. It is now 26—6, and went, I believe, into the new book.

August the fifth.

MARION'S head hangs like a sun-smitten flower, for the first dog-days are cruel to her, and the doctor has been to see her every

day for nearly a week. She is better for the tireless attention which he never fails to give her, and she has grown very fond of him; he, I think, of her. I found him to-day with the child on his lap, and Dombey in his arms; Banny Doodle suspended head first from his necktie, which had been untied and retied for the purpose (who can fathom the mental process which leads my daughter systematically to deny to this unfortunate doll the right to stand upon its feet?); and Job was crawling up his back. Job was engaged, I think, in the noble purpose of rescuing Banny Doodle. Job is attached to the doctor, but not devotedly so. If the truth were known, I think Job misses his master, though he would not admit it for a pound of chops. The doctor is not the master, and the master instinct in the dog is stronger than his affections or inclinations. I have found him several times, lately, sleeping on a glove or a slipper of Dana's. I think Job's jealousy of my husband has yielded to a sense of anxiety about him. We are all growing a little anxious. The doctor's eyes ask every day, and he telephoned me last evening to know if I had heard.

What would become of me without Robert? He never forgets, he never fails, he never neglects. He carries my hapless lot as if it were a shield that he might be brought home dead upon and not regret it. He guards me, he comforts me, he "keeps me from sinking down." He counts himself out; he never thinks of his own ease, of the burden that I am, of the price that I may cost him.

I am not worthy of this chivalry. I always knew that Robert was a gentleman,—and, after all, there are none too many,—but now I perceive him to be a Knight of the Sacred Circle where honor and tenderness are one quality. He is faithful to "the highest when he sees it," because that is his nature, and he can trust himself to his nature; and I—I can trust him.

I write to Dana sometimes how kind

Robert is to us, and I have tried to explain to my husband precisely how I feel about the doctor. I think Robert is very much troubled about Dana's long silence. To-day I took him unawares and asked him quite quickly:

"Have you written to Mr. Herwin?"

His face took on its transparent look, whitening visibly, but otherwise he showed no emotion, and certainly nothing that could be called embarrassment.

"Why the question, Mrs. Herwin?"

"Don't you wish me to ask it, Dr. Hazelton?"

"It is your right, of course. But—no—I do not wish it."

"Very well, Doctor. I will not ask it again."

He got up and paced the room, with his hands in his pockets, and went to the window. The blinds were closed and the light smote through, and I saw the man as I did once before, standing in a gleaming stream, with the sun-motes whirling about his head. He wheeled unexpectedly.

"I will not confuse you. I have not written to your husband. But if I should ever see occasion to do so, I wish to take the liberty without being questioned."

"Take it," I said. I held out my hands toward him. "It is an unrestricted deed."

"You are quite sure that you trust me?" he asked, with just a perceptible catch in his breath. Then I said:

"I would trust you, Robert, to the uttermost ends of fate." And so I would. Who in all my life has proved trustworthy, if not this old friend? Only my dear dead father; no one else. As I write, the candle is lighted by Marion's crib, and I can see the compass pointing north. There is something about this effect of gold and candle-light that I wish I knew how to explain to myself—I mean the sense of rest that it gives me. It melts upon the nerve like late sunlight upon green branches, or firelight upon happiness. And yet that is not what I wish to say. I am losing my power to express beautiful thoughts, so many tragic ones devour me. Is the sense of beauty meant only for the young, the inexperienced, and the happy? I have always thought it was safer for the old and the sad.

August the sixth.

I USED to dream incessantly about Dana. At first there was scarcely a night that was not cruel with him; then it would happen for three or four together, with spaces of

mercy between. He was generally in some trouble—ill, or in prison, or lost. There is one Uruguay swamp which I think must be on the map, I know it so by heart: it has palmettos, and yucca-bushes, and seven cypress-trees in the foreground; there is an old bright-green log with a viper on it, coiled (he wrote me about one called *vivora de le cruz* because it had marks like a cross on its head). Dana stands at the end of the log, the end which dips into the water; he stretches out his hands to me, and the log sinks, and then the snake springs.

There is a prison in that country, somewhere, barred with iron crosses at the windows, and he comes to the window of his dungeon,—he is far below the ground,—and lifts his arms, and I can see his fingers and enough of his left hand to recognize his wedding-ring. But I cannot see his face, and I wake calling, "Dana!"

Then there were dreams when I saw his face, and woke to wish I had not. It was turned quite fully to me, and it was dark and offended. I cannot say that it was his freezing face, but he was always inscrutably displeased with me. Sometimes he retreated from me across a wide country, and I—for I would not pursue him—stood with vast spaces between us, and wrung my hands. At other times I could hear him calling me repeatedly and anxiously, but I could not see him at all. Thrice I lay staring and sleepless all night, and at two o'clock I heard his voice distinctly in my room. "Marna? Marna?" he said loudly.

Once I had a dear dream, and cried for joy of it. I thought he came home and in at the door suddenly, and ran his hand through his dark curls, and said in his old way:

"Marna, what a darn fool I was to leave you! I can't stand it any longer." I never had this dream except that one time; and he took me to his heart, in the dream, and he cried out: "Have I been too sure you would forgive me?" Then he found my lips, although I would have denied them (for my heart was sore with its long hurt), and he said: "This is the kiss that lives."

I do not dream of Dana so often lately. I think I am rather glad of this, because the dreams lasted for days, and I was ill as long as they lasted.

August the seventh.

MINNIE CURTIS came over to-day, and asked what I heard from my husband. He was quite well, I said, by the last letter. I

thought she regarded me with a certain pity, expressed in her blonde way, without the complexion of reserve, and I wondered why it did not annoy me. Only yesterday the doctor said to me:

"The strongest trait in your character is your indifference to inferior minds."

"Some one has been talking," I said at once. "Not about—" I stopped, for I felt ashamed to have begun, and the color smote my face.

"Don't be foolish, Marna," replied the doctor, gently. "Spare yourself. I shall take care of all that."

"Some one has been talking about Uruguay," I finished.

"I am glad you mind it so little," he returned in his comfortable, comforting tone.

"Doctor," I demanded, "when your patients are on the operating-table, would they mind a wasp? Or a hornet?"

The doctor smiled: "I cannot say that I remember ever to have seen an insect of the species, or any other, in an operating-room."

"You have said it," I maintained. "They are never admitted."

When Minnie got up to go, she went over to the piano and began brushing the music about. I never knew a girl with Minnie's nose who was not, somewhere in sensibility, a defective.

"Ah," she said, "the 'Bedouin Love-Song'?" She drummed a few chords of the prelude. Then indeed I rose upon Minnie Curtis. I think I actually took her by the shoulder, rather hard, and I know that I pushed her hand back.

"You will not touch that music, if you please. I do not like it disturbed."

Minnie colored and stared.

"You don't mean to say—" she began.

In point of fact, Dana's music remains just as he left it the last time he sang and played to me. I never allow any person to touch it, for any reason, and Luella and Ellen are forbidden to dust the piano. But even Minnie Curtis's nose was equal to the situation. She did not finish her sentence.

When she had gone, I sat and eyed the music.

I love thee, I love but thee!

With a love that shall not die!

I whirled the piano-stool, which still spun with Minnie's retreated figure, and hid my face upon the rack. Thus and then I thought—and I record that I thought it for the first time in my life:

A man selects whom he pleases, and wins her if he can; he slights the object of his love when he will, and ceases to love when he chooses. A woman's choice is among her choosers, and she is denied the terrible advantage of the right to woo. Why should eternal tenderness be expected of the more disabled, the less elective feeling? Why should the life everlasting be demanded of a woman's love? I had got so far when Marion came up and pecked at my muslin dress (it was the old May-flower dress that her father used to like), and said something about Pity Popper; so I took her in my lap and kissed her hair, and I wished that I could cry.

When I looked up, the doctor was standing in the middle of the room. I do not know how long he had been there. He glanced at the music on the rack.

"I am not going to use my horses this afternoon," he said prosaically enough. "I have ordered James to come over and take you and Marion to drive at four o'clock, when it cools a little. You need the air."

He did not suggest that he drive with us, but left me, smiling gently. I do not think I even thanked him. But Marion ran and offered him Dombey to kiss. This fact was the more impressive because she had just fed Dombey on raspberries and cream.

August the tenth.

Oh, at last! . . . Dana's letters came yesterday—three of them, stalled somewhere; whether in the mails, or in his pockets, or on his desk, who can say? He used to keep letters over sometimes, and I would find them in such queer places—once I found two in the umbrella-rack.

I say "he used to," as if my husband were dead. In all separations there are the elements of eternity; and in every farewell to the being we love we set foot upon an undug grave.

Dana writes quite definitely and kindly. "I shall resign the consulship," he says. "You may expect me home this fall. I have had enough of it. I am convinced that the climate does not agree with me, and, in fact, I am not very well." He sends more love than usual to Marion, and his grateful regards to the doctor, to whom I am to set forth the fact that he is taking atropin 3×.

He adds a postscript:

"I have been thinking how patient you were with me when I had that devil of a grippe. You were a dear old girl, Marna. A fellow misses his home in a blank of a

country like this. When I get better shall you want me back?"

SENT.

"August the tenth.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your letters were so long delayed that we all had begun to be anxious. I do not think I will try to tell you how I felt when Ellen brought them in yesterday and laid them on my lap. There was war on her old face—tears and smiles. In my heart, too, were battling forces. Between anxiety and joy, between my hurt and my love, I was rent. I had waited a good while for these letters, Dana.

"Shall I want you back? Try me and see! I hurry this off by the outgoing steamer to tell you what an empty home waits for you how longingly, and what a

"Loyal, loving
"WIFE.

"P.S. Marion is better, thanks to the doctor; she has not been at all well lately. I will write at more length to-night about her, and about whatever I think will interest you. This note goes only to hold out the arms of

"Your MARNÄ."

August the eleventh.

TO-DAY the doctor came, and I showed him Dana's letters. I had, of course, telephoned the news to him yesterday, as soon as I received it, and he came in shining. One would have thought it was his own happiness, not mine, that was in the question. He had a high expression.

"I did not dare to hope for so much," he said joyously, "nor quite so soon."

"At least," I sobbed (for I could not help it), "he is alive. He had been silent so long, I had begun to—suffer, Doctor. And I did not want to cable and make myself troublesome to him."

Something in Robert's face or manner perplexed me, and I said abruptly:

"You have been writing to him!"

"I have not written to Mr. Herwin."

"Cabled, then?"

"Nor cabled."

"You might as well tell me what you have done. I think I ought to know."

"You were so kind as to say that you trusted me."

"And I do, I do. Never mind, Doctor."

"But I do mind, and I will tell you. I took steps to learn if he were still at the

consulate. Of course I did this very quietly—and suitably."

"How long ago?"

"Three weeks."

"You did not tell me."

"I did not think it would make you any—happier, on the whole."

"Have you ever done this before?"

He hesitated. "It is not the first time, I admit. I want you to feel that I shall do whatever is necessary and best for—you—"

"Robert," I tried to say, "you are a good man. I bless you from my heart."

"I receive," he said, "the benediction."

He bowed his head and stood beside me quite silently; and before I could think what I should say, he was gone.

August the twentieth.

It is on record that the fakirs really do live buried for forty days, and are reanimated. It is with me as if I had held my breath since the seventh of October last, and now began to inhale—feebly, for the long asphyxia. Now that I know I need not suffer, I scarcely know how to be happy. In the morning I wake and think, "It will soon be over." At night I fall asleep saying something that perhaps religious people would call a prayer. I have not learned to pray, for I am not yet religious: I am only disillusioned with the irreligious. I find that paganism has not helped perceptibly in that form of fate which has been appointed to me. "After all," I say, "there is a God, and he is merciful." And then I sleep—long, blessed nights. Anything can be borne, I think, if one sleeps, even joy.

The days have wings. They fly from me like strange birds lost on their way from some tropical country. There are forest fires somewhere, and here the August air is impregnated with haze, or smoke, or both. There is an unreal light all the time. The sun sinks like a burning ship in a sullen sea, and if there were a moon, she would be the ghost of a lovely mermaid diving. I feel excited every minute, as if—God knows what—would befall. I suppose it is because I am so happy.

"Try to be calmer," said Mercibel, to-day.

"It is quite unnecessary to wreck yourself."

"Mercibel," I demanded, "have you seen me shed a tear? Or do any foolish thing?"

"If I had," retorted Mercibel, dimpling, "I might have spared myself any comments on the subject." I can see that she watches me furtively.

So does the doctor. No; the adverb is

misplaced: I never saw Robert do a furtive thing. Rather should I say that he guards me quite openly. I think he has caused it to be generally known that my husband will soon be at home. He took us to ride yesterday, Marion and me; it is the first time that he has done so. He looks a little pale, but every recurrence of feeling on his face is receptive, as if he reflected my happiness. He has borne my troubles so long and so uncomplainingly, how glad I am to lighten his load! I wish I could be merrier. I am aware of trying to express the expected amount of gladness for the doctor's sake. It is remarkable how rigid the emotions grow when they have set in certain attitudes too long.

August the thirty-first.

WE are very happy. Dana's letters come more regularly than they did, and I reply frequently and comfortably; I find myself much more at ease in writing to my husband. He tells me to expect him when his year's service is over, if not, indeed, before, and that he will soon be able to be more definite. The neighbors (including Minnie Curtis) come in and wish me joy, and some old friends who have had the delicacy to keep silent while I have been filling the rôle of the neglected wife hasten to share my relief from the position, and particularly to congratulate me in that I did not accompany my husband to Montevideo. "The child made it impossible," they say politely.

Marion talks incessantly about Pity Popper, and orders for a new bicycle-suit have been issued in Dombey's behalf, while Job is destined to a Yale-blue plush ulster; but Banny Doodle, whose wedding-dress is as gray and dim as an outlived honeymoon, is to have nothing at all—unless the clothes-wringer, a dark fate on the teeth of which this hapless doll is forever clutched. "Tell Ellen squish her frough!" commands my daughter, contemptuously. Mercibel asked me to-day, with some embarrassment, if I did not think I needed some new dresses myself. I had not thought of it. I believe I have not had a new gown since Dana left. I compromised with Mercibel upon a long white cape to catch up and run about the grounds in.

A lady told me once that she never in her life had ordered a black street-dress but that there was a death in the family, and she had given up black street-dresses.

I wonder, if I instituted a new ruby house-gown, if Dana would come home any sooner?

Or if we should be any happier when he did come? Colors are forces, I think, and their power lies among the subtleties and the sorceries. Who knows where it begins or ends? If the heart of the wife is in the ruby jewel, the arms of the wife are in the ruby velvet. . . . Shall I extend them?

My old gown is quite crushed and paled; it has a grieved look. Why do I hesitate to have more wife velvet? Why is it so difficult to renew a faded rapture? And is it a duty? Or a sacrilege?

"You are looking tired," the doctor said to-day; "we must have a better color before Mr. Herwin comes." He talks a good deal about Mr. Herwin's coming. He seems to think of it all the time. He is so kind to Marion and to me that I can but dwell on his kindness continually. It runs through my happiness—a comfort within a hope—like a thread of silver twisted with a thread of gold. The other evening I ran out with Job about the grounds, and I saw the doctor's shadow on the shades of his office window; he was sitting at his desk, with his face bowed on his hands, and he looked to me (in the shadow) a lonely man. It occurs to me that it is rather noble in Robert to be so happy in my happiness. So was he grieved in my grieving; so was he broken on my rack.

Sometimes it seems to me that he shelters my joy as if it were a faint flame that a rude wind might blow out—as if he put his hand around it carefully.

SENT.

"September the third.

"DANA MY DEAR: I hurry this—it is but a postscript to my letter—to say that I am beginning to dream of you again (I have not lately), and that last night I had the dearest dream that ever a wife had of her husband in the dream-history of separated married people. I thought you came home sooner than we expected you, and hurried in, and said— But when you come home I shall tell you all about it, if you will care to hear. I shall not forget it. Some dreams are more real than facts, I find, so I treasure this for you. I am treasuring much. I am preserving my power to be happy (for that is a faculty which weakens rapidly with disuse), and am flinging off my experience of suffering. I am forgetting that you have hurt me, and remembering that you are coming to me. I am forgetting that we have ever failed to make each other happy, and I am thinking

that we loved each other dearly. And, Dear, I began to write this only to tell you that I have begun to count the days. I think you will sail on the 17th of October; don't you? And that is forty-and-four days.

"And I am four-and-forty times your waiting
"WIFE."

September the fifth.

LAST night I dreamed again of Dana, and I write it out to rid me of it. It was a composite dream, and worse than any. There was the log and the swamp, the seven cypresses and the yucca, and the viper; the coil, the spring, and the fall; and there were the bars of crosses, and the dungeon, and his uplifted hand with the wedding-ring. And there was always his dark, offended face.

Then he came home, in the dream, and he was—as he used to be before he went away; and he spoke and he did—as he used to speak and do. And, oh, it all happened all over again! My husband was not kind to me—he was not kind!

September.

I WENT to church to-day with Marion. They sang: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." . . . What if, when he comes back, it should be just the same? Will the ice in his nature solidify? Or the fire of it melt? It is a war of the elements. It is a strange thing when a wife must say: I know no more than any other woman, any chance acquaintance, what my husband will do, how his character will express itself.

September the tenth.

AND yet we are very happy. It is as if the bow of pain had bent, and the arrow of joy were flying to its mark. We live in a kind of exaltation. I can see my excitement reflected in every face—Mercibel's, Marion's, Ellen's, and, most sensitively of all, in Job's; more unerringly than any person, Job knows when I am glad or sad.

The doctor's sympathy is a fact by itself, something apart from that of other friends. It is like the atmosphere, or the law of gravitation. I breathe it, and I stand upon it. What was I writing the other day about elements? There is elemental peace as well as elemental war.

I am young and well (as women go), and I inherit physical health, but I think, as I look back on the closing record of this year, that if it had not been for Robert I might have died.

I told him so this evening.

"Do not overestimate that," he said quickly. We were sitting on the piazza, for there is a warm starlight, and he had come over to see if I had heard any news from Dana.

"It would not be possible," I persisted, "to tell you, Robert, how I feel about what you have done for me—the kindness, the care, the trouble you have taken for us—the obligation—"

Ellen, from the nursery above, where she was putting Marion to bed, began to sing shrilly:

His lov-ing ki-i-ind-ness, oh, how great!

"Listen!" I said, laughing, and I held up my hand. It was my left hand, and the moon blazed upon my wedding-ring. I crossed my hands in my lap, and my betrothal ruby flared before my eyes and his, a gleam of crimson fire. The doctor did not speak, and I sat and watched the ruby—of all colors the glorious, the rapturous, burning deep down to the heart.

"It is chilly for you here," said the doctor. "You will come indoors." He did not speak quite naturally, though quietly and firmly, as he always does. He rose, and stood for me to pass in at the door.

"Are n't you coming in?" I cried. I felt disappointed; I am alone so much, and it is such a comfort to me to see my old friends—I have not too many. No; I will be quite candid: it is a comfort to me to see the doctor. How could I help that? How could I? If I ought, I would. And I should be willing to show him my whole heart and all that is therein, and I am sure he knows that, too. I have not a thought nor a feeling that I should be uncomfortable to have him see, and when Dana comes I shall tell them all to Dana—every one.

"I don't think I will come in to-night," replied the doctor. "My patients—" He paused.

"How is the old lady?" I demanded. "How many has she had to-day?"

"Only two. I should soon discharge her, but she does n't want to go." He laughed. That laugh seemed to clear the air of I know not what, and I know not why.

"There!" I said. "You see for yourself it is much better to come in. Your patients are all quite comfortable just now. There is not one of them who needs you as much as I."

Hesitating perceptibly, he came in. There

was a fire laid on the library hearth, and he took a match and lighted it. The blaze leaped and struck him in the face. . . . I was shocked at its expression.

"I have hurt you!" I managed to say.

"Child," he faltered, "you cannot help it. I wish to change Marion's medicine," he hastened to add in his usual voice, "while I am here. Will you ring for a glass? Or shall I?"

I rang, and Luella brought the tumbler, and the doctor prepared the medicine silently. He had not sat down, and I pushed a chair toward him; he did not appear to see it.

"Two teaspoonfuls once in four hours, if you please, Mrs. Herwin." His tone was quite professional, and the muscles of his face had stiffened; I perceived that he did not mean to stay—perhaps, God knows, that he did not dare. Then swiftly it seemed to me as if I could have gone up and sat at his feet and put my head on his knee, like Marion, and cried; and I thought how he would have put his hand on my head and comforted me, as he does the child. And I was not ashamed that I thought it; but I did not tell him my thoughts. I opened my lips to say, "Don't go, Doctor!" and I closed them. I should be glad to remember that I did not say it, only that I am afraid I said a thing less kind, more weak. For everything that I had ever read and heard about friendships that people may have—men and women, right women, good men—came crowding to my mind. Once I thought it impossible that I could experience friendship, or need it, after I married Dana: now, to-night, I remembered all that haughtiness of happiness and that bigotry of inexperience with a kind of scorn of myself, for I perceived that I am more pitiable, needing friendship, than I was happy, having love. My head swam a little, and Dr. Hazelton's face seemed to blur and recede from me like a countenance within a cloud, so exalted was the man's look.

"Doctor!" I cried, "what is *this*? Is it friendship, Robert?"

Then across his eyes there passed the sacred war which no woman, witnessing, could forget: for she would reverence the man and do him obeisance in her soul forever, because his knew no reproach, as it had known no fear; and because the affection with which he had honored her was a matter to be proud of, and nobler for, and better for, as long as she should live, or he.

"Call it friendship, child," said Robert,

not quite steadily. "It is a good word, safe and strong, and it is respected of God and men."

"It is quite a true word, too," he added more distinctly—"for you, Marna." His eyes did not evade me, but met mine wistfully and straight; they were as remote and as mournful as the eyes of some higher being set to watch the sealed tomb of a lower life. He spoke more quickly: "We must be honest with ourselves in everything—you and I. And very careful. I try to be."

"I know you do! I know you are!" I cried. "God bless you, Robert!"

He held out his hand; it was cold. I put mine into it, trembling; for I felt afraid—but not of him.

September the thirteenth.

WHO was it who wrote that "God bless you!" was equal to a kiss? Sterne, I think. But what could Sterne know of the holy war, the sacred victories, the high nature of a man like this, the soul of a desolate woman, saved from despair because she had been understood, and guarded, too?

September the fifteenth.

WHERE did I track that ballad about the skipper's daughter?

" . . . a man might sail to Hell in your company."

"Why not to Heaven?" quo' she.

It has doubled, and is hunting me down.

September the twentieth.

THERE is no letter from Dana. And it is our wedding-day. What a freak of fate that a woman should try to forget her wedding-day! The doctor has not been over to-day at all.

September the twenty-first.

THIS morning very early, at half-past eight, the doctor came. He walked in without ringing, and called me, in a low voice, from the foot of the stairs. I ran down, and Marion and Job came tumbling after. The doctor detained the child gently, that she should not follow us into the library; but Job slid in. Then Robert shut the door, and then I saw the cold autumn morning light full upon my old friend's face.

"Dana is dead!" I cried.

"No—no—no!" he gasped. "It is only—this."

He held out a cablegram; his hand shook

more than mine. I read it, and folded it, handing it, without speaking, to the doctor, who extended his fingers to take it back. This was the despatch:

"To Dr. Hazelton.

"Sail Saturday San Francisco. Advised voyage round Cape for health. Have written. Tell my wife.

"HERWIN."

I COULD not see quite clearly for a little, and I got to the Morris chair and put my head back. Job jumped into my lap and began to kiss me, whining as he did so. It was so dark about me that still I could not see any object in the room except the face of the Yorkshire, and I clung to my dog; I think I said: "*You love me, Job, at any rate,*" but I am not sure. I did not think about Marion, nor about any person. It was as if I were a girl again, and had only Job. I believe I said, "Father! I want my father!" but I cannot tell; and then I suppose the doctor caught me and lifted me, for I felt that I was slipping sideways to the floor.

When my head cleared and the room had lightened, I was on the lounge. Mercibel was doing something to my clothes and rubbing my feet; the doctor had my hands in his, and warmed them gently; there was brandy on the table, and his medicine-case. As I turned, he drew my little girl between us, and put her in my arms. Marion began to babble: "Pity Popper!" Then my voice came to me, and broke upon me, overcoming me against my will. I am afraid I said:

"Oh, pity Mommer, Marion! Pity Mommer!"

No one spoke in answer to me. In the stillness I heard the dog whining. They had put him down, and he crawled back upon the lounge, and made his way to my neck, and clung there and kissed me with compassionate rapture—my truest and most helpless friend.

September the twenty-second.

I WRITE, that I may endure: for it helps me to do so—it always did; I am thus created. To-day the doctor suffered me to talk of what has happened, though he would not yesterday; but now I am much stronger, and stiller, for I will not break under this broadside, nor will I be shamed by it to my own soul.

"You have gained perceptibly since last evening," he began in his usual voice. "You are brave."

VOL. LXIV.—86.

"I am the veriest coward who ever was selected to stand under heavy fire," I protested. "The only thing is that I know it, and so don't run."

"That is the way the best soldiers are made," replied the doctor, smiling sadly.

"Run I *will* not—from *this*," I said. "It is a battle to the death now. There is one thing on which he has not counted—the roused pride of a tender woman. The powder was belated," I added, "and it is smokeless, Doctor; but it will do some execution yet."

Something in my voice seemed to wring his heart.

"Marna!" he entreated me, "*Marna*, don't!"

"Robert," I demanded, "tell me the holy truth. Nothing less and nothing else will serve me now. *Has my husband deserted me?*"

He had now quite regained himself. His averted profile did not betray him; it was gray and pinched, but it is often so. He turned his head and looked me nobly in the eye.

"I will not deceive you," he said. "It may be so. *I do not know.*"

"Believe the best," he added in his reasonably cheerful voice, "until your letter comes. There is to be a letter yet."

I said: "Oh, is there?" I had forgotten all about the letter.

October the first.

AND once I was writing notes to ghosts—my mother, who ceased from me when I was a little girl, and pretty Ina, dead in her teens. There are no ghost letters on these pages now. Life has accepted my manuscript, and edited it sternly, drawing his delemark through all the fantasies.

And yet, I think if I could see my father for one moment, perhaps he would find a way to help me. He always did; he was full to the brim of love-inventions. And if he came in at the door and said, "Now, daughter—" I should expect the miracle. In the last few days I think I have prayed to my father.

If Dana should never come in at the door again—there is no letter yet. I have come to regard the door as an enemy, as something forced between us, and I have stolen down for several nights and drawn the bolts, and slept with the house unlocked.

October the third.

THE letter has come. I suppose it is what I should expect, and yet I cannot say that it is. He sets forth the fact that he has not.

been well, and that the only doctor he could get hold of in that blanketed country who seems to possess a dose of sense ordered the sea-voyage. He takes a coasting steamer, by name the *Marion*. He will cable from San Francisco, and I am to write to the hotel the name of which he gives me. He is sorry to disappoint me, and I shall hear from him as often as possible. He cannot yet set a date for his return, but hopes that it will not be long delayed. He sends his love to the baby, and his regards to the doctor, to whom I am to express my husband's warmest gratitude for the faithful care which has been given to the family. The letter reads like a copy-book with broken sentences; there are several such, and the whole thing is a reluctant medley. There is not a genuine word in it from beginning to end. He adds that he is glad to leave a country where there are two thousand species of insects and where the spiders are as large as—something that I could not make out.

Later.

A SCRAP from Dana's letter fell when I opened the envelop,—I suppose I was confused and excited,—and it wavered away and dropped somewhere. Job has just found it and brought it to me, wagging joyously. When I read the scrap, I kissed Job and blessed him, for this is it:

"P.S. You're a sweet old girl, Marna. For God's sake, think as well of me as you can."

October the fourth.

I SHOWED the letter to the doctor, for I felt that I had better.

"Is this all?" he asked.

"There is a postscript," I admitted. "I do not know whether to show it to you or not."

"Have you written?" he persisted.

"No."

"Cabled?"

"No."

"Are n't you going to do either, or both?"

"I have not made up my mind."

"Let me see the postscript," he replied authoritatively.

I unfastened it from this page and showed it to him, and pinned it back again in its place. Neither of us spoke. The doctor went to the window in that way he has, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out, a sturdy figure, all man, from his strong head to his firm foot. I wondered that I had

ever called him "too short," and that I used to think him plain.

"You stand between me and despair," I thought. But the thing I said was:

"Robert, what shall I do?"

"Give me time," he answered patiently; "I must think." He left me without looking at me.

October the fifth.

TO-DAY he came again, and began at once:

"Mrs. Herwin, I have come to say that I do not know how to advise you. This situation has passed beyond me. It has passed from the ordinary to the extraordinary perplexity. I am afraid—I am sorry to seem to fail you!" He broke suddenly.

"There is a point," he hurried on, "where the third soul cannot trespass. Your tragedy has reached that point. It may not remain there: it may take on new phases—something where I can be of use again. If I can—you know you will not have to ask."

I said something—I don't know what—half inarticulate; but he spoke again, before I had finished:

"Just now I think only your own heart can counsel you. Follow it. I can give you no other advice to-day. When I have considered the matter further I may have more to say. For the present, do not depend upon my judgment, but upon your own instincts."

As he moved to leave me, a shaft of sunlight which his figure had interrupted fell across the hair of my little daughter, who, running in, had sprung upon me and at that moment laid her face upon my lap. I put out my hand to smooth her curls,—her father's curls,—and the ruby on my finger received the light deep to the core of the splendor.

"It is the heart of the wife," I thought.

Yet at that moment, so perplexed am I, so torn and troubled, it seemed to me that if the doctor left me so I should perish of my bewildered desolation. And I did utter these weak and bitter words:

"I am sorry to have been so troublesome to you."

He wheeled as if I had smitten him.

"I think, Mrs. Herwin, I have deserved to be better understood by you than that."

Then indeed I followed the counsel of my heart, for it urged me, and I cried out:

"Forgive me, Robert! I am so wretched! I have nobody but you!"

I got up to put Marion out of the room, for it was no sight for her, to see her mother weeping, and I could not have helped it if

I had been slain for it. I shut the door, and put my head on the top of the Morris chair, and, so standing, I cried and cried.

And then I heard from between the teeth of my old friend these five half-strangled words:

"Good God! How *could* he?"

I do not think he knew I heard them, and I hope he did not. I motioned him to leave me, and he did so instantly. I did not see his face, for I did not lift my own.

October the tenth.

THERE have been burglars about us lately, and the neighborhood is uneasy. I wonder why I am not? A burglar is such a small trouble. I have scarcely seen the doctor for a week, and although I have been really ill with I don't know what, I have not summoned him. To-day Mercibel came over, and ran back, and sent him immediately. He was so entirely himself that he put me at my ease at once. Neither of us referred to the circumstances of his last call. He prepared his powders, gave me some quiet professional advice, and rose to go. Then, quite naturally, as he has been in the habit of speaking, he observed:

"Have you cabled?"

"No."

"Written?"

"No, Doctor."

"Are you going to?"

"I have not made up my mind. Of course he is at sea now. Is there any hurry?"

He did not reply.

"If this is desertion—" I began.

"And if it is not?" interrupted the doctor, quickly.

"Robert," I said, "if you knew anything about Dana that I did n't—should you tell me?"

"Perhaps not."

"And yet, if I needed to know, if I ought to know—"

"Have you ceased to trust me, Marna?" Robert asked.

I held out my hand. He took it, laid it down, and looked at me.

"You may not have all the perplexity," he said gently. "I am trying to do the best I can."

"If the worst were true, if he means—this," I insisted, "would you have me pursue him?"

A terrible gleam flickered in Robert's eyes, but his pale lips were locked.

"And if the worst were not true—if there were some reason, something that I do not understand—"

"Consider this possible," he interrupted more impetuously than he is apt to speak; "in making your decision, allow for such a margin— If I *knew*, I should be able to counsel you. I cannot advise you on a working hypothesis. As the thing stands at this crisis, I would rather trust your heart than my head.

"Child," he added, "remember that I am not—unwilling to do—anything. I have a good deal to consider—not for myself—but for you, Marna."

Then he fell upon the phrase that he had used before:

"We must do—God help us!—the best we can."

November the tenth.

WHERE is that cataract which spends itself before it becomes spray and falls, so great the height from which it leaps? Nothing but mist reaches the ground.

What shall a woman do with the current of a feeling fixed at too far a height, and dashing over to its own destruction in too deep a gulf? My love is a spent cataract, wasted in mid-air. Last night I waked suddenly and found myself saying, "I wish I had never seen my husband's face." I have never said that before. It is as if I had blasphemed for the first time in my life. I quiver with it yet. When I slept again, I waked again, and that time I was saying:

Oh, each man kills the thing he loves;

The brave man does it with a sword,

The coward with a kiss.

I have not heard from Dana. The doctor asked me two weeks ago if I had written, and I said, "Only that once." I kept a copy of the letter, as I have—I wonder why—of several letters, (but not all) that I have written him since he went to South America.

SENT.

"MY DEAR DANA: I try to write, as you asked, but my pen is dumb. What would you have me say? If a man would kill the thing he loves, he smites to slay, he does not vivisect. If you would tear the tie between us—be a man and tell me so. There is, I think, a circle of fate where a woman's love will parley with neglect no more. Mine has reached that invisible circumference. It used to be eternal growth and motion, like the ripples of the ether, when a sacred word has been spoken, widening on and out for—"

ever. Now everywhere that I turn I meet the boundary; and I must say that I am afraid to measure it, lest I should perceive that it is narrowing. Are you playing with your own soul or with my tenderness? Be candid with me, for your own sake, for the child's, and for mine.

"MARNA.

"P.S. Dana! Dana! You ask me to think the best I can of you. Then tell me what to think, I pray you, Dear. Are you sick? I would come to you anywhere, anyhow—and, oh, I would cherish you still. Are you in any trouble? I would share it to the uttermost pang. Have you done anything wrong, Dana? I would be the first to forgive it, to forget it. I would help you to put it behind you, to bear the consequences, no matter what they are or might become. Trust me, Dana. Confide in me—even now. Tell me the worst, and I will believe the best. Share with me your trouble—I don't care what it is—even if it is the trouble of ceasing to love me. Let us meet that misery together as once we met love together, and help each other to bear it as best we can, because we chose each other, and you did love me, and I am

"Your WIFE."

There has been no answer to this letter. The spray of the cataract turns sleet, and I can imagine that in time there might a glacier form in the gulf below.

I can see that the doctor grows anxious. He has ceased to ask me whether I have written to my husband. Nor do I longer question him. I can see that Mercibel pities me. I thought I was fond of Mercibel, but now I do not like to have her near me very often. I do not care to see any person,—I wince at every point of human contact,—yet I cannot show it. I am like an animal fixed in a torture-trough by experimenters. My house has become my world. I see my servants, my child, and the doctor. He does not come as often as he did. I perceive that even he is affected by the position I am in, and that, in fact, I can take no natural hold on life anywhere. Robert is very careful. The Knight of the Sacred Circle makes no weak mistakes. Yet I feel from my soul that my fate bears upon his continually. I may be wrong,—a desolate woman is apt to lose her sense of proportion in measuring her effect upon a man who cares for her at all,—but it seems to me as if my old friend did not forget me for an hour. And when he does come—oh, God bless him!

God bless him as I never can, but as I would, and I am not afraid or ashamed to say so! I would so bless him, if I could, that he should be happier, having my friendship, than he could be having the love of any gladder, freer woman in the world.

I wish that I could tell him so.

November the twelfth.

HE came to-day, and I tried to tell him; it seemed to me as if I must—as if I owed so great a debt to his chivalry, and his pure and high affection, that the least I could do was to express as much as that to him. Why, I could say it before all the world! But he forbade me by a gentle motion of the hand.

"Hush, Marna. You need not explain it. I understand.

"It is true," he added, as if he had really understood the very words upon which he sealed my lips. "I do feel in that way. And I am happier—as it is—than I could be—"

"You need not explain, either," I interrupted, smiling. "I, too, can understand."

We shook hands and parted quietly. His presence remains for a long while after he has visibly left me. I read the other day:

It is easy to throw off a hand of flesh, but not the clasp of a human soul.

Everything comes to the spirit at last, I find. Might there be some subtle and sacred advantage reserved for that which begins with the spirit and does not descend?

Love is like God, omnipotent, immutable, inscrutable, and they that worship it must worship it in spirit and in truth.

Next to God, the best thing is a true-hearted and high-minded friend.

November the fifteenth.

MARION was taken suddenly last night with one of her croupy throats (she is entirely relieved to-day), and Ellen telephoned for the doctor. It was half-past two. He got over on the wings of the wind, and lavished himself upon the baby for an hour; nor did he speak to me at all, except to give me professional orders. When the child was relieved, he asked me to step down-stairs for a moment. We stood together in the hall. There was no light except from the compass-candle, which I had carried down; it had a gentle flame.

"I found the front door unlocked," he began with abrupt severity. "You had sent Ellen to draw the bolts for me, I presume?"

"No, Doctor."

"Was it intentionally unlocked?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Why?"

"I cannot explain why. I—feel happier so."

"Since when?"

"Oh, for quite a while, I think. It seems as if I *could* not lock it. I tried."

"This has been so since your husband cabled last?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Don't you know that it is positively unsafe—for yourself, your family? You must know that the autumn burglaries in the suburbs have been worse this year. You are as liable to have trouble as any one else, and you are—quite unprotected."

"We sleep with all our bedrooms bolted, Doctor—thoroughly."

"You should sleep with your front door locked and bolted after this."

I made no reply.

"Will you do so, Mrs. Herwin?"

"No, Dr. Hazelton."

"Why not, Marna?"

"I cannot bolt that door, Robert."

"Very well," said the doctor; "I shall send over a man to sleep here after this—one of my nurses. I can spare Eliot, just now, perfectly well; he is on day duty, and likely to be. He is entirely trustworthy, and too well trained to ask for reasons why. You will make up the sofa-bed for him in the library, if you please. He will come over to-morrow night at ten o'clock."

I offered no protest,—indeed, it did not occur to me till to-day that I could,—and the doctor left without another word. As he opened the front door, the wind puffed out the compass-candle and left me staring.

"What should I do without it?" I thought as I groped up-stairs in the dark.

November the sixteenth.

ELIOT came over at ten o'clock last night, and disappeared from public life in the library sofa-bed. I slid down and unbolted the front door, as usual, and slept as I have not done for weeks—not listening, nor quivering. Eliot is so used to watching that he would stir at any sound.

November the seventeenth.

TO-DAY the doctor found me grappling with the shipping news, a feeble self-delusion. I never knew there was any before, and I might as well be turned afloat on the stock-market. He took the paper from my hand. In his eyes I saw unfathomable compassion.

"I will attend to all that," he said.

"If there should be any wreck?" I whispered.

"There is no wreck," answered Robert. "The *Marion* has arrived in port quite safely."

"How long have you known this?" I asked, when my head ceased whirling.

"About two weeks."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"Would it have done any good, been any easier? I tried to choose the lesser pang for you."

There was nothing to be said. I felt that the misery in my eyes leaned upon the chivalry in his too utterly, too heavily. I turned my face away.

November the twentieth.

TOLSTOY says that people should marry in the same way as they die—"only when they cannot do otherwise."

In the main condition of civilized human happiness, is there a terrible structural fault? Is the flaw in the institution of marriage itself, or is it in the individual?

Why did Dana find it impossible to be happy on the terms of married life? Other men are. But *are* they? Is society dancing under a white satin mask—the sob or the grimace beneath? Is my lot only more crudely or vulgarly expressed than others selected from the general experience—a cry instead of a satire? Dana loved me—madly once, dearly afterward. Why did not the dearness remain when the madness had gone? Must a man cease to value because he has won? Is this a racial trait, or Dana's trait? Am I meeting the personal misery, or the fate of my sex? Why, when I endured so much, could he bear so little? How, when I cherished, could he neglect? Why, when my tenderness clung, could his unclasp?

Once I was a proud girl. Plainly, I should never have become a loving wife. That was a mistranslation of nature. It was the Descent of Woman. If this which has befallen me is *Man*, not *Dana*, then some woman of us should lift her voice and warn the women of the world what woe awaits them in the subterfuge of love. Now I remember my dream—how I sat in the amphitheater, and saw myself and Dana on the stage, and blamed myself for the excessive part that I played in my tragedy, and the house rose upon me from the pit to the boxes, for it was serried of women, and they said: "You are ours, and of us, forever"; and I cried out

upon them: "Then womanhood and manhood are at civil war!"

Why does a woman trust herself to love, or to her lover? Friendship is the safer, as it is the saner thing.

If it is *Man*, not *Dana*, what then, I say? It is conceivable that the time might come when the Princess in the great Medley of Life should make no feint of battle,—to be beaten, poor girl, by all the military laws,—but in some later, wiser day should gather her forces, and order her heralds, and proclaim the evolution of her will: "We give you all that history has taught us you can be trusted with—our friendship, sirs. For the rest, we do reserve ourselves."

There is no word from Dana, yet, of any kind. Every one has ceased to speak to me about my husband.

November the twenty-fourth.

LAST night a strange thing happened. It was pretty late, as much as half-past eleven, and Eliot had come in and was asleep (or he says he was) in the sofa-bed. I had not slept at all. The telephone called sharply—I think it was twenty-five minutes to twelve, for the compass-candle showed my watch as I sprang. I got into my old ruby negligée and ran. Eliot, in his nurse's dressing-gown, stood tall and lank in the hall. He had the receiver at his ear. As I flew down the stairs he was saying:

"26—6? Yes, this is 26—6."

"Mrs. Herwin's? Yes. This is Mrs. Herwin's house. Yes, she is at home—yes. I will call her."

"Yes; Mrs. Herwin is coming. Hold the wire."

I took the receiver from his hand, and he stepped back. I motioned to him to return to the library. He did so, and I think he shut the door. I said:

"Who wishes Mrs. Herwin?"

There was no reply. I repeated my question, more loudly and quite distinctly; but there was no answer. In a kind of nervous fright, I rang the Central peremptorily. The night operator, stupid with sleep, was inclined to view the summons in the light of a personal offense.

"You've cut me off!" I cried. "Give me my message."

The night operator made some inarticulate answer—Dana would have called it actionable. He said the baby used actionable language when she cried.

"Please give me my message!" I pleaded. "It may be very important. I must have that message. Oh, *do* give me my message!"

"Great Scott!" said the night operator.

The night was windy and cold, and the wires sang wildly. As I stood waiting, the noise deepened; it was as if the electric forces pitted themselves against me, that I should not have the message. I threw the whole power of my voice upon them:

"Who wants Mrs. Herwin? Here she is. *I am here,*" I repeated clearly.

Faint, far, infinitely far, jarred and jagged, like a cry coming from a falling star, it seemed to me as if a voice replied. But what it said I could not hear, I do not know. The rage of the wires increased. I called till I was spent. The electric protest, as if hurled from a mighty throat, grew into a roar. It was now impossible to communicate even with our own exchange. The cold drops started upon me, I do not know why. I experienced a kind of supernatural fear.

The library door opened, and the nurse stepped out.

"Come away, Mrs. Herwin," said Eliot, suddenly. "It is of no use. I will call the doctor."

"You can't," I protested; "the wires won't work. Listen to that roar! Horrible!" I put the receiver to his ear.

"It does sound ugly," admitted Eliot. He was now dressed, and he put on his hat to go for the doctor.

"Go back to bed," I said peremptorily. "There is nothing in the world that the doctor can do. Why should you rouse that tired man? Tell him in the morning."

"I am not your patient," I maintained, when the nurse hesitated; "I am your hostess. Go back to bed, Mr. Eliot."

With no more words, he went. I crawled up-stairs, and lay staring till dawn. The white electric light of the street-lamp that I have always loved, and Dana used to like, flooded the lonely room. The telephone wires raved on the roof of the house, and the banshee suddenly joined them.

November the twenty-fifth.

THE doctor was disturbed by the telephone story, but he would not discuss it with me. He and Eliot have been in some sort of consultation, and it is my opinion that Robert went in person to the exchange to-day. It did not occur to me to do as much, I am so used to the doctor's thinking of everything.

"Have you found out where the message came from?" I asked him suddenly.

He shook his head. I was so sure, however, he had heard something, that I insisted:

"What was it, Robert?"

"It was a long-distance call," he said.

There was no repetition of the call last night.

November the twenty-seventh.

LAST night at half-past twelve—I had not slept, but was lying in my old red gown, all ready for any summons—the telephone called again, and again I ran.

This time I was in advance of Eliot; in fact, the nurse seemed to have slept through the ringing of the call-bell, at which I was surprised; he did not come out of the library, and I answered the call myself.

The night was as mute as eternity, and the wires were clear and calm. Again, as before, a distant operator asked:

"Is this 26—6?"

"This is 26—6."

"Mrs. Herwin's house?"

"It is Mrs. Herwin's house."

"I wish to speak with Mrs. Herwin."

"I am Mrs. Herwin."

A clumsy silence intervened. Then I heard the distant operator say:

"Here 's your party. Why don't you speak up?"

A faint voice feebly uttered an indeterminate sound.

"Who wants Mrs. Herwin? *Oh, who are you?*" I cried.

The unsuccessful articulation struggled and fell feebly from the wire. The distant operator took offense.

"Why don't you talk, now you 've got your party? You 've got no more voice than a ghost. Speak up, man, in Heaven's name! Can't? Mrs. Herwin, the party can't talk. He can't be heard. And he won't talk through me. He seems to be an obstinate party—he—"

The distant operator's voice died down. I called, I rang, I threatened, I pleaded. The message was cut off as utterly as the voices of the dead.

The receiver shook so in my hand that I could not hang it up, and while I was furn-

bling to do so I felt it taken from me. I said: "Thank you, Eliot." But it was not Eliot. Ashen and stiff, the doctor's face regarded mine.

"Am I too late?" he asked hoarsely. "Eliot did as well as he could. It took time. Let me come, Mrs. Herwin."

As I stepped aside for him to take my place at the telephone, I perceived the impassive face of the nurse; he was shutting the library door to go back to his sofa-bed. What orders had he received and (I must say admirably) executed?

To leave me to answer the call-bell? To slip out of the window and summon the doctor?

Peremptorily, in the professional tone, this order came:

"Mrs. Herwin, go into the parlor and lie down on the sofa till I call you."

I obeyed. The doctor stood at the telephone a long time. Fragments of what he was saying fell, but I did not try to gather them. I knew everything would be right, everything would be done, now that he was there. Presently he hung up the receiver and came into the dark room; he had the compass-candle in his hand.

"I have learned where the call came from," he said in a matter-of-fact tone—as if it were hardly worth speaking of.

I sprang.

"From a town in Minnesota," proceeded Robert, quietly. "The name is Healer—one of those queer Western names."

I tried to speak, but I do not think I succeeded. I believe I meant to ask if he thought it were a real town, and my dry lips stupidly struggled with the words: "I never heard of such a place"—as if that fact bore upon the case at all.

"I happen to have some professional knowledge of the village," observed the doctor, "though that does n't amount to much. It is near St. Paul—this side. St. Paul is about as far as the telephone goes."

Then I cried out upon him:

"Oh, is there no way? Can't you find out anything more?"

"I have done my best," said Robert, patiently.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON.

THREE STRANGE ANIMALS.

NOTES BY J. M. GLEESON TO ACCOMPANY HIS DRAWINGS.

I. THE MANED WOLF, OR WHAT?



HE director of the Bronx Zoölogical Garden summed up the situation pretty accurately when, in answer to my request for information about the maned wolf, he said: "If you have seen him, you know as much about him as any one." I had felt quite ashamed when for the first time I gazed wonderingly upon this strange and weirdly constructed creature, and realized that I knew absolutely nothing about him. His scientific name, *Canis jubatus*, had been only a meaningless word; but on making inquiries on every side, and examining the transactions of the various zoölogical societies, I found there was nothing to be ashamed of, for virtually nothing of his habits is known. His name certainly is a misnomer, for be he wolf, fox, or wild dog,—and he is classified as each of these by various experts,—maned he certainly is not, any more than is the gray wolf or even the collie. He appears to me to be more fox-like in appearance and character than anything else, and I am sure that if he were seen in the open, with the grass covering half the length of his ridiculous legs, any one, expert, naturalist, or other, would unhesitatingly pronounce him to be a gigantic fox.

I had never seen either drawing or photograph of him, and when I suddenly came upon him in the Amsterdam zoo I felt for the moment that I was the victim of some optical illusion. He was lying down. I saw what seemed to be a red fox magnified sev-

eral times, looking out at me with the true fox expression; but a thin black-and-red leg stuck out from the curled-up body to such a distance that I fairly held my breath with astonishment. Just then he sprang lightly to his feet and stalked gravely up and down the front of his cage—short neck, huge ears, thin, pointed muzzle, the long needle-like canine teeth showing for half an inch against the jet-black under lip, and his legs more out of proportion than those of the giraffe. He seemed literally to be walking on stilts.

His eyes were large and black, rather close together, and with the timid, anxious fox expression, quite unlike the bold yet wary expression of a wolf. His body was about the size of a large timber-wolf, and was covered with rather long, coarse, yellowish-red hair, broken with certain black and white markings. The face was red, growing dark toward the muzzle; the under jaw was jet-black, suddenly changing at the junction of the neck into snow-white; the ears, very large and somewhat rounded at the tips, were red on the outside and white within; from the nape of the neck to the shoulder was a stripe of very dark brown hair, rather long, and, I fancy, capable of erection, when it might vaguely suggest a mane. The hair over the ribs was curly, and the under surface of the body was fawn-colored; the tail was tipped with white, and the legs were red on the outer and inner surface, and running into black toward the ankles. The feet were large, black, and hairy.

This strange animal occurs in Brazil, Paraguay, and Argentina, and is called by the natives "aquara-quazi." He inhabits the swamps and lagoons, where he remains concealed by day, coming out at night to prey upon the small rodents and reptiles. He will

even eat fruit. Occasionally, however, he will attack sheep.

He is said not to extend as far south as the pampas, and this is rather astonishing, as he seems most peculiarly fitted by nature for such an environment. There, I should fancy, he might live in almost absolute security from man, his great height enabling him to look over the tall grass and scan the

II. THE BLACK LEOPARD.

It was somewhat astonishing to find not so very long ago in one of our leading magazines an article by a well-known writer in which he seriously discussed the difference between the leopard and the panther, and it is not at all unusual to hear visitors in a zoo, while standing in front of the leopard cage,



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEASON.

MANED WOLF AND PACAS.

country, while he could shrink out of sight behind a tiny tuft of dried grass. His speed should be enormous, for he is quick of motion, and his phenomenal reach of limb should make it possible for him to outrun anything. What a grand sight it would be to see him trying his speed with the fleet rhea, or South American ostrich, the latter with long neck outstretched, one wing held aloft, sail-like, its long muscular legs working like those of a blooded trotter, and the wolf, with ears down, pointed muzzle, tail straight out, skimming like a red streak over the ground in mighty bounds! These things, however, we shall never see, for animal life is disappearing as rapidly in South America as in our own country, and the *Canis jubatus* will in all probability soon become in very fact a name only.

VOL. LXIV.—87.

ask where the panthers are kept. They are, of course, one and the same animal. There is a very great difference in the size and structure as well as the markings of leopards, the larger species being at times called the panther. But the most astonishing thing is that in the same litter with the yellow-spotted variety may be, and frequently is, found a black leopard. The black one is not without his full complement of spots, which, of course, are visible only in very favorable lights. His coloration is, however, not the only strongly marked difference, his structural formation being generally quite different, while his character is so much so as almost to convince one that he must be a separate species. His head is generally smaller and finer than that of his spotted brother, the profile being much more curved,



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

HIS NOISELESS SNARL (THE BLACK LEOPARD).

and a good specimen seems to me to be more strongly built.

I know no other animal that so completely embodies all conceptions of a dreadful savage beast of the jungle. As the spotted leopard is by his well-arranged protective coloring almost invisible in daylight, so the black leopard, moving only at night, must assimilate perfectly with the gloom of the jungle when he seeks his prey—silent, invisible, terrible. His very snarl is noiseless; the lips curl back, showing the purple gums

and sharp white teeth. His yellow eyes become narrow slits of light; he emits no sound: he moves a veritable shadow, black, mighty, and as savage as a demon. Well has Kipling chosen him to play an important rôle in his splendid jungle romance; and he describes him well: "Black as the pit, and terrible as a demon." He speaks of his voice as being as "soft as honey." Of this I do not know; I have hung for weeks about his cage, but have never heard him make a sound.

For the average visitor to the zoo he is neither an interesting nor entertaining animal, for he moves but rarely during the day, and is known to most people only as a black, sulky brute always curled up in the remotest corner of his cage, and occasionally favoring them with a noiseless, vicious snarl. In the zoölogical garden at Antwerp are two splendid males, and while working there I discovered that, twice a day, one of them took some exercise. I was always there, and have made the only drawings of

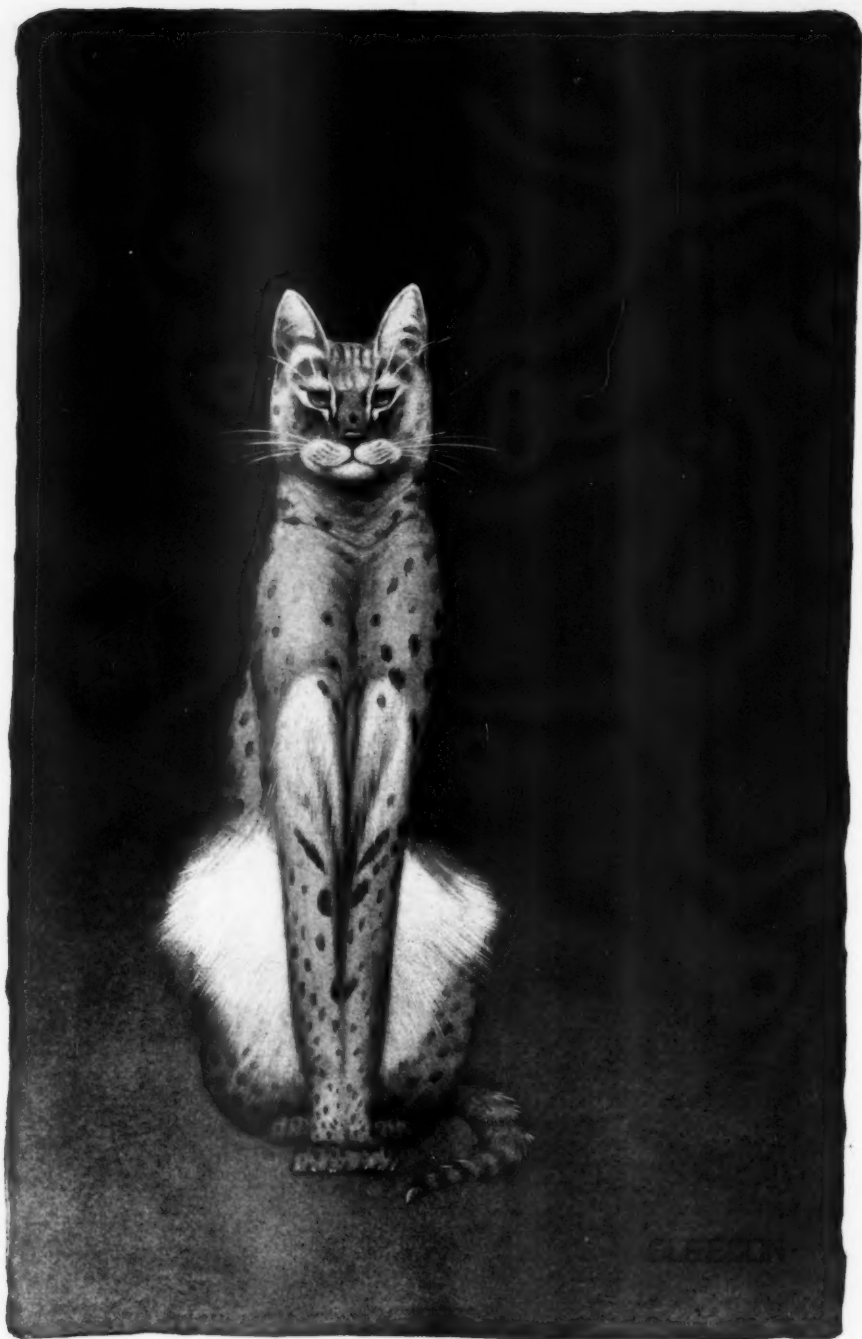
the real black panther that I have ever seen, all the other drawings being merely of a leopard and colored black.

There was virtually no variation in his exercise—up and down, up and down, just so many steps to the right, just so many to the left; then in circles around the cage and over a heap of artificial rocks. Then stopping in the center of his cage, facing outward, he dropped back on his haunches and fixed his eyes for a moment on the highest point of the front of his very high cage; then



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEASON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. GARDNER.

THE BLACK LEOPARD (ANTWERP ZOO).



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE SERVAL.

straight up he flew, half-way up in a single easy bound, and caught the front bars with his paws, exactly as a man would with his hands. Another bound from that seemingly impossible position, and he was nosing the ceiling. He held on for a few moments, then, just turning his head and looking down, he sprang away from the bars and alighted lightly on his feet. On rare occasions I have seen him spring from the top of his box in the extreme rear of his large cage, strike in his flight the polished woodwork of the side of the cage, and rebounding, traverse the entire width of the cage, landing against the front bars, to which he clung. Though in a half light he gives an impression of velvet-black, he has, in a strong light, much color. The upper flat planes become blue, shading into black; along his sides and flanks the local color is a purple-brown. His eye, while appearing yellow, is in reality a light hazel.

III. FELIS SERVAL.

THIS is the largest of the smaller African wildcats, being next in size to the leopard. Like the leopard, it is found from Algeria to the Cape. It is not generally looked upon as a handsome or otherwise interesting animal, which is of course very good fortune for the cat, for it has thus escaped the slaughter which is the fate of all that is beautiful in the animal kingdom;

nor has the naturalist pursued it with any keenness, as is shown by the dearth of information as to its habits, which are probably those of any other wildcat. It preys upon all kinds of small animal life, and is known occasionally to kill the gazelle. The specimens in zoological gardens do not appear much more formidable than a house cat, but a good specimen taken wild may measure five feet in length, of which about one fifth is tail.

I find the serval handsome and in certain poses even statuesque, reminding me of the bronze figures of animals found with Egyptian mummies. Its movements are very quick and graceful, and in walking it holds its head high. Its most characteristic features are the great length of leg and the comparative shortness of tail. The hair is somewhat longer and coarser than that of the leopard, and is of a somewhat faded tawny, running into pure white on the lower parts, where the hair may be long. The spots of black are very small and far apart, but they increase in size and thickness as they approach the ridge of the back, where they run into lines. The tail is somewhat flat and is ringed with black. A pelt may be distinguished by the large black spot on the inner surface of the upper fore leg. The serval is playful, and if taken young is easily tamed. Black specimens frequently occur, the markings of the skin showing in a favorable light, as in the case of the black leopard.

HUNTING-SONG.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

OVER the jeweled lawn—
Follow, follow, away!
Up to the hills of dawn—
Follow, follow, away!
Ah, 't is a noble quest.
Follow the game with zest.
Holloa! Holloa!
Follow! Follow!
Up to the doors of Day.

Back to the glowing West—
Follow, follow, away!
Back to the gates of rest—
Follow, follow, away!
Back to the hearth and hall, my lads!
This is the best of all, my lads!
Holloa! Holloa!
Follow! Follow!
Follow the sunset ray.

Into the shades of Sleep—
Follow, follow, away!
Never a trail to keep—
Follow, follow, away!
Hang the horn on the wall, my lads!
Others will echo its call, my lads!
Holloa! Holloa!
Follow! Follow!
Peace to the hunter's day!



DRAWN BY E. NOYES THAYER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"PESKY LITTLE RASCAL! I CAL'LATE YOU DON'T SEE NO GUN, EH!"

FIRST PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.



DRAWN BY F. TAYLOR BOWERS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

UNCLE ISAIAH: "DAT DAWG DONE TRACKED 'NUDDER RABBIT, SUAH!
CAYN'T FOOL DIS YERE NIGGER ON RABBITS!"

SECOND PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.



DRAWN BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A PROTEST: "WHEN I LOOK AT 'E FUSS VE MAK OFER
TESE CONFOUNTET FOREIGN NOPILTIES, I AM *ALMOSHT*
ASHAMET DOT I AM AMERICAN."

THIRD PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.

THE PROVING OF LANNIGAN.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.



HE steam-launch was bowling up the bay and homeward, at high tide and twilight and spring, with the crew at military silence and two officers in lively conversation with a lady. Lannigan had not regarded the lady, though the rating "A1!" had been whispered to him at the moment she stepped aboard. But here, as he leaned in his seat and dreamed with the evening, the flare of a match set her profile sharp against his eyes, and started up a thrill in Lannigan that kept him gazing long when the soft, compelling features had blurred in the gloom again. Strange, strange! Time had been too busy erecting her fortunes all these years for ever a touch at her lovely face. He settled down with his head in his hands, seeming to stare at the keel of the boat. But he did not see it, and he did not hear the beat of the screw or the rush and ripple of the waters.

What he saw was the wall of a long, deep garden, and, at a corner hidden by trees from a time-worn house, a girl, who leaned over, muffled in a scarf, lest he might discern her face in the starlight. What he heard, in this night of June, was her rich, old-country voice, with a bit of the blessed brogue in it, and a touch of the heart, he thought, and a quaver of longing.

"Then why will I never see ye again?" he pleaded.

"If I disappeared for years," she said, "I'd find ye still here whistling to the robins every morning. Sure, ye've stolen the secret of happiness, and that from some girl, I think, such a tongue ye have."

"Then ye'd better share half the secret with me," he said, "or, faith, ye'll be robbing it all."

"Now, true, if I thought I'd never grow old," she laughed, "I'd scare ye for saying that. I'd make ye think I swallowed your blarney."

"What's growing old to do with being young?" he said. "Why, the pleasure of

growing old with you would keep a man young forever."

"Ah, yes," said the girl; "for is n't a man young always? But there's nothing that keeps a woman young, and there's plenty that makes her old. And that's how little ye know of us; for I believe ye never had a mother."

"Did n't I have a mother, though?" said Lannigan. "And as handsome she was as you'd be, now, if a bat would steal that scarf away. And she never grew old: she stayed preserved in the sweet things that none could keep from telling her. 'T was she that learned me how to read the heart behind the smile, Mary Travers; and that's why I know ye like me prayers, though ye do pretend ye'll come no more to the wall."

"Ye child!" said Mary Travers, drawing the scarf more tightly. "Ye never even saw me face. And if ye did, ye'd pass me by; for I'm the ugliest girl that ever slaved for a living. And maybe that's why I'm scared of to-morrow night's moon."

"Whatever marble you're made of," said Lannigan, "it's the heart of burning fire inside I'm knocking at. What's a face, Mary Travers? Sure, the devil himself is a handsome man. Ye need have no face at all, if ye like."

"Oh, with such a tongue inside your head, ye'll never lack a roof over it," said Mary Travers. "Well, it's good-by to ye; and when I'm an old woman I'll remember how pretty ye can talk to an empty face at a wall."

"I've something important to tell ye," he called. But she had fled, and the stars looked down upon his puzzled countenance.

When he returned, the following night, she was not there, and he could not understand. Their dozen trysts had yielded what seemed to him too inevitable and from too near the source for her now to keep a promise of absence made so lightly. He gave a robin's whistle and hummed a snatch of a sailors' chanty as he walked the length of

the three inclosing walls. Then some one in the garden began tapping with a trowel on a flower-pot. He stopped and called, but only the cold wall gave echo to his greeting. It needed the brush of his feet retreating through the grass for the trowel to cease and a voice to cry:

"Don't go!"

"You're there, then, Mary Travers!" he said. The trowel resumed; his words seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. When the trowel paused again, as he waited in doubtful silence, it was for the voice to say:

"Here, puss, puss, puss—don't go!"

"So it's 'puss, puss, puss,' then, Miss Travers?" quoth Lannigan. "Well, I wish I was a cat—ye could n't drive me away. Will ye never cease with that trowel?" he cried, after an interval. "Did n't I say I wished I was a cat?"

"If you're addressing me, sir," said the voice, clearly and frigidly, "I'm not Mary Travers; and I'm not concerned with what animal you'd rather be."

"Now, what are ye giving me, with school-teachers' talk!" said Lannigan, taken with what appeared the mischief of it. "I know your voice too well, Mary Travers, for I've learned it by heart, me friend."

"Excuse me," came the voice, crisply, "but I object to being taken for a servant, and especially for Mary Travers; for I'm like her neither in grammar nor any other way. I'm the governess in this house, and I'm not Mary Travers."

"Then why are ye speaking with her voice, in the garden here?" said Lannigan. "Ye'd object, I suppose, to looking over the wall," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to show if yourself ain't as much like Mary Travers as your voice is?"

"Most certainly I should object," said the voice. "Do you think I'm in the habit of flirtations with casual strangers? Go away, sir!"

The young man rubbed his brow. Sure, this rudeness did not sound like Mary Travers. What were these high-priced phrases and this mouthing, and where was her brogue? He had to accept what he heard, though with astonishment. It was not the voice of Mary Travers; he had deceived himself, and he felt silly. Now, nevertheless, any one who had looked down within the garden would have seen no "governess" there, but would have seen Mary Travers—Mary Travers tapping with her trowel and keenly listening for what would happen next. There were stations more exalted than that of a

governess for which she believed she could conquer or cloak her lack of equipment, even without the aid of a wall. Already she had so schooled herself that when she had talked these nights with Lannigan her brogue had been as much an affectation as her stilted utterance was now. She smiled. She was succeeding with the test she had put for herself; and equally what pleased her was the chance she was gaining skeptically to explore a man's unguarded heart. She waited while he kicked the turf and muttered his chagrin.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, to make amends, "I did n't think there was two voices in the world as fine as yours. Would Mary Travers be coming out to-night?"

"Mary Travers," came the voice, "is not employed to be drooping over garden walls."

"T would improve the landscape if she was, miss," said Lannigan in another tone.

"Why, you seem to esteem the girl," said the voice. "You are evidently that sailor she's talked to so much. I'm sorry for you."

"I had n't found out why ye need be," said Lannigan.

"With her purring ways and her Irish blarney," the voice went on. "They gave her a double face when she came into the world, but they gave her no heart at all. She'd sell her best friend for a chance to rise in society. She's not worth the odds and ends she's glued together of."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," said Lannigan, raggedly, "but could n't you get some gentleman acquaintance to come this side of the wall and say them words to me about Mary Travers? If ye'd only send some one,—some man that ye would n't mind if his friends brought him home horizontal, miss,—t would help to express me views about Mary Travers."

"Of course," said the voice, "you're the young man that works and sings by the water, there. I'd heard such pleasant things of your character from my friends the naval officers that I can't understand your feelings for a common domestic like Mary Travers. You're much too good for her."

"There ain't any man too good for her," came Lannigan. "And she has her friends, too."

"Do you know how she spends her wages?" said the voice. "Why, on having her teeth inlaid with gold, and buying rubber gloves to keep her hands from showing her trade. Do you think she'd look at a man that could n't lift her out of running up and down stairs for a living? Of course

not; and that's why she as much as told you to go about your business; for she thinks you've neither a bank account nor a hope to get one. Some day you'll call me your friend for telling you that."

"You can excuse me, miss," said Lannigan; "for no friend of mine says anything ag'in' Mary Travers. It's a funny kind of a lady that talks like that of a girl that's below her in station and not here to answer. Do ye think I did n't know it was n't her voice, all the while? Ye might as well say the sun don't shine through the windows at church as say there ain't a heart behind such a voice as Mary Travers's. Good evening!"

He gave a look along the wall, loath to leave without some sign of Mary. There was an interval, and then the silence was broken by the voice, a little more softly and somewhat constrained.

"Mary Travers is such a goose," it said, "that when you've talked to her a bit, I suppose you make her think she has a heart. Good night, Mr. Lannigan."

Of course, as he went home, still without a reason for not having seen Mary Travers, he began to question if what he had so indignantly denied did not contain some element of truth about her: he had met the voice and withstood it, but there was this to show for the impact, just as there was something that had shown in the last words of the voice. For his part, the notion that Mary could look upon men with such cold inquiry hurt his soul, as a base intrusion of the sanctuary. If the doubt lingered on against his will, it was because of a dawning suspicion about himself, as to whether she had not some right to ask for aspirations more solid than were exhibited in his humble post and his joyousness. The thought grew, and made keener his suspense.

Mary Travers did appear at the wall on the next night. She had admitted to herself that she had no reasons for coming; so she came without any. There was a bright young moon, and the girl shaded her face as much as she could with her scarf, and stood in the deepest gloom of the lilac-tree.

"I was out here last night," he said. "I was talking to that governess girl."

"What did ye think of her?" said Mary Travers.

"I think poor of her," said Lannigan.

"But ye'd know she was a lady, and that without seeing her, would n't ye?" said the girl.

"Oh, her grammar may be all right," he said, "but wearing diamonds in your teeth

don't make a happy home. The governess is no friend of yours."

"Why, what did she say?" said Mary.

"She said as much as you'd throw overboard your best friend, if 't would help ye to make a harbor. She said as though you laid so near the ground ye could n't see over a dollar. I want to know what ghost of a right she's got to talk so," said Lannigan. "It's made me want to ask you if, after all, it's made some difference with you that I don't get very much pay and can't see the prospect of more just ahead of me."

It would have been useful to answer no; but she wished him to feel a touch of her resentment at his want of eagerness for what she thought were the prizes in the world.

"Would n't that be an easy question to answer?" she heard him say. "Does it make a difference, then?"

"There's no need of answering it," she said at last; "for it don't make any difference to you. I mean that the governess knows the man in the next house, here, and knows I've promised to marry him. She thinks you ought to keep away, because I ought not to be meeting ye here and him never hear of it."

Lannigan stood motionless. His silence, as he looked long and steadily up at her, touched her conscience and made her uncomfortable.

"One woman's as good as another, ye know," she tried to say lightly. "All women know that, and most men find it out. The girl that talked to ye over the wall last night, if she'd shown ye her face—well, you would n't be the first that pretended to lose his heart to her on sight. And me—the poor housemaid, I'd be forgotten. Ye seem to be losing your tongue," she said, in a few moments.

"No, it ain't my tongue I'm losing," said Lannigan. "You say ye've promised to marry this man. That's a bit of a serious matter. Then why have ye come and talked the way ye have so many times with me, and him not know it? Don't ye love him?"

She felt herself diminishing under his gaze, but she would not sink to humility.

"And if ye don't love him," said Lannigan, "why have n't ye told him ye don't?"

"Oh, there's no one needs fuss but I'll carry my end of it," she said stiffly. "And, what's more, I'm not afraid but he'll take care of me, and save me from slaving when I get old."

"And so ye'll marry him," said Lannigan;

"and ye can't stand there and say ye love him—you that have talked so free to another man under the dark! It's because ye *don't* love him, Mary Travers."

"He'll push his way to the front," she retorted. "He's never been afraid to ask the world for what he wanted."

"Ye mean he has a bank account," said Lannigan; "and ye mean that me—I ain't got nothing to rattle but me tongue. But if that's all, why ain't it all? What need was calling ye out in the dark with a covered face to ask me to tell ye what true liking was? What do ye think ye'll come to, for committing such forgery?"

He was getting away from her, to where she could not reach to punish him. She made a change in her manner.

"You think I would n't keep my promise, if I made it," he heard her say, leaning toward him. "But I will. How do you know," she said, softly appealing, "whether I'm not keeping a promise—and whether you have n't made it hard for me to keep it—harder than you know?"

"How do I know?" repeated Lannigan. "Why, Miss Travers, it's nothing to me what ye keep; for I'm not leaving anything of mine with ye. Good night, and good-by!"

She heard him whistling loudly in the distance, and he had never looked back. She summoned what thoughts she could to dispel the scorn he had left in the air. Chief of them was her belief, which he seemed to challenge and damage, that the sentimental needs of a man were more constant than his constancy. But how many days, she angrily said to herself, if given the beauty and willingness, would Lannigan stand against some other woman who appeared to fall in with his dreams and never fell out with his apathy in matters of advancement? She loosened her scarf and fancied herself as the governess again, glowing upon him and bringing him back to her feet, if she chose, before she had opened her lips. She went in and lighted a lamp before her mirror.

He had laughed and expressively kicked an old shoe from his path. He had torn a page from his catalogue, and he believed that his book was the better for being the lighter. But by midnight, in the silence of his room, the wound was flowing freely again. The memory of his mother came, suffusing him with a tenderness that spread and contritely enveloped the girl he had left at the wall. For him, whatever the wind, it was not to be bitter and brutal, but to be gravely, kindly right; and though Mary Travers was

wrong, and though she thought slightly of him, it was his own lack if there had not been a dignity in his spirit so high and firm that none could pass without acknowledging it. He tried to raise his head proudly upon this basis; but it only invited him to more luminous contemplation of himself. Return to earth, and what was he, after all, in the respect of which she had flouted him? Had he ever had a higher content than to bask in the sun, with a pipe in his mouth and a jest on his lips? All those phrases with which she had flattered him about his joyousness and habit of song, it had only been her way—sweet and gentle, he was in the mood to call it—of suggesting how little the fire of ambition was alive in him.

Well, he exclaimed, pacing the narrow room of his quarters in the lighthouse station, he would make something happen. Mary Travers was not married yet; and if she felt only in honor bound to this man, there was hope. Let her bid Lannigan compel the material world for her sake, and here was the power to do it bursting his sinews. He sat down to be calm and decide where he would strike first to develop his fortunes, and the pendulum swung back from fancy to facts. He was a sea-dog; young as he was, he knew in his bones that nothing else could ever be made of him. He had never traded a boot-lace, except at a loss; and the main item of his assets was the more or less worthless promissory words of blue-jacket borrowers scattered all over the seas. Accumulating riches in a world where sick men asked in the streets for bread, how it was done was past his fathoming. And for lack of knowing, he, with his long, hard arm and his chest of iron, was to be denied the woman he loved; he was to bend like a slave and pay the tribute of his heart's desire to another man who owned a key to the soulless, inexorable mystery of wealth. Here, in the waters where this other man rode triumphantly and bore away the girl whom Lannigan loved, Lannigan seemed to be sinking, deeper and deeper, till the very pressure of the depths forced him up again to his place in the scale of gravity.

Once at Bar Harbor he had jumped into the breakers and brought out a little girl who might have drowned. Her father had made an exceedingly generous offer of reward. Lannigan had said that he would be compensated enough for his wet clothes if the gentleman would take a glass of wine with him. So the wine was drunk, as between gentlemen, with none of the patronizing in their conversation. The only other

tangible outcome of the affair was the gentleman's card,—he was a politician of eminence,—which he gave, accompanied by an offer of a kindly word to the Secretary of the Navy should Lannigan ever wish it. The card was still in Lannigan's pocket, after three years; for none of Lannigan's mates had prevailed upon him to invoke its promise.

Now he sat with the address before him and wrote three awkward letters, asserting that he considered himself competent for the duties of a quartermaster—three letters which he tore up one after another, each with a heavier heart. Adieu to his pride, he felt, in his own crude fashion. Any man who was a man, he told himself, would have made the dive for the girl. There had been no risk; and if there had been, forsooth, should an impulse that rose from his soul to the terror-struck cry of a child be hideously turned to advancement and coined into lucre? But he wrote the letter again: it was for Mary Travers's sake. He took it darkly forth and dropped it criminally in the box. He would have given much, the next moment, to have it back. Once more his spirit rose bitterly against Mary Travers; she was more like frigid Fate than flesh and blood in her way of letting him pass from her life. Of the regret and hope and fear that lay in the box with his letter he would have spoken more freely to the governess than to Mary Travers.

There was a day of rain, then one that brought sunshine and a telegram. Before he opened it he had steadied himself for a rebuke from some vague source at Washington. He was astonished to find that his promotion had been arranged by the great man as if with a gesture of a busy hand; and he was invited to write again when he needed something more. So, then, he was a quartermaster. If the fact did not restore his ancient pride, it numbed the seat of the amputation. That evening he set out for the wall. There was a heavy burden of obligation on his conscience toward the man whose daughter's life he had saved; but there was a new confidence in him, and he brimmed with things to say to Mary Travers. He specially planned the unimportance which he would give to the news of his advancement; she should see, he said to himself with a lover's fierceness, what an ignoble consideration this was beside affairs of the soul. He was coming with fresh ammunition, and he longed for the fray.

There was some one at the wall. She leaned over expectantly in a snug cloth

gown, shaded by a hat of vast proportions, but illuminated at the ears and throat and fingers by rhinestones. As yet she stood where the moon came dimly, under the lilac-tree.

"Is that you or the governess?" he said. "For I've never seen either of your faces."

"I am the governess," said Mary Travers, distinctly. "Did you know that Mary Travers is going to be married right away?"

So it was for this that his three tragic days had been preparing! There was humor in it. He gave a laugh, and picked himself up, as it were. Well, he would not let himself appear ridiculous to the governess. There was something he liked about her—something a man could grasp if he wished to forget himself.

"Yes, I had an idea of it," he said measuredly, taking out his pipe. "T was a nice girl, Mary Travers."

"Oh, she was n't very handsome," said the governess, mendaciously, "but some men liked her. You know you made me angry, because you compared her to me. But I don't think quite the same about men as Mary Travers does: my ideas are more like yours," she said, without a blush.

"I'm glad I met ye," he said. "Most girls, nowadays," he added, with the philosophy of his one experience, "don't have any ideas about men: their ideas is all about money."

"Not the right kind of a girl," said the governess. "You've been as unlucky as I was—up to the time I met you." She moved a little way so that she stood in the moonlight; she looked up at the stars, and the beams came full in her eyes, and the beauty of sky and trees and stars was lost beside the beauty of her face. "I mean," she said, with a gentle smile, "that all the men I ever knew—till I met you—considered that looks was what counted most in a girl."

"Ye know why?" came the young man, inevitably. "You're that extraordinary handsome yourself that the men can't think of anything else."

He received a look of childish gratitude, as if he had solved for her one of the mysteries of her life.

"Do you really think so?" she said. It seemed to mark a stage in their intimacy. She sat down on the wall and looked at him admiringly. "You're the kind of man that looks terrible deep into things," she said. "I'm thinking you could keep on looking right into any one's heart, if you wanted to."

He was so engrossed in her face that he

hardly heard her; but he nodded. She seemed to accept the nod for much that he might have fittingly interjected in words. She sighed, and happily smiled, and took off her hat, exhibiting her profile, with all her hair, against the sky.

"Sure, you're the handsomest girl I ever saw!" said Lannigan.

"You know," she said, "it might make a difference to Mary Travers whether you was an officer or not; but it would n't to all girls. I mean," she said, with apparent difficulty,—"oh, well, I guess you don't care very much what I think!"

"Yes, I do," said Lannigan. "I got a wrong idea about you the other night. I want to make me apology."

Her head had been slowly revolving; there was no aspect of it in which she had not equal confidence.

"Do you think it looks friendly for you to stay there?" she said, turning on him radiantly. "Did n't Mary Travers ever care enough to show you those spikes in the wall?"

Aye, he thought to himself as he climbed up, to Mary Travers, somewhere in the house that loomed beyond the trees, he was like the melted snows; and here was a woman with a way as sweet as hers, and with other attributes which Mary Travers did not possess. No one in the station of a governess had ever been so cordial to him: she made him forget the burning of his heart.

"You're not bad-looking yourself," said the governess, now that for the first time he stood within touch of her.

"Do ye know," he said, sitting contentedly, "if I had n't been coming here to waste Mary Travers's time, I'd never met you?"

"Then you can apologize for the way you spoke to me that evening, over the wall," she said. "Go on—and speak from your heart, if you have one."

She hung over him like the ripe fruit on the bough, and he held his knee a trifle diffidently in his hands.

"Well," he said, "in the first place—you're the handsomest girl in the world."

He was surprised by the quick change of her manner. She sat down at a distance, and looked away.

"No; I've heard that before," she said. "That does n't come in the first place with me. That is n't what I wanted."

"But, sure, I'm chock-a-block with appreciation of ye," he said earnestly. "When I say, solemn, 'I'm your friend,' I could n't say more, could I?"

In a moment, as she spoke without taking her eyes from the mound that raised them above the rest of the garden, there was a deep sadness and resignation in her voice.

"Of course," she said, with a shrug and a smile, "if you can't say more—why—" she seemed to choke.

"Why, what's the matter, me dear?" said Lannigan, jumping up.

She hurriedly hid her face in her hands and shook, as if sobbing the sentiments she could never speak; and as it was Lannigan's nature to fight first and explain afterward, so now he found that he had put his arm around her.

"What's the matter?" he said vaguely.

She sat up and pushed away his arm.

"You don't want to see what's the matter, and so you don't see," she said. "You're trying to let me down easy; but you can't. Nothing can."

Her utterance seemed to fail her again. She knew from his silence that now he understood; she waited, as one who was dumb from suffering. The seconds passed, and she wondered what he would say.

"Ye know I'm only a common sailor—a kind of sea-horse?" he said at length. "I don't savvy the game on land, at all. I could n't take decent care of ye."

"I'm independently rich," declared the governess. "I'm only being a governess to amuse myself."

"Ye know ye'd have no more friends among the officers, if your husband was only a common sailor," he said. "They'd make ye ashamed of me."

"Oh!" she flashed. "You're not being sincere. You would n't let anything stand in the way—if you cared. You're making pretenses! Why can't you tell me something that's true?"

She seemed at his mercy, transfixed and helpless. All the mighty love which he thought was in her heart for him shone from her pleading eyes. They set themselves upon him as if not to let him have his will, not to let him think, but to bend him to say the three words that always afterward would be her trophy of their interview. In a moment she saw fit to look down again. He had taken her one gloved hand, and in his voice there was a truer tenderness than she had ever listened to.

"The truth is," he said, "I can be a petty officer to-morrow, if I want to accept. And you're the handsomest girl I ever met; and you're a lady, and no one ever had the right ideas as much as you. You seem to be all

I've dreamt of, and more besides; but you see, you ain't Mary Travers, and you can't be. That's the trouble. Good night, and always God save ye!"

He had jumped down from the wall. She watched him disappear among the trees. She was full of emotions: what they were, what she wanted, she could not tell. She only knew that the night seemed suddenly grown chill, and that she was uncomfortable and unhappy, and that something was lacking.

His pride had been fortified by the admiration of this beautiful creature. He felt the strength to make a showing of dignity and indifference to Mary Travers, if he met her. When he purposely passed the wall again the following night it gave him satisfaction dimly to see her there in her calico gown and scarf and to send her a cheerful greeting and a word about the weather over his shoulder. But she called him back.

"I want you to come up here," she said. "I've this to tell ye," she began, when he was seated and bore himself with fine neutrality: "the governess has left town; you'll never see her again. And I'm not going to marry that man."

"Why not?" said Lannigan.

"If you don't know why," she said simply, "then no one does."

So he kissed the one place on her cheek that was not obscured by the scarf, and he was glad of the gloom of the lilac-tree.

"Sure, it's extraordinary," he said, pressing her hand as if it might dissolve. "Sure, ye've given me a scare, Mary Travers," he added, in a few moments. "Me heart was drying up inside me, dear! And don't I get a look at your face?" he said, after a while.

"Not yet," she said. "I've a deal else to confess to ye before I confess me face. So you're going to be an officer, then? Hurry up and have it done before we—"

"Before we're married," said Lannigan.

"Yes," said Mary Travers; "for I've thought it all over. I'll make a big man of you yet. I know how to manage people. I know how to mesmerize them. How long would it take ye to be an admiral, if ye did n't have a wife to push ye ahead?"

"Sure, not till I've gone to sea in another world," said Lannigan, with a happy laugh. "Ye see, I'll be only a petty officer, and not in the line of promotion—not even a warrant officer."

"Then the first thing is for you to get ordered down to Washington," she said. "He—he's a reporter, you know, and under-

stands how those things are done. He's told me everything he knows, I guess. So I shall work the wires to have you put in the line of promotion."

"Sure," said Lannigan, with a twinkle, "ye'll have to begin with making me a boy again. But we'll be that happy when I am ashore that ye'll stop bothering about commissions and gold lace. When we're in New York I'll take ye out to the Park every Sunday, with a glass of beer at the eating-house, and ride back in the Elevated."

"I was at Coney Island once," said the girl, reminiscently. "And once I was at that swell place in Fifth Avenue. Tell me again, why can't you be put in commission, and get to be a captain, and all that?"

"Because, me darling," said Lannigan, comfortably, "I ain't got the education; and I'm too old to be let into the Academy to learn it, let alone wanting the pull to get appointed there. But, sure, if I'm in command of as fine a craft as you, I'll ask no better billet; and if I don't keep ye smiling through life, then I'm not me mother's son."

"You'll have to give up the navy, then," said Mary Travers, firmly. "You'll have to drop the brogue, and mind your grammar, and try the newspaper business. He makes a fine salary: sometimes he gets fifty dollars a week. He says it does n't take much brains; he says it's mostly in your feet, if you have a little bluff."

"Think of me," said Lannigan, bubbling over, "interviewing the President, with me hat cocked over me ear! No, ye'll never get the sea-salt out of me, Mary, not with patent medicine. But a corking good petty officer I'll make, or there'll be fun with the gun-crew. Do ye want to marry me two days from now, at nine o'clock in the morning?"

She was long in answering. She sat with folded hands, looking at the ground.

"You're not even sure of being a petty officer?" she said, when she turned to him and he saw her eyes in the depths of the scarf and guessed that they were blue, like the governess's.

"I could n't swear the papers was in me pocket," he said, with a twinkle, thinking of the surprise in store for her; "but I think I could arrange it, if I wanted."

She was very still and thoughtful; she pulled the scarf farther over her brow.

"Will it be the next day after to-morrow, then?" he said. The moon was showing its pale warning over the housetops. She turned her back to it, and gazed deeply out of the scarf at him.

"You do think a lot of me," she said, as if it had been denied. "You'd better come and take me away to-morrow, not the day after."

"Would n't I, though, if I could!" he said. "But, ye see, to-morrow I'm off with the Lighthouse Board on inspection."

"You'd better come to-morrow," she said.

"But, ye see, it's orders, me girl," said the sailor. "But I'll have it fixed for the day after to-morrow. Maybe I'll have a surprise for ye," he added.

"You'd better let the orders go," she said. "You'd better let everything go, and come to-morrow."

"But ye would n't have me found wanting of me duty," he said gently, "on the day our lives begin. I'm a soldier, dear; and when it says, 'Come!' sure, that's what it means."

"But he'll be back to-morrow noon," she said. "I know what he'll say. I don't want to be there to hear him, with all his questions. Come to-morrow! What's duty, what's anything, if I want you!"

"Ye don't understand, dear," said Lannigan. "Duty's everything—twice as much for the rank as for the file. Ye need n't be afraid of this man. Give him my name and address, if he wants it; but face his music, and let him have both ends of the truth. 'T will be good for him and good for you. 'T will help pass the time from now till Tuesday. Shall I come at nine, and have me first look at your sweet face, and be married at noon to ye?"

At length he thought he felt submissive-ness in her sigh.

"Come, if you still think I'm worth it," she said. She took his head in her hands; the scarf fell away, but she was too near for him to see her eyes and what was glistening there. "I hope nothing bad will ever happen to you," she said softly and truly, "for there never was any one so good as you'll be to your wife."

"Sure, Mary, I'm anchored in the haven of joy!" he cried, seizing her hand and holding it against his forehead. "No wind that blows can reach me, dear. Till Tuesday, then—and me mother's looking down from heaven on you this night. One look at your darling face now—"

But it was hidden too soon in the scarf; and with a pressure of his hand she had left him, and was hurrying over the pebbles of the path to where the light shone at the window by the doorway.

There never had been another such Tuesday morning in all time, he thought, when

the day of duty was past, and he rose to the joyous chorus of his brother robins, and put himself into the modest new uniform of a quartermaster. He felt religious; he doubted whether he had been true enough to the faith of his mother to deserve the blessing that was coming to him. His friend Mike Shaughnessy had arranged it all with the priest across the river; and Dannie Thimblow, and Haight the boatswain, and half a dozen others who were at home in one church as much as in another, would be waiting there, each one the contributor of a loan for the lining of Lannigan's pocket. He had parted with some of the money to two "tired" men before he was fairly on his way to Mary's house. He felt in love and pity with all the world. And his heart swelled as he thought of the governess, looking out somewhere upon this morning with feelings in such melancholy contrast to his own. Speed the man who was worthy to please her; and if Lannigan ever met her again, he knew just what he would say to show how he had forgotten the night at the wall.

He dropped a batch of letters into the box—promises to send photographs of himself and his Mary to friends in distant parts of the world. Then he turned down the street which ended at the old house where Mary Travers served. There was a quiet gleam in his eye: she would see the uniform and half guess his promotion; but she would ask the question in a flash, and there was something exquisite in that he would now see her face for the first time, and see it smiling with pleasure at his having achieved what she desired most of all things. He discovered that in his dreams she had come to have all the beauty of the governess; and he suddenly warned himself that he must not expect so much. She would not be so handsome as the governess, in one way, but she would be in another; for her heart and soul would shine in her face to him.

It was a keen moment, almost too keen, when he rang the bell and looked through the long panes of glass beside the door; and it was rather a relief to see, not a young woman coming, but an old lady. She peered seriously at him for some moments through the glass before she turned the latch. This, then, had been made a day of privilege for Mary, and she would be prinking up-stairs. The old lady stood regarding him with solemn questioning.

"Will you tell Mary Travers there's a naval officer to see her, ma'am?" said Lan-

nigan, in a voice he knew would reach the upper stories.

"Will you come in?" said the old lady, after a moment's pause. She led the way to the drawing-room. Her manner left him in doubt as to whether she was inconvenienced by the loss of Mary Travers or generously solicitous for her, and about to cross-examine him concerning his history and character. "Is your name Lannigan?" she asked, with her eyes fixed on him, yet hardly at ease.

"It is, ma'am," he said, with his broad smile. "Ye 'll agree I'm the most fortunate man in the world to-day."

"If I understand what has happened, I *will* agree," said the old lady, with some force. "Had you known Mary Travers long?"

"I've known Mary Travers well, ma'am," said Lannigan. "And that's often a good deal better than long."

There was something the old lady was trying to read in his face and could not. In a moment she broke out painfully:

"Then, if you've known her so well, can you explain to me what she's done?"

"I think I see, ma'am," said Lannigan, with quick sympathy. "Mary has n't talked enough." He looked to the door. Doubtless the girl was listening at the head of the stairs, but he would say what he thought. "Mary's all right, ye know, at the heart; but she don't always understand that she ought to speak out a little straighter. She's gone the way her heart pointed—that's all; I know that's true," he said, with proud dignity. "And no matter who it hurts, ye would n't ask any girl to do different, would ye, ma'am?"

The old lady could not frown through the mystery that confronted her in his face. She looked away and shook her head.

"If you tell me that, I ought to believe it," she said, pressing her thin lips. "But I don't believe it," she followed, with conviction. Her eyes filled. "I took Mary Travers when she was a little girl," she said. "Considering what I've been to her, she might have treated me differently—she might have told me about this."

Lannigan nodded gravely. Mary had been wrong; Mary should have been more straightforward, and it was his duty to demand that

she should be—his duty as the one who loved her most.

"I understand, ma'am," he said. "Now, ye see I've arranged to take the train in fifteen minutes from now. Let's call Mary down here. I'll tell her she's got to make a clean breast of it to you, from beginning to end. You've been her best friend, ma'am—and she ought never to forget that."

He rose and looked suggestively toward the door. The old lady had followed him with strained attention, still baffled. Then she spoke.

"I did n't tell you," she said. "They did n't come back here."

He looked, startled, into her dim, set eyes.

"They did n't come back here?" he said. He glanced around the room. The old lady stared at him still painfully, still incomprehensively, but without speaking. The house was silent and empty.

"They did n't come back here?" he heard himself repeating. He stared back at her; the pictures on the wall seemed to whirl about the center where, half frightened and half stupid, she sat motionless.

"They have n't even left an address," she said.

"Oh!" he said colorlessly.

"She married him yesterday," said the old lady. "She said it was to keep her promise. I know she never cared for him. It's her ambition," said the old lady, choking. "She has n't been fair—to him or me, or to—"

She looked at Lannigan inquiringly.

"STAND by, there!" growled the launch-captain. Lannigan brought the nose of the launch to the landing with his boat-hook. The captain handed the beautiful one ashore. She smiled and passed under the electric light, in her silks and snowy gloves, carrying a bunch of lilacs. For an instant her eyes met Lannigan's. If they remembered him, if they recognized him, there was not a quiver of a muscle about her mouth.

"And that was the governess," said Lannigan to himself. "Aye, handsome she was; and the smell of them lilacs! I wonder if she knows what become of Mary Travers—poor Mary dear, that married the other man because she'd promised him!"



STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD FROM THE CATHEDRAL—BLACKENED BY FIRE AND COVERED WITH VOLCANIC DUST.



CRUCIFIX OF EBONY AND SILVER, FOUND IN THE CEMETERY OF THE QUARTIER DU MOULAGE.



DOOR OF THE TABERNACLE OF THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

RELICS OF ST. PIERRE. PRESERVED BY REV. JOSEPH F. MacGILL.

A STUDY OF PELÉE.¹

IMPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS OF A TRIP TO MARTINIQUE.

BY ROBERT T. HILL,

Geologist, United States Geological Survey,
Author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies."

WHEN I endeavor to write a scientific description of the volcanic disaster in Martinique, I cannot keep my statements dissociated from the human aspects of the subject. Mingled with every scientific proposition there is a thought of human ruin and disaster, a swirling of thoughts of the geologic causes and corpse-strewn streets; of volcanic topography and ruined houses; of steaming craters and smoking funeral-pyres; of flowing mud streams and streams of human refugees wildly striving to flee from the island. I hear the voices of that quaint city as I once knew it: the laughter and badinage of the many-colored strollers through its streets; the merry voices of its children; the impudent pleadings of the little *canotites* who paddled out in frail barks to give the approaching stranger his first welcome; the

songs of the laborers in the adjacent fields and woodlands; the chimes of its sweet-toned bells; the chants of the devout from the twice-belfried cathedral;—and then I hear the terrible roar of that sudden blast which converted all into mute and speechless clay.

On May 14, at the request of the National Geographic Society, and with a few hours' notice, I boarded the relief-ship *Dixie* for Martinique, arriving at that island on May 21, thirteen days after the catastrophe. The object of this visit was not adventure, but the study of the volcano and its phenomena.²

The night of May 20 overtook the *Dixie* off the coast of Guadeloupe, every one watching for signs of the great eruption. All day in the northern islands fumaroles of steam had been imagined wherever smoke

¹ See also in the preceding number of THE CENTURY narratives by eye-witnesses of the eruptions of both Pelée and La Soufrière, together with an account of life in St. Pierre during the week previous to its destruction.—EDITOR.

² Many of the newspaper reports sent from Martinique—not those, however, furnished by United States Consul Louis H. Ayme—have contained baseless statements describing me in all kinds of dangers, and as having said things of which I never dreamed. I wish to enter a disclaimer against such statements. Those alleging that I was burned by the volcano, or climbed to its summit and looked into its crater, or at any

time was in imminent peril, are untrue. One other statement also should be denied. This was to the effect that on May 30 the captain of the *Cincinnati*, with me on board, left the island on account of fear of dire consequences. The only thing I personally claim to have done while in Martinique was to avoid adding my voice to the predictions of disaster made by others which might cause alarm among the population. In fact, while not hesitating to state that I did not consider life safe within the immediate radius of the crater, I endeavored to calm the fears of the frightened people at Fort-de-France, and continually asserted my belief that the volcano had done its worst.—R. T. H.

from the cane-mills rose from an island, and as the sun set all looked for the ruddy glows which the analogy of Krakatua had suggested. One by one, as the night rolled away, the passengers sought their hammocks below. I could not sleep; and at one o'clock, alone on deck, I received my first evidence of the disturbance in the distinct odor of sulphur wafted on the night air.

Between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 21st we approached the coast of Martinique, and could discern its outline through the haze of a queer, dim moonlight faintly illuminating the sea. Venus hung bright over Carbet; but to the north of it, where Pelée should have stood, a great bank of what was apparently fog and cloud enshrouded the land. As we approached, strange lights appeared upon the shore at the place where St. Pierre had been. These were not the fixed white and green of the semaphore which mariners had hitherto known to mark the site of the city, but one was a great burning mass which we afterward learned was a coal-pile in the southern part of the city, while to the north were small fires as of lights in a dwelling. For a moment a hope sprang in our hearts that St. Pierre had not been destroyed in the eruption of the 8th; again, we thought that perhaps the lights had come from campers remaining upon the site to guard the treasure buried beneath its ruins. But on the morrow we learned the truth. Those lights were funeral-pyres, and the supposed cloud of mist above Pelée was the lingering traces of the second great eruption—that of the 20th.

On that day ashes had risen above the trade-winds and swept southward over Fort-de-France, driving hundreds of its inhabitants on board the ships in the harbor, upon which they fled to any destination to which the latter might take them. Captain McCormick of the *Potomac*, by measuring the quantity upon the deck of his ship, estimated that during two hours there had fallen over the Bay of Fort-de-France an equivalent of three hundred and seventy-four tons of dust to each square mile.

Early on the morning of May 21 we arrived at Fort-de-France, which also we expected to find in ruins and ashes. Instead, a fairer prospect never met the eye. There before us, uninjured, was the same Martinique, with "its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbors, . . . a very emerald among inferior gems."

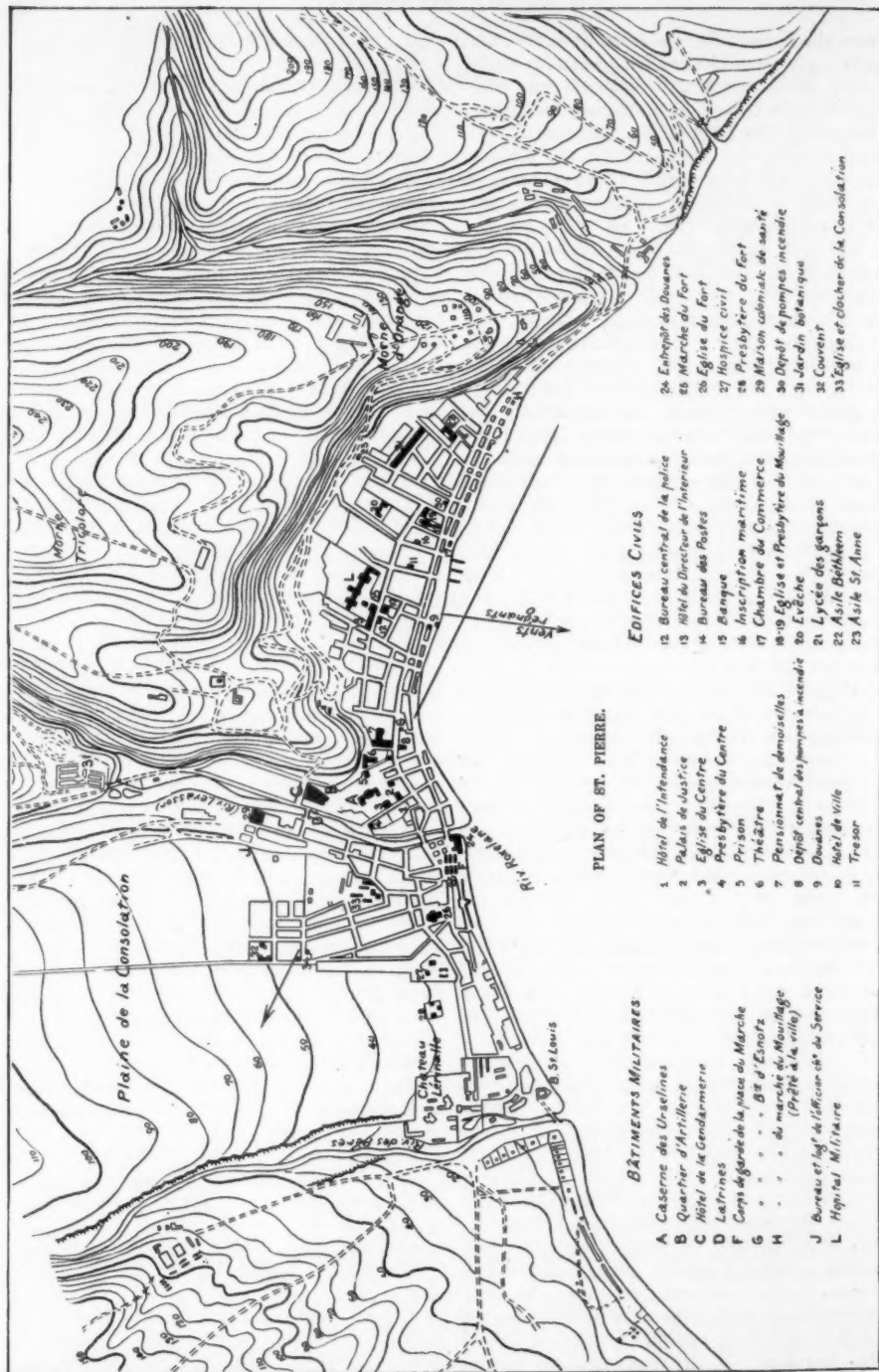
MONT PELÉE.

Of the mornes, pitons, and montagnes that studded the surface of Martinique, Mont Pelée, which stood conspicuously forth at the north end of the island, was the master of them all, not only exceeding them in height, but so isolated by its position that it commanded attention and respect. In general plan it is a circular cone, culminating in a single summit peak from which the surface slopes in all directions to the sea, except toward the south, where its constructional slopes meet those of Carbet and form a neck of land. This general plan is modified, however, by bold strokes of nature's erosive carvings whereby the surface is cut into numerous radial divides and cañons.

The whole was clad in the densest verdure, broken only by the different shades of green, varying from that of the lighter green fields of cane to the almost black green of the forest. Cultivation in spots extended up to 2500 feet. Above this was the tropical forest or woodland known as the Grands Bois. Near the summit was an unforested belt, the Savanes. Still above this there was an upper belt of woodland called the Petit Bois, tree-ferns and dwarf palms. The crest was a steeper slope of bare and naked pumice, dark red from the rusting of its ashes, and streaked with straggling vegetation.

The top of Pelée, about 4428 feet in altitude, is a truncated loaf, in the summit of which is a bowl-shaped basin—the floor of that type of an old crater known as a caldera, which has existed since prehistoric times. Around the bowl was a somewhat regular circle of hills, sloping within toward the caldera; without, toward the sea, Morne Lacroix, the highest pinnacle of the mountain, stood about 200 feet above the crater lake, upon its northwest edge. Morne Pavillot was on the north, Piton Marcel on the south, Ti-Bolhommes on the east.

In the floor was a lake called Lac des Palmistes (Lake of Palms). It measured 150 meters (492 feet) in circumference, and was the only one known in Martinique. This floor was covered with pumiceous soil, while in its lower depression there was sometime a lake which varied in diameter with the season and perhaps with the movement of the column of molten matter upon which it was superimposed. Sometimes this lake was a bed of mud, but its foundation everywhere, as shown by the investigation of French scientists, was boulders and debris of pumice-stone, the remnants of the crest



PLAN OF ST. PIERRE.

BÂTIMENTS MILITAIRES

- A Caserne des Usselines
- B Quartier d'Artillerie
- C Hôtel de la Gendarmerie
- D La Trinité
- F Corps de garde de la rue du Marché
- G " " " " Bâ d'Enfer
- H " " " " du marché du Mouillage (Près de la ville)
- J Bureau et log^s de l'Administration du Service
- L Hôpital Militaire

EDIFICES CIVILS

- 1 Hôtel de l'Infanterie
- 2 Palais de Justice
- 3 Église du Centre
- 4 Presbytère du Centre
- 5 Prison
- 6 Théâtre
- 7 Pensionnat de demoiselles
- 8 Dépôt central des pompes à incendie
- 9 Douanes
- 10 Hôtel de Ville
- 11 Trésor
- 12 Bureau central de la police
- 13 Hôtel du Directeur de l'Intérieur
- 14 Bureau des Postes
- 15 Banque
- 16 Inscription maritime
- 17 Chambre du Commerce
- 18-19 Église et Presbytère du Mouillage
- 20 Evêché
- 21 Lycée des garçons
- 22 Asile Bâtiment
- 23 Asile St. Anne
- 24 Entrepôt des Douanes
- 25 Marché du Fort
- 26 Église du Fort
- 27 Hospice civil
- 28 Presbytère du Fort
- 29 Maison civile de santé
- 30 Dépôt de pompes incendie
- 31 Jardin botanique
- 32 Couvent
- 33 Église et clocher de la Consolation

of former eruptions, below which, at some unknown depth, the hot magma still exists.

The western rim of the summit crown of hills is broken by a great nick leading down from the bottom of the bowl through a tremendous cañon, or *fond*, toward the head-waters of *Rivière Blanche*, on the western slope.

There are ten rivers which, with their branching head-waters, originate almost at the summit and flow in various radial directions away to the sea. The valleys of these cut its slopes into numerous segments, the divides of which in turn are beaded and broken by many smaller hills and *mornes*, giving the north side the aspect of indescribable steepness and ruggedness. A conspicuous object of the northern slope is the *Pain de Sucre*, a sharp conical peak, almost needle-pointed, which rises half-way between the summit and the sea. The semicircular northern end of the mountain from the *Rivière Prêcheur* to *Macouba* is one of the most rugged coasts in the world. The radial slope of the surface leading down from *Mont Pelée* is etched by a hundred streamlets into narrow ridges, suddenly terminating at the sea-margin by steep bluffs of two hundred feet in altitude. This bluff-line is broken at frequent intervals by deep incised cañons, V-shaped, except that the tops of the V are very close together. Occasionally one of these cañons has cut completely to sea-level and formed a little delta-plain within its mouth sufficiently large for the nesting of villages like *Grande Rivière*. Others have not cut quite to the sea-level. Still others have cut only half-way down the cliff-line, and many hang far above the water. Beyond the little rock of *Pearl Island*, between *Grande Rivière* and *Macouba*, one can count at a glance over eight beautiful cascades spouting out of the hanging cañons from the steep cliffs into the sea.

THE CLIFF-BOUND AMPHITHEATER.

GET well in mind the topography of one of the segments of the circle on the southwest slope of *Pelée* from the summit to the sea, for this was the area of death and ruin. This segment lies between the waters of the *Blanche* and the *Mouillage*, which, rising within a mile of each other on the western summit of the mountain, diverge to the coast, the first entering the sea two miles north of the city, the other in the heart of the city itself. Note well that each is bordered by a steeper cliff-line, and that between

these cliffs there was an area of lower-lying topography.

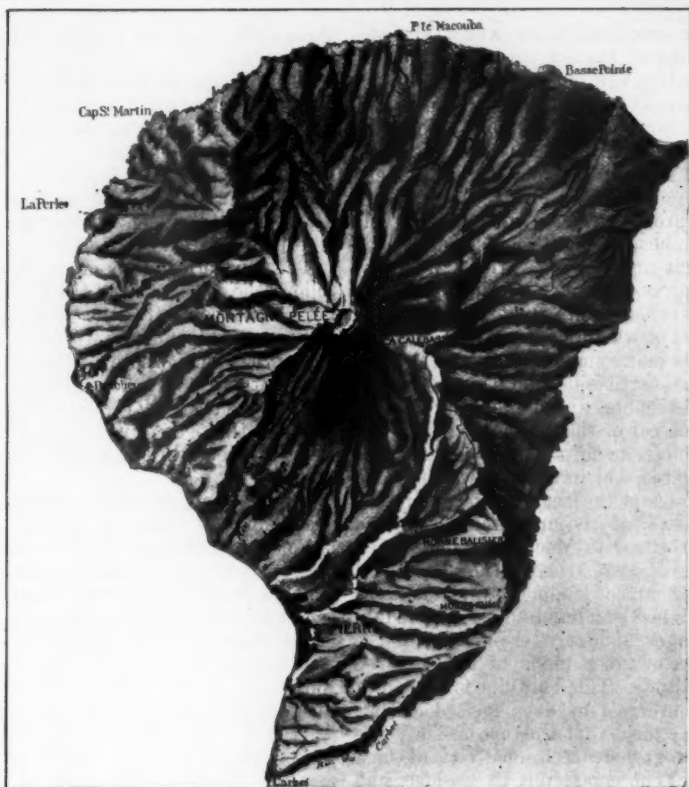
The *Rivière Blanche* is bordered on its north side by a great precipice which continues from the nick in the summit bowl to the sea, where it ends with a butte known as *La Catafalque*. The top of this precipice forms the sky-line of all pictures taken of *St. Pierre* and *Pelée*, and was the northern cliff-line of the valley of death.

The southern cliff, a more winding line, follows the south bank of the *Rivière Mouillage*—first south, to the west of *Morne Rouge* upon its summit, thence west to the city of *St. Pierre*, where it bends south again, making the background of the narrow bench upon which that city is built. Over the area between these cliffs was one of the finest rural prospects in the world. To-day it is all desert.

The two opposing cliffs which lead from the summit of *Pelée* to the sea, and form two sides of a triangular area, overlook a generally lower-lying country between them, which in itself is cut away by several other radiating streams into a sloping topography which would be called rugged did it not look smooth in comparison with the great ridges, *fonds*, and *mornes* which abound and rise above its altitude without the triangle.

Within this lower cliff-inclosed segment area seven or eight streams flow down the slopes to the sea. The chief of these, beginning on the north, is the *Rivière Blanche*, which follows the foot of the northern summit almost from the lip of the crater bowl to the sea, nearly four miles. Hardly an eighth of a mile from its mouth, the *Rivière Sèche* also enters the sea; its head-waters likewise descend from the slopes of the summit crater, where, together with those of the *Rivière Blanche*, they constitute at least six deep radiating stream-furrows on the upper slopes of the peak. Proceeding southward a half-mile, another and shorter stream runs into the sea; then less than a half-mile farther south is the mouth of the *Rivière des Pères*, another stream which rises on the slopes of the upper cone.

The *Rivière des Pères* formed the northern boundary of the city of *St. Pierre*. A half-mile south of its mouth the *Rivière Mouillage*, or *Roxelane*, enters the sea. This also rises on the edge of the summit cone, but its south bank follows the southern cliff into the edge of the city, where the cliffs bend southward parallel to the sea and toward the village of *Carbet*. Thus it will be seen that there are four long rivers which rise



RELIEF MAP OF PELÉE AND VICINITY.

Drawn by O. A. Ijungstedt, under the direction of Professor Hill.

almost at the summit of Mont Pelée and drain the amphitheater.

At the south edge of the city was still another stream; this, however, is not born of Mont Pelée, but flows from the slopes of the Pitons du Carbet and cuts through the plateau.

Between the Mouillage and the Rivière des Pères there was a flat-surfaced, sloping plain extending a mile or more upward toward Morne Rouge. This was the Plaine de la Consolation, until lately an emerald field of cultivation. Near the sea it ended in a bluff, and against the scarp homes were built, like cliff dwellings, facing the single street between it and the sea.

The Plaine de la Consolation also ended in a bluff at its north edge, over the Rivière des Pères. Between the latter and the north cliff of the Blanche, the floor of the amphitheater was cut and carved into numerous low-bedded divides, reaching up toward the summit until within a mile of it, when the gradient

suddenly increased toward the peak, and their head-waters became deep ravines divided by narrow ridges and cliffs. Small sea-plains existed near the mouths of the Sèche and the Blanche.

There, hidden in the landscape of Mont Pelée, are some other things you cannot see without climbs and scrambles—hot springs and old smothered lateral wounds of the volcano. West of the peak were the Bains Chauds (Hot Springs), on the heights above Prêcheur; to the north, toward Basse-Pointe, the little place known as Ajoupa-Bouillon; to the east the deep fond of the Rivière Falaise.

Still another and an important one was deep down in the cañons of the Rivière Blanche. Of this the "Annuaire" says: "It is known that on one of the gorges of the mountain there is a place where sulphur has been found, which the natives call La Soufrière." L'Étang Sec is another name by which this place was known. It is situated

far below the summit of Morne Lacroix, and is so surrounded by hills that it cannot be seen except from the mountain cliffs immediately above it. Lafcadio Hearn, as though speaking from the summit of Pelée, has said of this: "Through a cloud-rift one could see another crater lake twelve hundred feet below, said to be five times larger than the L'Étang of the summit. It is also of more irregular outline. It occupies some ancient crater and is very rarely visited; the path leading to it is difficult and dangerous—a natural ladder of roots and lianas over a series of precipices."

ST. PIERRE.

SOUTH of the crater summit of Pelée, on a narrow belt stretching for a mile and a half along the sea-shore, lay the city of St. Pierre in a gentle bight which here indents the shore at the foot of the cliffs of the great mountain behind it; the center of the city was about four miles from the mountain's summit and two and a half miles from the hidden Soufrière.

So narrow is the sloping bench upon which St. Pierre was situated—walled in behind by a high plateau—that there was hardly room for its population, crowded in houses of antique pattern built with steep gables in the old French colonial days. Its area was broken by parks of trees, public squares, and noble fountains. Radiating from the city were magnificent roads,—of an excellence unknown to Americans,—every foot of which represented great cost and labor. Communication with the rest of the island was largely by water, although in the streets of the city stood picturesque *diligences* which, with the aid of lusty mules, sometimes took the mountain roads to La Trinité, Fort-de-France, and the country plantations.

Just outside the city was the famous botanical garden, and not far away were several resorts. At the south edge of the city, upon lower heights of the backing cliffs, where they were among the first objects seen by the traveler in approaching the city, were beautiful statues, one of which was a gigantic and pitying Virgin surmounting Morne d'Orange (Our Mother of the Watch), which, overlooking the anchorage, was erected to propitiate a divine providence for seafaring men.

The massive houses were of concrete boulders of old volcanic rock ejected from Pelée long ago, mixed with a cement of

pozzuolana—volcanic ejecta from the same source. There were also huts for the poorer classes.

In each house of the better class was a cement bath as large as the average American sleeping-room. Public buildings abounded, hospitals, barracks, churches, convents, schools, a city hall, a theater, and a chamber of commerce being noticeable.

The wealth of the city was estimated from one hundred million to one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and that of the adjacent country destroyed at least fifty million more.

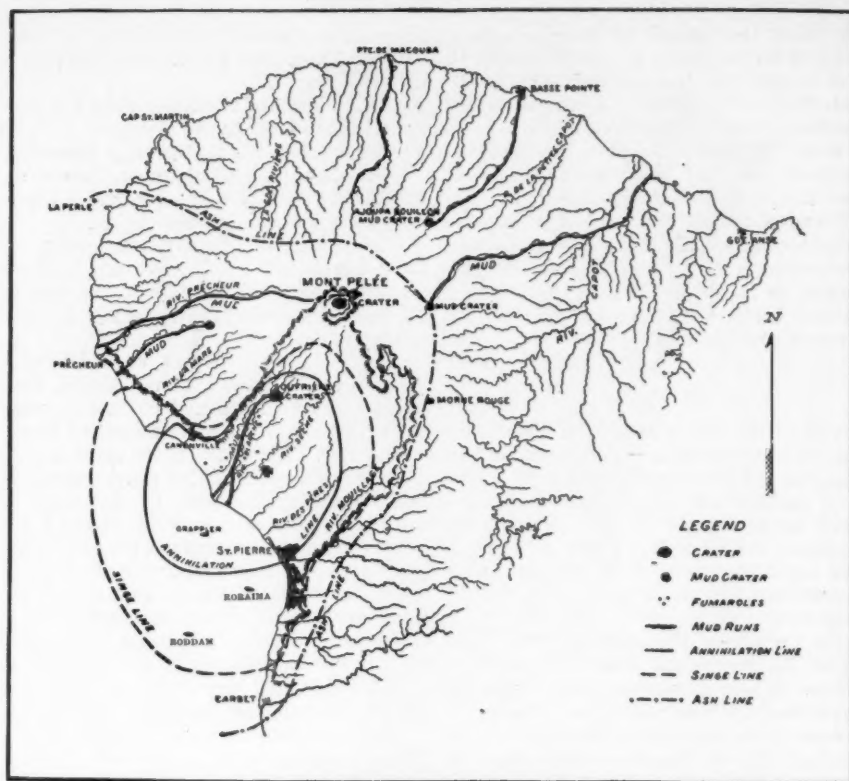
The streets, the largest of which were parallel to the stretch of the strand, were picturesque with life and color. Through each gutter flowed a quiet stream of mountain water. Along the shore could always be seen crowds of laughing people surrounding the fishermen's boats as they came in with their daily catches, while at the levee, some two hundred yards from the anchorage, were casks of rum and sugar, or bags of cocoa, or bales of the sweet vanilla-bean, that rare plant that reaches perfection on the island. Half-naked lightermen mingled with the white uniforms of the sailormen or port officials, and here and there were the flaring colors of the Martinique women.

The inhabitants were chiefly Martiniques, that queer race composed of a mix-



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN CLOUDS ERUPTED BY PELÉE, FROM POND ST. DENIS, MAY 26.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT T. HILL.

ture of African, French, and Carib blood, noted for its beauty and its misfortunes; but besides these were many whites of refinement and culture, creole merchants and scholars,



MAP PREPARED BY ROBERT T. HILL, SHOWING ZONES OF DEVASTATION IN MARTINIQUE.

French soldiers and officials. The population of St. Pierre on June 12, 1901, was 26,501. On the morning of May 8, 1902, the population of St. Pierre had been increased to fully 30,000, about 5000 of the 15,000 people of the surrounding towns having sought shelter in the city; it is certain that fewer than 1000 had left it before the eventful morning.

On the morning of May 22 we boarded a tug to go to the ruins of St. Pierre, ten miles distant. For an hour we sailed the beautiful coast, passing close to the steep bluffs, undermined at points by the waves, and indented by numerous streamways, near the mouth of each of which were wide cultivated valleys opening toward the sea. Above them rose the tree-clad mornes leading up to the nested summits of the Pitons du Carbet. Here and there were the bright red roofed villages such as Case Navaire and Case Pilote, surrounded by fields of emerald cane and waving cocoa-palms. Nowhere was there

a sign of death or destruction; naught but the luxurious, overabundant wealth of tropical green and moisture.

Presently we rounded the cape of Morne aux Bœufs, perhaps a mile from the shore, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole reality of the disaster burst upon us. Back of us the island banked in eternal green; to the front an awful scene—the incarnation of death and desolation, the superlative realization of all the stories of terror of which we had heard. A ghastly, ashen-gray landscape extended from Carbet to the coast of Prêcheur.

A cry of horror escaped from every person on board. For several moments I was transfixed with the spectacle before me, and I came near forgetting my duty to record, if possible, the phenomena observed. Specialized to an unusual degree indeed must be he who could view this scene unmoved by those emotions which affect all men upon the

sight of such an unmistakable demonstration that behind all sources there is something before which the strongest human mind must bow in painful knowledge of its pygmy weakness.

The weird picture before us, set in a frame of sky and sea and green, was so deathly, so awful, that its production would defy the most gifted pen. It was a miniature of lightest gray, and its aspect was that of a lifeless Arizona desert with its yellowish-gray adobe soil seen through an ashen atmosphere, like the sunlight through a faint Connecticut fog.

Pelée's lately morne-crowned top, hitherto the gathering nucleus of life-giving moisture which, wreathed with mist and cloud, until lately held the placid waters of the Lake of Palms, was now a great truncated cone a mile in diameter. Above this summit rose a constant cloud of smoke and steam, sometimes floating down so as to obscure the details of the lower configuration, but this morning rising in a great billowy column 10,000 feet above the apex.

On the western side of the summit there was apparently a frightful fracture presenting an opening through which one could see within the bowl itself. Through this gap within the bowl, on what was formerly the floor of the Lake of Palms, rose a huge conical pile of whitish angular pumice-stone, varying in size from a cubical fragment ten feet in diameter to the smallest particle. This rose a hundred feet or more, and through its interstices great columns of white steam seethed and boiled.

The lips of the gap in the bowl continued straight down the mountain as a cañon toward the sea. The northern side was much the higher, and formed the sky-line of the area of devastation, broken only slightly just at the sea, where it terminated at the butte



PROFESSOR GASTON LANDES, OF THE LYCÉE OF ST. PIERRE.

A rare portrait, from a local pamphlet, obtained by Professor Hill. M. Landes, who was a victim of the eruption, wrote many observations on the volcano in "Les Colonies" (see the August CENTURY).

La Catafalque, just south of the mouth of the Rivière la Mare. This northern cliff-line, which before the eruption was covered with woodland which rounded its irregularities into gentle slopes, had been so denuded of vegetation that its naked strata of old volcanic rocks stood forth in rugged irregularity.

Nearer to us another, the south and opposing cliff-line of the amphitheater, led from the summit nearly to our feet—from Pelée to the sea, and thence toward Carbet. While the southern cliff ran down in a wide curve toward the sea, closely following the south bank of the Mouillage, it suddenly bent southward as it neared the sea, immediately back of the business portion of St. Pierre, maintaining its altitude toward the village of Carbet.

Below the top of this southern cliff-line and between it and the northern one lay the area of desolation, but above its top a line of vivid green appeared. Far up where the cliff began, a few hundred feet from the summit cone, there were great gorges in which tall trees were still standing. Following the summit toward Morne Rouge, the high steeple of the village church still



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THE PLACE BERTIN, NEAR THE BOAT-LANDING,
ST. PIERRE.



ST. PIERRE, BEFORE THE ERUPTION OF MAY 8, 1902.

This view is taken from a point near the cathedral. The little park beyond the lighthouse is the Place Bertin, and the flagpole marks the former seat of the United States consulate, which, however, during the year previous to the eruption, was farther to the right of the Rue Victor Hugo, shown in the foreground.

peered above a green woodland. Lower down, the estate of St. James appeared, a group of artistic buildings, also surrounded by stretches of fresh green verdure, trees, and sparkling fountains. Lower still, to the very edge of the city, was a red-roofed villa surrounded by a garden of palms; hibiscus and oleander surmounted its top above the zone of devastation. Everywhere it was apparent that the almost vertical walls of this cliff limited the devastation, and that objects upon their summits were spared by altitude from destruction.

With a rapid glance I examined the area of blasted landscape between these cliffs—the segments of Pelée's slope, which but lately had been a veritable garden, now an amphitheater of death and annihilation for ten of the three hundred and eighty square miles that compose the surface of Martinique. One side of this area, which was triangular, was formed by the sea, while the other two, cliff-bound as described, led up to the smoking apex of Mont Pelée, suggesting to those who were not familiar with the previous aspects an idea that a segment had dropped down. But this was not the case.

The seaside was a stretch of blue water breaking in the frothing surf against a bleak and desert shore. The sloping landscape was a sterile, treeless, houseless desert of dry mud, except upon the narrow plain at the foot of the scarp south of the Mouillage, where lay a chaos of ruined walls, upturned trees, and scattered debris such as was never before seen. From the mouth of the Rivière Mouillage northward there is little sign that the city once extended a mile in that direction. Over it all was a thin coat of mud, like a veneering of light-colored cement, as if it had been plastered by the human hand; its smooth surface was everywhere marked with delicate parallel striæ.

Viewed from the sea, the floor of the triangular amphitheater, in addition to its coating of plaster, presented two great areas within itself, along the lower course of the Mouillage and along the Rivière Blanche, which had the appearance of having been overflowed by a different type of mud. These areas, now of a yellowish color, were deltoid in outline, with a broader base along the sea, and narrowed inland toward Pelée. Apparently they had been deposited by tremendous

torrents enormously out of proportion to the streamways which they attempted to follow, and from which, as they burst from the deeper cañons of their upper courses, they spread out over the less broken country near the coast. One of these formed a gentle slope back of the northern edge of the city covering the once beautiful and verdure-covered *Plaine de la Consolation*. The other extended along the former mouths of the *Rivières Blanche* and *Sèche*.

The latter was the larger and more conspicuous of the mud-fans, and extended from the southern escarpment of the *Rivière Sèche* to the northern cliff-line of the amphitheater. Its center lay over and completely leveled what was the lower portion of the former course of the *Rivière Blanche*. Through its middle was a winding ribbon of inky blackness which had the false appearance of lava flow, and which came in periodic gulps from near the lower western crater. Along its course and on the borders of the sea a hundred small jets of white steam rose intermittently into the air; and as they touched the sea the steam-clouds seethed more thickly. Its depth at the coast has not been ascertained, but the streams of May 3 and 5, before the eventful disaster of the 8th, had completely

covered the great buildings of the *Usine Guérin*, of which there is not now the least trace. Emptying into the sea, this mud stream sediments the littoral and adds to the land. In fact, a small island about fifty feet in length and ten feet in width has formed from this sediment near the mouth of the *Rivière la Mare*.¹

Along the shore at the mouth of the *Rivière Sèche*, which parallels the *Rivière Blanche* to the southward, was a great mass of white stone with a reddish tinge. At this locality there is much evidence that large boulders of hot pumice were brought down in the earlier floods.

Within the area between the northern cliff and the *Rivière Mouillage* every trace of vegetation, habitation, and life was obliterated. The annihilation was complete and absolute: not a single object remains to suggest the dense culture and population and vegetal growth that once covered this landscape; not a sign of the villa palm or of cane-fields, not a trace of the giant cocoapalms or of the *grands bois* which covered the upper slopes.

Between the *Rivières des Pères* and *Mouillage* only the faintest outline of walls stood to mark what was once the dense population of the northern extension of the city, while

¹ Messrs. George Carroll Curtis, Robert Dunn, and Herr von Gottberg were the first to set foot in this area after the eruption, while accompanying an expedition organized by Herr von Gottberg and the writer, May 23.



MONT PELÉE, SHOWING ONE OF THE CRATERS.

the thickly settled faubourg which extended back of the city up the lower slopes of the Plaine de la Consolation, on which stood the convent with sisters and young girls and its church of sweet chimes, and the hospital

was only one single house with roof preserved. Along the shore and against the cliff in this southern end were vast piles of debris, great rafters, and especially hundreds of corrugated tin roofs which had been blown and



THE COAST AT RIVIÈRE BLANCHE.

Taken from the *Dixie* by Chaplain MacGrail, U. S. N., May 21, 1902. The smoke of Pelée is seen in the middle distance, above the clouds. The site of St. Pierre is at the extreme right of the view.

crowded with helpless patients, is now a dreary plain of mud, smoothed over as if by a plasterer's trowel.

Of the three stone bridges that crossed the Mouillage, which marked the exact center of the elongated city, two are still standing; but it is only south of this stream, between the cliff and the sea, that one found visible remnants of the people and habitations which two weeks before had thickly populated this landscape.

The narrow bench of land, the business center of the town, with its parks, markets, warehouses, churches, club, hotel, and residences, was now an agglomeration of roofless broken walls projecting through huge piles of debris, mostly the rounded stones which had formed their concrete structure. There

cut against this scarp. Huge trunks of trees with deep roots had been torn bodily from the ground and were prostrate everywhere, although many of these were left standing.

But the most striking object was the face of the cliff itself, lately a marvelous bank of foliage, now a barren, frowning bluff. Great roadways, upheld by huge ramparts of masonry, led diagonally up its barren face. Their solid cobble beds were completely buried and concealed by mud almost reaching to the top of the protecting walls. Upon its highest summit still stood a red-roofed villa surrounded by foliage.¹

THE ERUPTIONS.

OFTEN, while watching the summit of Pelée, pillars of black smoke and steam were

¹ On May 25 the writer and a chance companion visited the vicinity of this house from Fond St. Denis. The latter, more interested in curios than science, entered it and reported that the inhabitants had apparently escaped, as the drawers were all opened and emptied of their valuables. On May 30, as the *Dixie* passed St. Pierre, homeward bound, the cottage was afire.

seen to puff slowly into the air. Each of these boiled up slowly like a great ball, except that it was convoluted into folds underneath, each one of which rolled in turn. It slowly rose like a balloon, and then "mush-

effect from those of the summit, never forming the ball-like seething clouds of the latter, but simply rising like a pillar of brownish smoke, and frequently floating down the surface of the land toward the sea. Time and



VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED COAST BELOW MONT PELÉE.

From a photograph taken soon after the eruption. On the right are seen the ruins of St. Pierre. The vessel on fire is the *Roraima*.

roomed" as if its weight were pressing around its axis.

Accompanying the summit eruption, and almost simultaneously with it, was another puff 2000 feet below the summit, which all evidence thus far collected indicates as the vent from which came the fatal eruption, which was not from the site of the summit crater, which is five miles distant from St. Pierre, but from this lower vent, about two miles north of the city. Although exceeded in size by the summit crater, the presence of this lower and also active vent is most apparent.¹

One of the first objects that caught my eye, upon looking over the field of devastation, was an eruption which came from this lower vent, entirely different in shape and

again during my stay upon the island I observed these eruptions. Finally, on the 29th of May, our last night in Martinique, while behind the sheltering lee of the north side of the Bay of Fort-de-France, between which and Mont Pelée arose the obscuring profile of the Pitons du Carbet, I witnessed two simultaneous eruptions to the northward, occupying the exact position upon the profile of the summit and lower crater. These smoke-clouds rose and lingered above the horizon for many minutes, and I called the attention of Captain Berry and other officers to the phenomena, demonstrating the existence of two volcanic vents. Mr. George Kennan is my authority for stating that the vent in the *Rivière Falaise*, on the east slope, also sends out lapilli clouds.

¹ So far as the writer is aware, this vent had not been visited by any one up to the time of his departure from the island. It is situated in the deep cañon which apparently runs from the gap in the bowl of the crater, and is largely obscured by hills. Much is desirable to be known about this cañon, its vents, and the condition of its bottom.



Mont Pelée.

Place Bertin. The cathedral. Morne d'Orange.

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ST. PIERRE AND MONT PELÉE, BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

Sometimes the great balls of smoke from the summit crater were unusually large, and, instead of ascending and dispersing in the upper air, where they belonged, a ball

would spread out into a great horizontal sheet of unusual magnitude, floating in all directions with fearful aspect, like the one of May 20, which spread fourteen miles south over Fort-de-France.

I shall never forget one of the larger eruptions, which it was my fortune to witness, on the night of May 26, from Fond St. Denis.

After having studied the phenomena of the volcano by aid of coasting-vessels, and landing at every point, I resolved to strike out into the country from Fort-de-France. Every one told me that this was impossible—that horses could not be obtained, and that no place could be found to stay except with the great planters along the eastern shore.

We had been told that the north country was full of marauding banditti, that we ought to carry arms for our defense, and that to reach St. Pierre was absolutely impossible. Finally, however, in company with a young American, I procured horses and the services of a negro attendant, and on the morning of May 24 started out from Fort-de-France toward St. Pierre by the road called Le Trace, which leads northward past



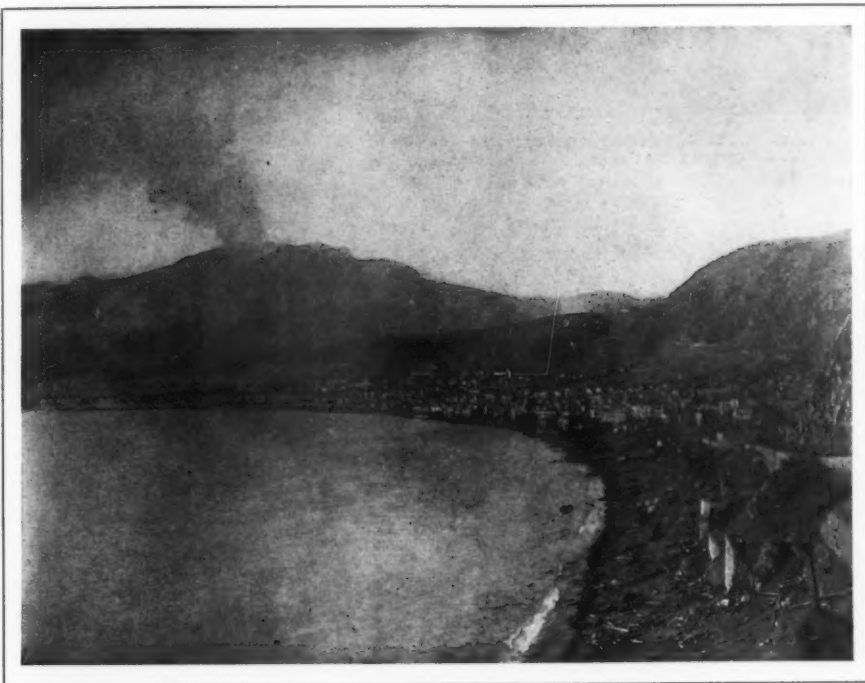
GENERAL VIEW OF ST. PIERRE, SHOWING SYNCHRONOUS EXPLOSIONS OF UPPER AND LOWER CRATERS.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Balleta and Coleson, and rounded the base of the Pitons du Carbet to Deux Choux, and thence via Fond St. Denis to St. Pierre. To our surprise, we found the entire route to be along a most perfect highway, abounding in beautiful scenery and thronged with people coming in toward Fort-de-France. Furthermore, instead of requiring two or three days to reach the ruined city, which is only about twenty-two miles distant, we rode to within three miles of it in a single afternoon

course of construction, where the workmen had apparently laid down their tools after the great explosion, and proceeded onward toward St. Pierre to the last houses of the settlement, when suddenly we met half a dozen people, one of whom kindly placed at our disposal an empty cottage, while others endeavored to procure from the ash-sprinkled foliage some bamboo cane for our ill-fed horses.

Taking possession of the deserted cottage,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. VON GOTTBERG.

MONT PELÉE AND ST. PIERRE FROM THE FOOT OF MORNE D'ORANGE, MAY 21, ABOUT 4 P.M.

upon miserable ponies which could not travel as fast as a man could walk. In fact, we found that one could have traveled from Fort-de-France to the very edge of St. Pierre in half a day without meeting a single obstacle or a sign of devastation.

On May 24, just as the light of day was fading, with two companions, I reached the straggling houses along the highway between Deux Choux and St. Pierre which constitute the village of Fond St. Denis. We knocked in vain for a night's shelter at the first cottages, for the inhabitants had fled, and continued on past the little church in

we found the heavier articles of furniture, together with a comfortable bed and mattress, void of linen, in one of its two rooms. In the other there were tables, chairs, a charcoal brazier, and a few dishes and earthen casseroles (which our negro guide insisted upon calling casteroils) and other cooking-utensils. Upon the surface of the tables and benches and window-sills, and coating the utensils, there was a thin sprinkling of volcanic dust which had permeated the house.

We had hardly made ourselves comfortable and finished the meal which we had



RIVIÈRE ROXELANE, IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY, LOOKING SOUTH.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

brought in our sacks, supplemented by a pot of chocolate which one of the women prepared for us, when one of the natives stated that we could see the light from the volcano. It was then about 8 P.M.

Stepping out of the door, I saw before me a

perfect tropical night. Not a cloud obscured the starlit firmament. Suddenly, to the north and above Pelée, there was a dim flare of light like the sheet-lightning of a summer storm. This was the reflection of the incandescent molten mass within. Following this, a great spherical cloud, with hundreds of boiling and seething convolutions, slowly rose above the vent. It had hardly appeared before it was followed by a blinding flash of light, like a great gun-flash, from the mouth of the crater, accompanied by long, deep-pitched detonations from the bosom of the mountain. Over the crater's rim followed a fountain shower of incandescent pumice, which looked like molten fire. Hardly had the cloud-ball reached the air when around and through it flashed a thousand lightning-like streaks, with here and there great balls of fire. While standing in mute amazement observing this phenomenon at the apparently safe distance of some three miles, I was horrified to see the cloud fall suddenly, flatten, and float out horizontally into the sky like an aerial river directly toward and above me—a ribbon of inky blackness, and coming slowly, yet so fast that it was easy for me to see that it was not to be escaped by running.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

MORNE D'ORANGE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, MAY 22, 1902.

Rapidly and with deadly silence the cloud flowed toward me, when presently I was made painfully aware of another frightful feature within it. The electric-like flashes were not confined to the area immediately over the crater, as might naturally have been expected, but all through the dense aërial river of lapilli weird flashes began to develop which ran parallel to the earth's surface. Some of these were lightning-like

pression upon the plates or, as would be expected under the circumstances, I bungled in my methods of exposure. I secured one of the lightning-flashes, however—a precious souvenir of that occasion. (See page 769.)

The approaching and overwhelming cloud had barely reached my position when, mysteriously and silently, with a change of wind, it gradually changed to the eastward, swinging around upon the crater as a pivot toward



PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. VON GOTTBERG.

VIEW IN THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE: A PART OF THE CATHEDRAL ON THE LEFT.

at times; others were unlightning-like in that they were slower and apparently traveled along distinct lines of ignition. I undoubtedly had before me the visible evidence of the ignition of the gases within a volcanic cloud like that which rolled upon St. Pierre on that fateful morning, apparently ignited by electric flashes. Horror-stricken at the approach of that weird, silent, deathly cloud which was coming directly toward and above me, and knowing that there was no means of escape which could originate within myself, I squatted beside the building, wrote my notes, and photographed at the flashes. The fainter gas illuminations either made no im-

the northern end of the island, and I breathed freely again. Some reporters who were even nearer the mountain than I were so frightened by the spectacle, which was made more horrible to them by the overflow of the incandescent pumice boulders directly toward them, that they precipitately fled, and upon reaching Fort-de-France started the rumor, which had wide-spread circulation, that Kennan, who was to the east of me, and I had probably been overwhelmed. This incident was the only one experienced by me upon the island which had the slightest element of danger or adventure; but in that experience I had seen a clue to the secret



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM MORNE D'ORANGE, MAY 22, 1902.

of the great disaster which destroyed St. Pierre.

The great streams of mud which have flowed and are flowing down the old streamways of the mountain are hardly less interesting than the smoke-clouds. Many of these, like those on the Prêcheur coast, are small rivulets, which creep along almost imperceptibly, choking up at the little narrows, and then breaking through with great gulping noises. Others, like the Rivière Blanche, the river emptying at Basse-Pointe, and the Capot, are more serious affairs, the two former being engaged in piling up the mud in successive layers over the country adjacent to their mouths, adding new geological formations to the surface, just as many of the older rocks of Pelée represent similar formations.

The devastation which the mud stream of the Rivière Blanche caused on May 3 and 5 has been fully set forth in several accounts.¹ This river of mud has now completely filled and obliterated the lower portion of the course of that stream, and the flows of new mud which take place at frequent intervals are sometimes startling to behold.

On the afternoon of May 29, while study-

ing the topography of the volcano from the deck of the *Ruby*, a hundred yards offshore from the former mouth of the Rivière Blanche, just after one of the great smoke-balls, with its seething, rolling convolutions, had erupted from the summit, I suddenly noticed, almost at the foot of Mont Pelée and about a mile back from the shore, a tremendous fountain of inky liquid shoot up into the air fifty feet or more, accompanied by splotches of white steam strongly suggestive of boiling lava, and by tremendous noises. Two of my companions, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Dunn, were then ashore, crossing the very path of the previous flows, and it looked as if the material from this outburst was about to overwhelm them. We quickly whistled an alarm to them; but, to our astonishment, they ran right into the old mud river instead of away from it. Fortunately the stream did not continue coming down upon them as fast as it had started, much to our relief.

It is interesting to note that, notwithstanding the frightfulness of the human catastrophe, the eruption of 1902 was accompanied by but few serious geographic disasters. Neither were any of the dire after-effects predicted by some alarmists fulfilled.

¹ See THE CENTURY for August.

There were no great cataclysmic disturbances of the soil, as fissures, earthquakes, subsidences, uplifts of the sea-bottom, or gigantic tidal waves. There have been no serious changes in the configuration. With the excellent French map of 1823 in hand, I carefully compared the landscape, and found every point upon the two perfectly identical, with a few exceptions to be noted. Upon this old map are the same great crevasse leading from the west side of the crater, the same cliff-bound scarps, the same mornes, hills, valleys, rivers, and slopes. The only changes have been the addition of the slightest possible ribbon of new mud-built land along the coast at the mouth of the Rivière Blanche; the nicking of the strand at a few points by the vicious return wave which followed the frightful blast; the filling up of the lower valleys of the Rivières Blanche and Sèche with mud and debris; and a few slight changes in the summit.

The reports of lava flows were all founded upon the confusion of the mud streams with that material. In fact, the matter erupted from Pelée is of a type of acidic silicious rock which does not often result in lava flows.

In the recent discussion in Congress pre-

ceding the interoceanic canal legislation, the disaster of Pelée was used as a potent weapon against the Nicaragua route and hastened the choice of Panama. Advocate as I have constantly been of the Panama route on account of its apparent freedom from seismic disturbances, I can truthfully say that had an interoceanic canal existed within one mile of St. Pierre before the present eruption, it would remain uninjured and intact to-day.

The present disturbance of Pelée has also been rather disappointing to higher students who hoped to find in it some further lessons upon great theories which have been propounded regarding the origin and laws of vulcanism, and it must be confessed that it does not contribute much substantial evidence to the theories already propagated by the world's great thinkers.

It makes no contribution to Baron von Richthofen's elaborate interpretation of a series of volcanic products whereby one kind of material was succeeded by another. The erupted material from Pelée is hornblende-hypersthene-andesite, exactly the same, with slightly varying proportions, as that of all the oldest prehistoric eruptions, dat-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES BURTON.

VIEW OF MONT PELÉE, SHOWING OUTLINE OF CRATER, SELDOM SEEN ON ACCOUNT OF CLOUDS.



VIEW IN THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE, SHOWING
EFFECTS OF VOLCANIC BLAST.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by
Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

ing back as far as the Cretaceous period, as exposed in the foundations of the Greater Antilles.

The whole phenomena, past and present, could be cited as a notable exception to Powell's theory of the normal sequence of events in vulcanism, including epochs of loading, accumulation of sediments in areas of deposition, baking, compression, metamorphosis of the load of sediments, uplift, unloading by degradation, and finally vulcanism; for Pelée is an oceanic volcano which has undergone only one continuous history of piling up above a single original vent.

Pelée has also disappointed the explosionists, who anticipated a farewell performance like that given by Krakatua. While its ejecta have always been of the Krakatuan mineral type, during the millions of years of its history it has never produced a Krakatuan mountain-annihilating explosion.

Neither has Pelée offered any comfort to the "fissurists," who postulate a great crack in the earth letting down water to the magma as an accompaniment of every volcano. In fact, there have been no serious fissuring earthquakes. The tremors have been solely from explosions within the crater, and were not exceptionally severe; indeed, not as severe as many which have previously taken

place within the Antillean vents with deadly earthquake effects without causing eruptions.

Many vulcanologists hold that volcanic explosions result from sudden access of water to the superficial portion of the hot magma through earth-fissures developed by stresses or strains from sedimental loading, and that the volcanic action itself is a secondary accompaniment of such fissuring. The letting-in of the water creates explosion, the explosion makes vents, and the expansive magma arises, as a result of the release of pressure, through the vents thus caused. On the other hand, it may be asked if there may not be some disturbance in the magma itself which causes it to expand and rise toward the surface, and if the explosions do not result primarily from the ascent of this magma to contact with the earth or ocean water rather than the descent of the water to it.

Dutton's theory that the density and fusibility of the contents of the magma constituted a double function, producing the conditions for the extrusion of molten rock matter as a leading feature in the mechanism of volcanic action, is conspicuous as not having been disproved in this eruption.

What, then, were the essential features of the eruption of Pelée which gave it individual distinction? Briefly, these were the gases probably exploding aërially, the tremendous lightning effects, and the great magnetic wave instantaneously recorded thousands of miles away.

The most important addition to knowledge from the Caribbean volcanoes is the faint suggestion which they give that the causes of volcanic phenomena are disturbances within the hot magma itself rather than in the superficial crust, as maintained by many, and the far-reaching physical suggestion is that these disturbances may produce some of the great magnetic storms which pass over the earth at times and have been attributed to the sun. It is a strange coincidence that Professor Bochetjew, on the 17th of January last, in a work published by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, ably disputed the accepted hypothesis that the sun, with its magnetic and electric storms, was the source of all the earth's magnetic waves, as argued in the classical treatise by Lord Kelvin. Professor Bochetjew showed that there were several causes of the earth-storms, citing three conspicuous causes: (1) thermo-electrical waves, as a result of the climatic warmth, which he called thermo-electrical streams; (2) that the earth water through its daily shrinkage

caused another class of magnetic streams, which he called trickling-through streams; (3) the powerful and most important agency of the cooling of our planet.

When the excitement of the present moment is over, when all the facts and evidence are collated and sifted, what will be the verdict of science and history concerning the late volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée? It is still too soon to make final statements. There are still some points upon which testimony is lamentably scarce. Even as I write, the hard-working chemists have not as yet completed the analyses of the few specimens which I collected. For some evidence we must wait until the volcano's violence is over, after which the geologist may climb its craters and delve to their bottom for specimens which, when microscopically studied or chemically analyzed, will give additional data.

All the evidence shows that the principal phenomena in the catastrophe were as follows: The morning was clear and bright, but the people were in a condition of thorough panic from the previous events. At seven o'clock there was a preliminary air-movement which caused the hands of an aneroid barometer to vibrate violently. Shortly after this detonations of explosions were heard within the mountain. At 7:50 witnesses from the decks of the ships saw two great eruptions. The first was a mushroom cloud from the summit crater, which ascended into the upper air, and then, according to witnesses from the land, floated southward. Almost immediately after this there was another and more violent eruption from the lower side of the mountain, so tremendous in its effects as to impress some witnesses with the opinion that the whole side of the slope had opened. This was a terrific and rapidly traveling black cloud of lapilli, which swept with great rapidity southward toward the city. In this cloud there was, no doubt, a great quantity of hot, dry steam, as shown by the burns of some of the wounded on the ships within the touch of its outer margin, and probably gases. The cloud was also exceedingly dense, so much so that it caused total darkness of positions it enveloped. It was likewise heavier than the air, for it traveled along the surface configuration instead of ascending. Owing to this fact, people living upon the higher cliffs overlooking St. Pierre were spared.

This cloud advanced horizontally at a frightful rate of speed in a direction from east of north to west of south. It was also intensely hot, and from its edges a wave of heat radiated out beyond its margin, blight-

ing and withering vegetation. The weight of evidence shows that the cloud was incandescent in itself, but that within it, after its eruption from the mountain, was developed a frightful flame. All persons who saw it from the land side testify to seeing great sheets of flame develop within it. This flame was quick and sudden, and shot with lightning-like rapidity over the city from north to south, consuming houses, trees, human beings, wherever it touched. There were also displays of lightning within the upper cloud—lightning of marvelous effects and rapidity. Sparks shot along the summit in every direction, and it was noted that this lightning played incessantly on the St. Pierre side.

Another remarkable phenomenon was the tremendous destructive force which uprooted trees, unroofed and destroyed buildings throughout the city, threw down people and objects as if particles of chaff, made the sea recede, overturned ships, destroyed all rigging, and piled the debris of the town against the overhanging cliff. This force was aerial, not terrestrial. It threw down the tops of walls, leaving their foundations standing; threw statues off their pedestals; took the rigging and upper works from off the ships; blew down some trees and stripped others of every trace of twig and foliage. It drove the water back from the shores, which re-



VIEW FROM ST. PIERRE, SHOWING MUD FLOW TO NORTH AND FUMES FROM LOWER CRATER.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

turned with terrific force. The direction of this force was radial, apparently from a common center, from which its effects diminished progressively.

The Roddam, on its farthest edge, was noted



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

BATTERY ON MORNE D'ORANGE, ST. PIERRE, MAY 22, 1902.

injured, but was released from its anchorage by the breaking of the chain. The *Roraima*, still nearer the center of the force, was almost overturned, and deprived of its upper works and rigging. The *Grappler*, still nearer, and lying off the mouth of the *Rivière des Pères*, was completely annihilated. The decrease of the force from without inward is testified by all the objects. The center of this force seems to have been at the north end of the city, where the destruction was greatest, and every trace of culture, vegetation, buildings, and humanity was almost instantaneously annihilated.

Not only was there a tremendous outward force, but this was followed by a return movement, as if a vacuum had been created. This return movement was gentler than the outward force, and brought life and vitality to many who had been exhausted for the lack of air to breathe. Another marked phenomenon of the explosion was this exhaustion of air, as testified by all witnesses who were within the radius of the blast, indicating that the oxygen had been completely consumed.

Then another peculiar thing occurred: from the heavens there fell a rain of thick liquid mud, accompanied by small stones of pumice, which lasted for a considerable interval, some say as long as thirty minutes.

This apparently was not rain from the sky, but moisture which had developed within the cloud, and, mingling with the ash-like lapilli, formed mud within the sky. Wherever this liquid touched, it plastered the surfaces as though it had been placed on by the hands of man; the landscape was bedaubed with a continuous smooth coating—ships and trees, stones, and even the corpses in the streets. Trees, smoke-stacks, and rigging were all plastered alike; even the bodies of the survivors on the ships were so coated that the cement-like mass had to be literally cracked off the heads of the negroes.

Besides these phenomena seen, there was another substance, which, though invisible, was perhaps the chief agent in the resulting disaster. I refer to the gases which accompanied it. Yet there is no statement so hard to demonstrate as this. That gases were present there can be no doubt whatever, as testified by the phenomena themselves and the traces which they left upon the wreck. What these gases were is another question, for although the gaseous phenomena of volcanoes are least understood, it is a well-known fact that the vapors of all the Caribbean *soufrières* are sulphurous, and it is highly probable that either sulphureted hydrogen, H_2S , or sulphur dioxide was crimi-

nally implicated in the disaster at St. Pierre. The chief surgeon of the *Dixie* expedition alleges that some of the people at St. Vincent were killed by the inhalation of sulphur dioxid. Up-to-date chemistry has not been of much service in detecting the nature of these gases, but we must remember that full and specific collections with chemical determinations cannot be made until Pelée ceases erupting. It is a significant fact, however, that twigs collected from the trees by me in St. Pierre showed a sulphurous coating, and that all the silverware was blackened by this substance. It is even stated that the captain of the *Suchet* picked up pieces of pure sulphur in the streets of St. Pierre. Still more significant is the fact that for weeks before the catastrophe the city was filled with sulphurous smells—"so strong," wrote Mrs. Thomas T. Prentis, wife of the United States consul, "that horses stopped and snorted, and some of them dropped in their harness and died of suffocation."

The problem of exactly how St. Pierre and its inhabitants were destroyed is still before us. There are two theories:

1. The heat-blast theory. This assumes that the lapilli, gases, and steam of the cloud were ejected with sufficient initial force to destroy buildings from two to five miles distant, and were sufficiently hot to inflame the city and destroy the people by singeing, suffocation, and asphyxiation.

2. The aerial gas explosion theory. This postulates that the weight of the cloud, causing it to descend, the exhaustion of air, the flame, and the great aerial force developed, were the products of an explosion caused by the union of the gases of the cloud with the oxygen of the air, which took place in the air, but near the surface of the ground.

From whatever point of view the subject is approached, all the evidence focuses upon a single deduction: that there was a terrific aerial explosion within the cloud after it erupted from the mountain, which developed tremendous destructive forces, and that the situation of St. Pierre adjacent to the bluff

behind it was such that reverberation caused therefrom assisted in its destruction.

The position of the cliffs inclosing the area of devastation would have had much to do with the destruction of St. Pierre, inasmuch as places outside of the cliff-bound amphitheater and upon the edge of the plateau above its depth were spared from destruction.

The aerial explosion, if it occurred, involves the presence within the cloud of a combustible gas, but science is still unable to state its nature. The distinguishing of explosive gases involves a faculty of scientific specialization which the writer does not possess; but as sudden and mysterious as was the great secret, it has left its traces and clues, which the detectives of science will follow up. Metal surfaces of objects in the ruins will be examined and analyzed for traces of sulphur and chlorids. The deposits from the numerous steaming fumaroles are already within the chemical laboratory. Even the ash and rocks of the island will be submitted to minute investigation.

Haunting my mind is a hypothesis which may be but a dream, and which cannot be proved, yet is one which would explain all the phenomena.

On that fateful morning two clouds erupted almost simultaneously from the mountain, one following the other at a slight interval. The first of these came from the open flue of the summit chimney and floated southward horizontally toward Mont Vert. In this cloud developed a violent storm of electric discharges. The second came from lower down the mountain at the spot probably known as La Soufrière or L'Étang Sec. The ejecta from the latter vent were not from an open flue, as the summit cloud, but were from the initial explosion of an ancient vent long clogged up by an accumulation of old material and sulphurous gases. Being heavy with gases, and while rolling toward the city, what would have happened had that host of electric sparks from the upper cloud flashed into the lower aerial mass of superheated gases, even though they had otherwise refrained from already uniting with the oxygen?¹

¹ Professor Hill informs us that since writing the foregoing he has received from Dr. Emil Deckert of Berlin, who ascended Pelée in 1898, interesting confirmation of the view that the deadly eruption was from the lower lateral crater on the west side of the mountain. Dr. Deckert, in an address delivered in Berlin on the 12th of May, asserted this opinion very emphatically on the ground of his own observations in 1898 and those made by M. Léon Sully on the 25th and 26th of April of the present year, and of the newspaper reports.

Professor Hill finds further confirmation of his theory

in the following extract from an article by G. Mazet published in "L'Opinion" of Fort-de-France of May 7, but written before the destruction of the Guérin factory on May 5: "The eruption was accompanied by no serious trepidations of soil, but a rain of ashes, broken through by burning flashes of gas, alone signalized this volcanic eruption. In the neighborhood commotions were produced in the air, the effect of returning shocks, and created the impression of frequent seismic phenomena. However, the soil has only felt a few slight undulations of short duration."—EDITOR.

PHASES OF THE WEST INDIAN ERUPTIONS.

DEDUCTIONS FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF THE REGIONS DEVASTATED BY
MONT PELÉE AND LA SOUFRIÈRE.

BY ISRAEL C. RUSSELL,

Professor of Geology at the University of Michigan.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.
BOYS CARRYING WATER TO REFUGEE CAMP, GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT, MAY 27, 1902.

IT is from the point of view of the geologist and the geographer that I invite the reader to consider certain phases of the recent volcanic eruptions in the Lesser Antilles.

During the morning starlight of May 21, 1902, I stood on the deck of the United States cruiser *Dixie*, then on her mission of mercy to the stricken people of the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. Peering ahead into the darkness, I endeavored to

fancy what dread picture the rising sun would reveal. To the eastward, dimly outlined against the brightening sky, loomed a vast mass of vapor in which Mont Pelée and the dead city at its base were enshrouded. On the shore still smoldered the fires of the once beautiful city of St. Pierre. The second great eruption of Mont Pelée had occurred the day preceding the arrival of the *Dixie*, but as she steamed past the devastated region all was silent—the silence of death.

We reached Fort-de-France soon after daybreak, and later in the same day visited St. Pierre. My visit to the dead city was repeated on the succeeding day, each excursion being on the United States despatch-boat *Potomac*, in command of Captain McCormick. Later I went on the *Dixie* to St.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

INJURED CATTLE, NEAR GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT, MAY 27, 1902.



ASCENDING LA SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT, IN 1878.

This photograph was taken near the crater-brim, and shows the western or leeward coast as seen from the summit. The ascent was by a well-made cinder-path or -trail. The figure on the right is Dr. F. A. Ober.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. O. WILSON.

THE LARGE CRATER OF LA SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT, BEFORE ITS ERUPTION ON

Vincent, and was able to land on both the west and the east coast of that island within the area devastated by the eruption of La Soufrière, and to study characteristic portions of the records which had been recently made. Every possible facility for my work was cordially extended by Captain R. M. Berry, commander of the *Dixie*, and by his able staff of officers, and also by the governors of both Martinique and St. Vincent.

HOW VOLCANOES ARE FORMED.

THE various phases which volcanoes present are so diverse that the general reader will no doubt ask for assistance in grouping them in orderly sequence. As a brief generalized outline of the history of a volcano, I believe most geologists will accept the following, although certain of the explanations suggested cannot be demonstrated by actual observation.

Owing to movements in the cold and rigid outer portion of the earth, or crust, as it is convenient to term it, the rocks are folded and broken, and the cracks thus produced may extend down to the intensely heated rocks thousands of feet beneath the surface.

The material at a depth of several thousand feet is, so far as one can judge, intensely hot, and would be molten if it were not under great pressure. The formation of a crack through the cold and rigid outer layer, however, serves to relieve the pressure on the intensely hot portion beneath, and the deeply seated rocks become viscous or fluid and are forced through the fissure up toward the earth's surface. As the molten material, or magma, rises, it may be forced between stratified layers and form intrusions of various shapes in the cold and rigid rocks it invades, or it may reach the surface and spread out over the land or beneath the sea as a lava flow. Molten rock, coming to the surface, sometimes flows out in vast volumes through the greater part of an extensive fissure or through many fissures, and veritable inundations of lava occur.

One of the best-known and most typical illustrations of such an occurrence is in the region drained by the Columbia River, where a series of horizontal lava sheets, covering some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, has been cut across in the formation of the cañon of Snake River, revealing a



MAY 7, 1902 (NOT THE CRATER OF 1812, WHICH LIES TO THE NORTHEASTWARD).

thickness of over four thousand feet. More frequently, however, the liquid rock, or the solid fragments produced by steam explosion, is forced from the earth through definite tubes or conduits, about the surface openings of which hills, craters, and even magnificent mountains are built by the deposition of the ejected material.

The most marked variations that occur when lava rises through well-defined conduits pertain to the degree of fusion of the extruded rock. If thoroughly fused, it escapes easily,—in fact, almost with the freedom of water,—and flows away quietly in a stream which resembles the outpouring of liquid metal from a furnace. If but moderately fluid, or thick and viscous, it is frequently thrown into the air, by the explosive energy of steam and gases, as still plastic clots, which cool during their flight, and form scoria, or bombs; or it may still be sufficiently soft, on striking the earth, to spread out as flattened cakes. But if the fusion is less complete, and the column of lava as it rises in the throat of a volcano becomes rigid before reaching the surface, it is in many instances broken by explosion

within or beneath it, and solid, angular fragments are projected into the air as dust, gravel-like kernels termed *lapilli*, and even as massive blocks weighing perhaps several tons.

Of the material shot upward, there are, again, two principal divisions, namely, that which is molten, or plastic, and that which is sufficiently cooled to be solid and even brittle. To anticipate, I may say that the lava extruded from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière during their recent eruptions was all in the condition of solid, angular fragments.

The explosions which frequently form a conspicuous feature of volcanic eruptions may seemingly be best explained on the assumption that molten lava, as it rises from deep within the earth, brings with it various gases, but more especially steam with a high degree of tension. It is to be presumed, however, that as the molten material rises and invades the water-charged rocks near the earth's surface, important additions to the steam dissolved in the lava are acquired. While the explosion of volcanoes is commonly ascribed to the violent escape of

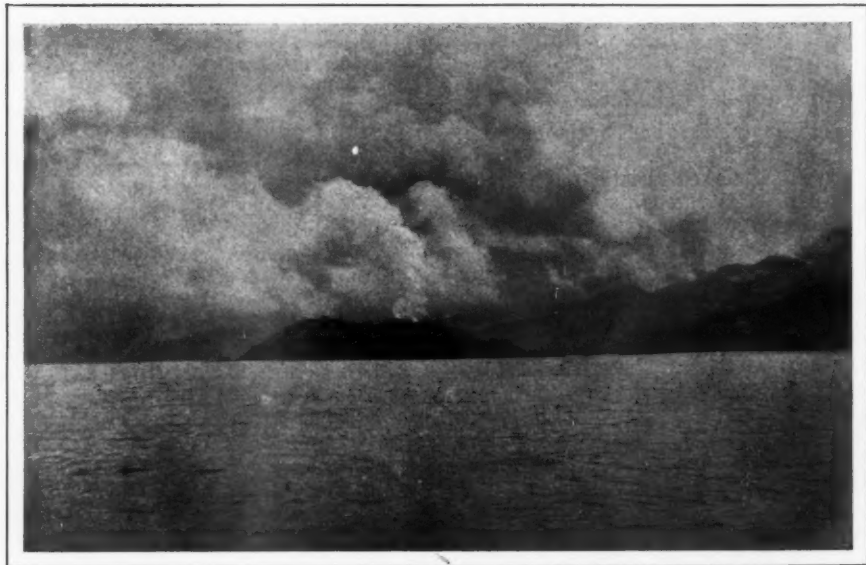


TYPE OF CARIB RACE, ST. VINCENT.

steam, the fact is recognized that water, in contact with white-hot rock, would be decomposed, and furnish oxygen and hydrogen, which, as the temperature decreases, would recombine with explosive violence. While the molten rock forced upward in the con-

duit of a volcano is yet under great pressure, the steam and gases contained in it are confined and held in solution in the magma; but as the summit portion of the ascending column nears the surface, pressure is relieved, the pent-up vapor and gases expand, and explosions result. Each explosion, by blowing out lava, tends still more to relieve the pressure on the lava below, and a succession of eruptions follow, until the steam-and-gas-charged portion of the volcano is removed. The cessation of an eruption after a violent explosion is an argument tending to show that it is only the summit portion of the lava in a volcanic conduit which is charged with steam and gas; otherwise, as it would seem, an eruption would cease only when nearly the entire subterranean reservoir of highly heated rock had been emptied.

If the highly heated rock in a volcanic conduit is sufficiently liquid to permit the steam and gases to escape through it, in the manner that steam escapes from an open vessel containing boiling water, there will be little if any projection of the lava into the air, although extensive overflows of lava may occur without explosions. During such quiet explosions vast volumes of steam are given off; hence it is evident that the pressure which forces liquid rock from deep within the earth to the surface is something dis-



VIEW OF CHÂTEAUBELAIR ISLAND, ST. VINCENT, WITH STEAM FROM RIVERS OF MUD.

Taken from the *Dixie* by Chaplain MacGrail, May 23, 1902.

tinct and apart from the explosions, which sometimes form the most conspicuous part of an eruption. In brief, the forcing out of lava may be best explained as the result of pressure on the material deep below the earth's surface, and the steam explosions as

rumblings, and tremendous detonations, accompanied by an outbreak of steam and gases of such violence that rock fragments are shot upward to a height not infrequently of several miles. In such instances the lava extruded is blown out either in clots or, as



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

MOUTH OF THE WALLIBOU RIVER, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

Hot water entering the sea.

a result of the rising of the hot magma into the water-charged surface portion of the earth's crust.

THE TWO TYPES OF VOLCANOES.

The manner in which steam and gases escape from volcanoes while in eruption furnishes a basis for classifying them in two groups, namely, those of a quiet and those of an explosive type, though the line of demarcation between the types is indefinite. In the case of volcanoes of the quiet type, the extruded lava flows out frequently in such volume as to be measured in cubic miles, but unaccompanied by explosions. In such instances the molten rock is highly liquid, and may flow scores of miles before cooling and hardening. Volcanoes of the explosive type make themselves conspicuous by earthquake,

happens more frequently, in solid, angular fragments. Frequently, too, during explosive eruptions, and even those of extreme violence, there is comparatively little lava extruded at the surface.

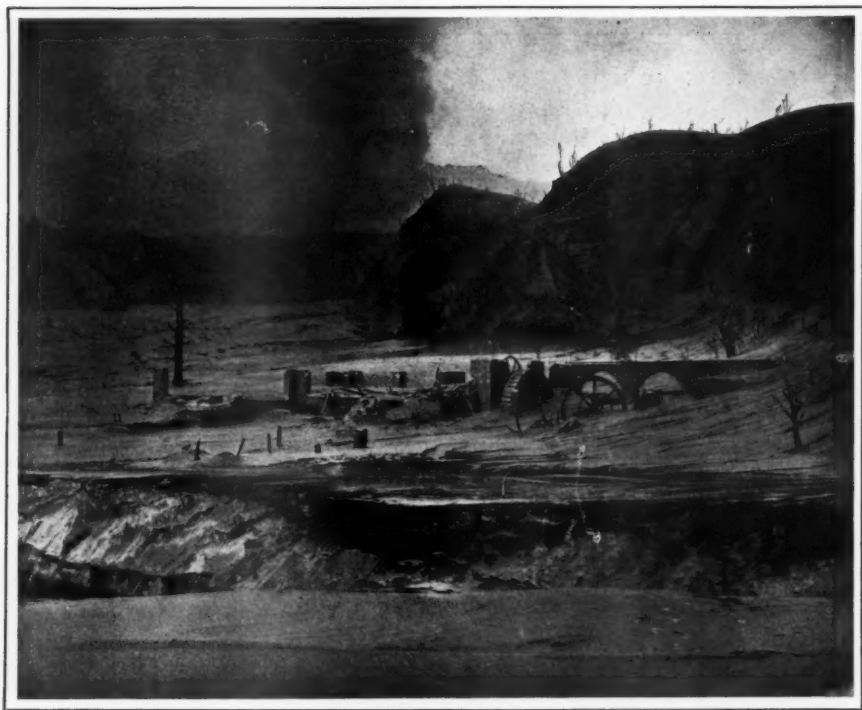
The recent volcanic eruptions on Martinique and St. Vincent were well-marked examples of the explosive type. All of the fresh lava ejected was blown into the air in the condition of solid fragments.

According as a volcano is of the explosive or the quiet type, it builds a hill or a mountain in each instance of characteristic shape. A quiet eruption of liquid lava commonly leads to the formation of a low mound with a broad bottom, and if the eruptions are repeated from time to time, a great mountain with a rounded profile and an immensely expanded base may result. Characteristic examples of the mountains built by volca-

noes of the quiet type are furnished by the stupendous volcanic piles of the Hawaiian Islands, the sides of which are generally inclined.

If, on the other hand, an eruption is of the explosive type, the rock fragments blown

clearly of the explosive type, and no doubt for centuries to come will be numbered among the most typical examples of that type known. Up to the close of my visit to Martinique and St. Vincent no streams of lava had appeared, and, judging from the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. G. WILSON.

RUINS OF WALLIBOU VILLAGE, THREE MILES FROM LA SOUFRIÈRE. SLIGHT ERUPTION TAKING PLACE.

out are piled about the openings so as to form a steep-sided cone, with a depression, or crater, in the summit. Examples of mountains built in this manner are abundant, as explosive volcanoes are more numerous than those of the quiet type, and are illustrated by Fujiyama in Japan, Shishaldin in Alaska, and many others. The most common of all volcanic mountains, however, are those built both by the ejection of fragments and the outwelling of streams of molten rock. Such composite cones, as they are termed, are illustrated by Vesuvius.

THE PLACE OF MONT PELÉE AND LA SOUFRIÈRE AMONG VOLCANOES.

THE mountains in the Lesser Antilles recently in eruption, as stated above, are

observations of others, no effusions of molten rock have since taken place. Not only were the recent eruptions essentially steam explosions, but the rock exposures throughout each of the islands show that many similar explosive eruptions had previously occurred. In fact, the islands are largely composed of igneous rocks ejected as solid, angular fragments, in the same manner as the stones, gravel, and dust recently showered over them. A few old lava streams were noted, however, which show that molten rock has, in the past, occasionally been forced out from volcanic vents on both Martinique and St. Vincent, but from what craters these ancient streams came is unknown. From the extended observations of Robert T. Hill and others it appears that not only Martinique and St. Vincent have been built

mainly by explosive eruptions, but that all the volcanic Caribbees, from Saba southward to Grenada, have a similar history. The process by which this chain of islands has been built is evidently still in action, and is illustrated by the recent explosions.

Both Mont Pelée and La Soufrière for many years previous to the recent eruptions were seemingly extinct. The walls of their craters were overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, and each mountain held a lake in a depression near its summit. In spite of the fact that Mont Pelée experienced an eruption in 1851, and La Soufrière one in 1812, any geologist, I believe, previous to the recent catastrophe, would have considered these mountains as safe as many others in the Lesser Antilles. Fifty or ninety years, however, is but a short period when the cooling of a volcano is considered, as is shown by Mount Shasta, Mount Hood, and Mount Rainier in the Cascade Range, which, although tens of thousands of years old, are still hot within, and still emit small volumes of steam.

Presumably the rocks but a short distance beneath the placid lakes which recently existed in the summit portions of Mont Pelée

and La Soufrière were still hot previous to the late eruptions, but what changes caused the explosions cannot be accurately told. Most likely, however, the cracks or belt of fractures in the earth's crust along which the Lesser Antilles are situated were slightly opened, or greater pressure than formerly was brought to bear upon the heated rocks within the conduits of the seemingly extinct volcanoes, and molten rock was forced upward through the ancient rent. This suggestion, it must be understood, is to some extent a matter of theory, but is based on the generally accepted explanation of the nature of volcanoes.

Judging from the reports of persons who visited the crater lakes of Mont Pelée and La Soufrière early in May, their waters became hot previous to the beginning of the actual eruption. Possibly movements in the rocks opened fissures in the bottoms of the craters, through which the lake waters gained access to the hot rocks beneath. On the morning of May 7, the day of the great eruption of La Soufrière, the water in its crater is reported by an eye-witness to have risen to near the lip of the encircling wall,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

WALLIBOU RIVER, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

The river valley is filled with hot stones and volcanic dust to a depth of about sixty feet.

and to have been in violent ebullition. In the case of Mont Pelée, the crater lake appears to have broken its bounds on May 5, and to have sent a deluge of hot water charged with mud through the gorge of Rivière Blanche, which destroyed the Guérin sugar-factory and overwhelmed a score of people. This deluge was heavily charged with mud, and in its mad rush down the mountain valley resembled a "cloud-burst." A similar break of the crater in the summit portion of La Soufrière is not known to have occurred, and the waters and mud of the lake seem to have been blown into the air at the time of the first explosion of that mountain.

The rise of the column of molten rock in the conduit of Mont Pelée and of La Soufrière, and the escape of superheated steam and, no doubt, gases, seem to have been the proximate and immediate causes of each of the recent eruptions. The lava of each volcano belongs to the class of rocks termed andesite. In chemical composition, and to some extent in appearance, the cooled and hardened lava resembles fire-brick. It con-

tains from fifty-five to sixty-one per cent. of silica, about eighteen per cent. of alumina, from six to eight per cent. of calcium, from five to nine per cent. of iron oxids, together with lesser quantities of magnesia, magnesium, sodium, and several other much less abundant elements. From a comparison with certain clays of nearly the same composition, the fusing-points of which are known, it appears that the andesite blown out from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière would become soft and more or less plastic at a temperature of about 2200° Fahrenheit, but fusion sufficiently complete to permit the material to flow would not occur below a dazzling white heat, or at about 2700° or 2800° Fahrenheit.

It is the refractory nature of the rock which largely determined the behavior of the volcanoes while in eruption. Owing to the high degree of heat required to make the lava plastic enough to flow and the absence of sufficient pressure to cause it to rise rapidly, it was not discharged as a stream, but as it rose through the chimney-like opening which permitted its egress, the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

RICHMOND VALE HOUSE, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

Mr. McDonald, whose narrative appeared in the August *CENTURY*, was about to buy this estate when the eruption took place. The house was partly destroyed by the hurricane of 1898.

summit of the column became chilled and stiffened, and was even changed to solid rock before being blown into the air. The craters of the volcanoes, during their violent eruptions, were of the nature of huge vertical cannon from which rock fragments were blown into the air with such initial velocities that they rose to a height of several miles. By this process of blowing out of the summit portions of the ascending lava columns, a vast quantity of material was removed from deep within the earth to the surface and scattered over many hundreds of square miles of land and sea. The total quantity of material ejected in this manner can only be estimated, but certainly it equals that found in many extensive lava flows.

Not only did the escaping steam or gases blow out masses of the stiffened and brittle rock, but steam and gases imprisoned in the rock itself escaped as pressure was relieved, and blew the wall of the confining cells to dust. The larger part of the lava thrown out by each of the volcanoes was dust-like in character, but the shattering of ejected material was greatest in the case of Mont Pelée. The dust is of a dark-gray color, and resembles ground Portland cement. Near the volcanoes it fell in a hot condition and destroyed all life, but at a distance it became cooler, and did little if any damage to plants or animals. At St. Pierre the fine gray dust accumulated to a depth of perhaps fourteen inches on broad, flat surfaces, but, like snow, it was drifted by the winds, and in places, as in the northern part of the city, where it was swept down from the surface of the plain to the eastward, buried houses from sight. In the valleys it accumulated, in certain instances, to the depth of from fifty to sixty feet or more, but what the average depth throughout the devastated area may be remains to be determined. At St. Pierre little else but fine dust was added to the surface; the largest grains observed by me—of which there were comparatively few, however—did not exceed the size of a small pea.

On St. Vincent the material that fell during the most violent eruptions was much coarser than any observed on Martinique. On both east and west coasts of the island I collected fragments of fresh lava measuring five or six inches in diameter, and even larger masses are said to have fallen. At Richmond House, on the west side of St. Vincent, the layer of stones, lapilli, and dust added to the surface on nearly level areas was about three feet thick. Near Georgetown, on the east coast of the island, the

sheet of debris on the arrowroot-fields was approximately fourteen inches thick. These measures refer to nearly level areas at a distance of about five miles from La Soufrière. In the valleys and gorges of the mountains, in many instances, it was estimated that from fifty to sixty feet or more of similar fresh fragmental material fell.

Together with the fragments of fresh andesite which fell—particularly on St. Vincent—are mingled angular or somewhat rounded pebbles and fragments of dense igneous rock, which were observed to be red-hot when they reached the ground. These masses are similar, in the manner of their ejection, to the blocks of limestone to be observed on Vesuvius, and were, no doubt, torn from the walls of the conduits through which the fresh lava was ejected and shot upward with it. These highly heated rocks, as just stated, were frequently red-hot when they returned to the earth, and capable of starting fires. The fragments of fresh lava that fell, although hot throughout the devastated areas, are not reported to have been red-hot. This difference of heat between the fragments of old lava and of the fresh and recently fused rock extruded seems to have been due to their physical properties. The older rock was mostly dense and compact, and retained its heat longer than the usually porous and frequently pumice-like fresh material.

The discharge of fragments from Mont Pelée took place from a crater near the summit of the mountain, but not at the very top. The crater was in full view during my visit to St. Pierre, and on its eastern side rose to a height of several hundred feet above the crest of its newly formed walls where best defined. On the west side was a deep V-shaped notch in the crater's rim, looking through which, from St. Pierre, one could see a conical pile of rough rocks, reddish in color, from which steam was rising in large volumes. This inner cone, situated on the floor of the main crater, was built during mild discharges, and evidently consisted of clots of sticky lava tossed up from the open conduit within. The dull reddish or brownish color of the cone of eruption was, as it seemed, due to its heat. A violent explosion which occurred later, no doubt, blew the small cone to fragments and distributed it far and wide as dust and lapilli, but during subsequent mild eruptions a similar hollow pyramid was probably rebuilt.

In neither of the craters on Martinique and St. Vincent did molten lava rise so as to

make a lake of liquid rock, as has so frequently happened in the case of the Hawaiian craters, and as sometimes occurs in the crater of Vesuvius. At no time during my visit was the light of molten rocks within the craters reflected from the steam that rose above them. Inquiry of several careful observers who witnessed the earlier stages of the eruptions of one or the other of the volcanoes fails to indicate that such a light on the under side of the clouds above the craters was conspicuous at any time. This is consistent with other evidence tending to show that the lava columns cooled and hardened as they rose within the conduits of the volcanoes, and that their summit portions were shot into the air by explosions from beneath.

To repeat: The recent eruptions were explosive. The materials extruded were steam, gases (the precise nature of which is unknown), and fresh or recently fused lava blown out in a solid condition as dust, lapilli, and still larger angular fragments, some of which weigh from one to several pounds. In addition to the fresh lava blown into the air, there was a notable quantity, especially at St. Vincent, of fragments of old and solid igneous rocks, which were torn from the walls of the conduits and shot into the air by the upward rush of steam and lava.

WHAT WAS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE?

IN Martinique the region of destruction is triangular; the triangle measures about five miles on a side, and its apex is at the summit of Mont Pelée. The location and shape of the area swept by the volcanic explosions were determined largely by the fact that the crater from which the discharge came was on the west side of the summit of the mountain, and also that the wall of the crater was deeply notched on the side facing St. Pierre. Another factor to be considered is that the trade-winds sweep across Martinique from east to west, or pass directly from the summit of Mont Pelée to St. Pierre. It was this combination of conditions to which, in large part, the destruction of the ill-fated city was due. In addition, however, as it seems safe to conclude from the accounts of several survivors of the disaster, a lateral opening below the base of the crater on the side facing St. Pierre was made on the morning of May 8, and from this opening the volcanic discharge was shot out laterally,

and not straight upward as is normally the case.

According to the reports of survivors who witnessed the disaster, a cloud rolled down the mountain-side, requiring some three minutes to reach the coast. The cloud started with an apparent width of about three thousand yards, and spread as it advanced until it was two miles or more in breadth, when it swept over St. Pierre and the shipping in the roadstead. The blasts from the mountain, judging from all available evidence, consisted mainly of steam charged with fine, hot dust; but inflammable gases may also have been present. No conspicuous odor of gas, however, appears to have been observed at the time of the eruption, and during my visit to the stricken city—the day following the second great eruption, which is believed to have been similar in all respects to the first one—there was no suggestive odor of gases present, although the smell of sulphurous acid was in evidence, and suggested the familiar smell usually noticed on visiting the slag-piles of a furnace.

The cloud from the mountain, referred to above, is said to have rolled down its side like a fog-bank, the summit portion of the front of the wave advancing and rolling under. No conspicuous detonations other than the deafening roar from the mountain accompanied these discharges, but the blast passed over the ships in the roadstead with a rush like that of a hurricane. The blast which assisted in the destruction of St. Pierre had, in reality, the force of a hurricane, as is clearly shown by the records it left. The course it followed is demonstrated by the direction in which trees, houses, statues, cannon, the lighthouse, the cathedral spires, etc., were overturned. The evidence still to be seen is conclusive that the blast radiated from the mountain and passed over St. Pierre in a direction a little west of south. Walls that ran about east and west, and presented a broadside to the blast, were overturned toward the south; while walls running north and south, or with the direction of the sweeping current, are, in large part, still standing. The bells in the cathedral tower, although of large size, were carried southward and dropped beyond the walls which once supported them. Numerous great trees were overturned to the south, and lie in almost perfect alinement.

As to the force of the blast, there is no accurate measure, but there is abundant evidence to show that it was tremendous

The mechanical destruction wrought is such as only a gaseous body moving with a hurricane force could produce. The best suggestion of a measure of the force I was able to obtain was furnished by the statue of the Virgin, which formerly stood on Morne d'Orange, in the southern portion of St. Pierre and near the southern limit of the region of destruction, a distance between four and five miles from where the blast is supposed to have started. The statue in question is of metal,—iron, I believe,—and measures eleven feet high and over nine feet in circumference about the chest. Although hollow, its weight is certainly several tons. It was swept from its pedestal and carried southward a distance of about forty-five feet, and now rests in a recumbent position, the feet pointing southward, or away from the pedestal, which was left standing. Near the statue of the Virgin, and at a considerably lower level, is the site of a battery which contained eight or nine six-inch iron cannon, each gun having a length of nine feet eight inches. These guns were formerly mounted on wheels, and stood within a parapet over which they could be fired; yet, in spite of the protection thus afforded, every one of them was dismounted by the blast which swept over the city.

Without claiming that the evidence in hand should be considered conclusive, I venture the opinion that St. Pierre was destroyed by the explosion of steam charged with hot dust which was shot down from Mont Pelée in a descending direction instead of vertically, and was in reality like the discharge of a great cannon. The blast was certainly hot, seemingly steam charged with hot dust, but, so far as I can judge, did not contain notable volumes of inflammable gases. The evidence as to the presence or absence of gas is inconclusive, however, and several observers who have visited the ruins have suggested that explosions of gas near or within the city were the main agency of destruction; but such facts as I was able to gather do not favor these deductions.

WHAT WAS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF DEATH IN ST. PIERRE?

THE loss of life in St. Pierre is placed at about thirty thousand souls. So far as known, not a person survived who was in the city at 7:55 on the morning of May 8. Of the people on the ships in the roadstead, of which there were about eighteen, a few escaped, and most of these were seriously burned.

The death-dealing blast did its work not only thoroughly, but quickly. The people in the city are believed to have been killed within the space of three minutes, and, judging by the reports of survivors who were barely touched by the scorching dust, death was, in most instances, instantaneous, or nearly so. The immediate and general cause of the loss of life has by some been ascribed to burning gas, and by others to the inhalation of steam charged with hot dust. Of these two explanations, the facts observed by me, and the best interpretation I have been able to place on the reports of survivors who witnessed the disaster in part, decidedly favor the conclusion that steam, and particularly the hot dust with which it was charged, was the chief cause of death. In advancing a general explanation of the loss of life, exceptions need to be noted. Many people were no doubt killed by falling walls, and some died from what is termed "shock," and others by electricity, but the great majority of the fatalities were certainly due to something else, a something which was widespread and rapid in its action.

As to the cause of death, where the death-dealing agency was most intense, we can judge best, as it seems to me, by considering what occurred on the outer margin of the devastated area, and especially from the nature of the injuries of the persons who narrowly escaped with their lives. Of the persons who survived the destruction of the ships in the roadstead at St. Pierre, those injured suffered mainly from scalds and burns inflicted by steam and hot dust which adhered to the skin and destroyed the epidermis. In many instances the hair on the injured parts was not consumed. In the case of the sufferers, also, the portions of their bodies protected by clothing, even to the extent of a light cotton shirt, were not burned. While the injured were scalded by steam and burned by hot dust, the heat was not sufficient to burn hair or clothing, but it inflicted severe injuries. This evidence shows clearly that the people were not exposed to the touch of burning gases, for if they had been their clothing and hair would certainly have borne evidence to that effect. As told by the heroic Ellery S. Scott, chief officer of the *Roraima*, the material which fell in the ship was in part in the condition of hot mud. The explanation of this occurrence seems to be that the steam was condensed to water, which, being mingled with the previously dry dust, formed what was in reality adhesive hot mud. This, it is fair to

judge, occurred near the outer limit of the region of destruction, nearer the center of the devastated area; and whenever the heat was not sufficiently decreased to permit the steam to condense, it was charged with dry, hot dust.

Judging from the evidence in hand, the immediate cause of death in the case of a very large majority of the people in St. Pierre was from inhaling steam charged with hot dust. The dust was fine, and in the process of inhalation would enter the throat and lungs as readily as gas. In addition to what has just been stated, we have testimony showing that in many instances the mucous membrane of the nostrils and mouth, in the case of the people who died, was severely blistered and protruded so as to be conspicuous. The conclusions here presented in relation to the cause of death in St. Pierre find support also in the evidence concerning the dead and injured on St. Vincent.

DESTRUCTION IN ST. VINCENT.

On St. Vincent the action of the dust, lapilli, etc., which destroyed life and blasted vegetation over an area of some thirty square miles, was less intense than on Martinique. No blast as from a cannon swept the island, but the eruption from La Soufrière went upward in the normal manner and showered vast quantities of hot stones and dust upon the island. Where this material was sufficiently hot or in sufficient abundance, it destroyed vegetation in much the same way as on Martinique, but the relation of the devastated area to the mountain is different. The region of destruction extends, in a belt about six miles wide, directly across the northern part of St. Vincent, leaving a small island-like area of verdure on its northern side. In many instances, more especially on the outer margin of the devastated area, tree-trunks are still standing, although completely denuded of their leaves and branches. The trees which fell, while in general pointing away from La Soufrière, do not indicate that they were swept aside in the manner so plainly apparent on Martinique. Roofs were crushed by the weight of the material which fell on them, and in several instances, at a distance of four or five miles from the volcano, stones weighing a pound or more fell with such force as to penetrate galvanized-iron roofs. Within a distance of four or five miles from the volcano the material which fell was still sufficiently hot to cause fires. An interesting fact in this connection is that

when the dust and lapilli accumulated to a considerable depth around the green vegetation the trees were burned to charcoal, and near Georgetown this material is now being gathered in quantities and used for fuel. I have been informed by residents in Georgetown that, in the deposits of dust and lapilli made during the eruption of 1812, charcoal is not uncommon, thus indicating, as do many other facts, that the recent and the last preceding eruptions of La Soufrière were similar in character.

The distribution of hot material discharged from La Soufrière in a belt across the island of St. Vincent, instead of over a V-shaped area as at Martinique, seemed to have an intimate connection with the position of the crater near the summit of La Soufrière and the influence of the trade-winds on the distribution of the material discharged from it. As is well known, the depth of the layer of the atmosphere affected by the trade-winds is comparatively shallow, and above it the air is moving from west to east. The stones and dust shot upward from La Soufrière rose through the trade-wind layer, and were carried eastward by the upper air-current. On falling, however, they again met the influence of the westward-blowing trades and were given a slant in a westward direction sufficient to allow them to pass through windows and enter houses. The windows of some of the houses near Georgetown which face eastward have the appearance of an abandoned house which has served as a target for stones, while the westward-facing windows, or those looking toward the volcano, are but little injured.

While the loss of life on St. Vincent was far less than that on Martinique,—seemingly the best estimate places it at sixteen hundred,—the number of injured was greater. Nearly all the patients in the emergency hospitals at Kingstown and Georgetown, more than two hundred in number at the time of my visit, were suffering from scalds and burns on the hands, feet, face, and neck. The burns, like those of the injured at Martinique, were caused by hot dust, which adhered to the skin and destroyed the epidermis. Among the sufferers there were only two or three who were injured in other ways, and these had been struck by falling stones. In the opinion, so far as I could learn, of the physicians and others who were early on the scene of destruction, the principal cause of death was from inhaling steam charged with hot dust.

THE SHOWERS OF DUST AND STONES.

SOME of the fine dust discharged from La Soufrière on May 7 was carried upward through the trade-wind layer, borne eastward by the eastward-blowing upper air-current, and fell on the island of Barbados, ninety miles distant, where, as has been reported, it accumulated to the depth of three quarters of an inch. Another observation made by the captain of the British ship *Coya* shows that similar material fell on the same day at a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles southeast of St. Vincent. The samples of dust collected at these localities, and many samples from both Martinique and St. Vincent, show that the fine material blown into the air was produced by the disintegration of fresh lava, similar to the large masses which fell so abundantly, particularly on the northern portion of St. Vincent. The showers of dust, lapilli, and stones were similar, in the case of each volcano, to what has happened during many other eruptions, and are a repetition of what occurred during the eruption of La Soufrière in 1812, and also during the similar explosion of Mont Pelée in 1851. Such showers of fragments and the wide distribution of dust accompanying them are indications of explosive eruptions, and are in harmony with the fact that the andesite extruded is silicious and difficult of fusion.

Had the lava forced upward in the conduits of the volcanoes been somewhat more readily fusible, clots and even thoroughly fused masses of rock would probably have been ejected into the air and fallen as scoria and bombs; and had the material been still more fusible, lava streams would no doubt have flowed down from the craters. The absence of lava flows and of bombs and scoria, together with the great abundance of angular fragments of fresh lava, shows that the recent eruptions must be considered as simple examples of the eruptions of volcanoes of the explosive type. The explosions that occurred, although appalling when measured by human standards of energy, were small in comparison with many other similar events recorded in both human and geological history. Judging from the size of the fragments recently ejected, when placed by the side of the huge blocks blown out from the same or neighboring volcanoes during previous eruptions, the explosions of May last were mild in intensity in comparison with the catastrophes that have happened many times in past ages on the same islands.

TOPOGRAPHIC CHANGES.

THE study of the topography of the desolated areas on Martinique and St. Vincent, with excellent maps of the islands in hand, and with the aid of photographs taken only a short time previous to the recent eruptions, fails to show that the configuration of either island has been seriously changed. Such modifications as have occurred are confined to the summit portions of the mountains, and are of such minor consequence that they can only be determined when the eruptions shall have ceased and detailed investigations can be made.

On the west coast of St. Vincent, to the north of Châteaubelair, it is reported that minor changes have occurred in the coastline, and that low, flat areas many acres in extent near the sea have disappeared. These areas were alluvial lands at the mouths of streams, and were made by the streams themselves. Their destruction, as it appeared to me, was not on account of subsidence, but from agitation of the sea and the fact that the streams, owing to the extent to which their valleys had been filled, acquired new energy and have been able to cut away the lands they previously built. Similar changes seem to have taken place, but on a smaller scale, along the coast to the north of St. Pierre; and on both Martinique and St. Vincent some additions to the land and an extension of the shore-line have been made about the mouths of rivers which are discharging vast quantities of fresh fragmental material.

NEGATIVE RESULTS.

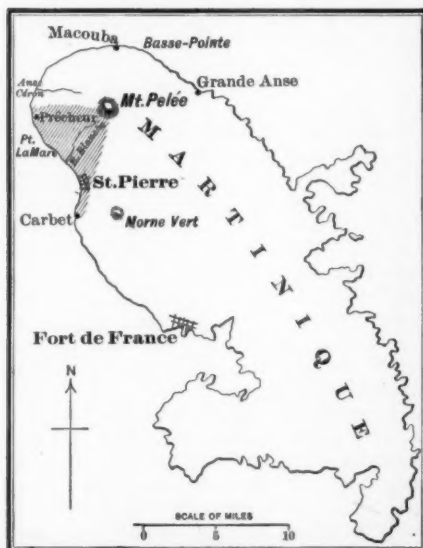
It is surprising to learn that the recent eruptions were not attended by violent earthquakes. Except in the immediate vicinity of the stricken districts on each island, but slight tremors of the earth seem to have been noted, and nothing like a severe earthquake occurred. Small water-waves are reported to have broken on the beach at St. Pierre at the time of the destruction of the city on May 8, but little if any damage was done by them. Observers state that the water at first receded from the shore about three hundred feet and then returned as a wave. A similar movement seems to have taken place during the eruption of May 20, as the sands of the beach were wet, at the time of my visit the following day, to a height of about six feet above high-water mark. Whether these waves were true earth-

quake water-waves, or "tidal waves," as they are frequently but erroneously termed, or whether the water was blown away from the shore by the blast from the volcano, and returned as a wave, there is perhaps not sufficient evidence on which to base an opinion. In the absence, however, of severe earthquake shocks, it is not to be supposed that water-waves in the sea would be started, and the disturbances of the water referred to must seemingly have had a direct connection with the blasts that swept down from the mountain. There is an absence also of records of anything more than mild earthquakes throughout the West India region.

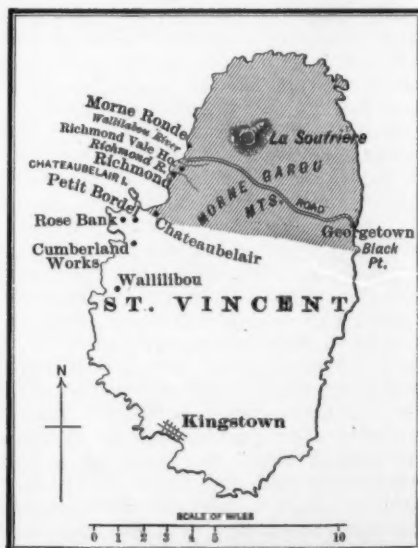
The sound-waves generated in the air during the recent eruptions, though heard at a distance of more than a hundred miles, did not travel far in comparison with the disturbances of the same nature which accompanied the eruption of Krakatua in 1883. Atmospheric waves such as would affect a barometer have not been reported. In fact, observations made by Mr. Henry Powell at Kingstown, during the eruptions of La Soufrière, failed to show any variation in the usual condition of the barometer.

Another failure of the recent eruptions to meet what might confidently be expected in such instances was the absence or nearly complete lack of brilliant sunsets in the Caribbean region during the days and weeks following the explosions. During my voyage on the *Dixie*, nothing to suggest the pres-

ence of an unusual amount of dust in the higher regions of the air was observed. On the contrary, the atmosphere throughout my stay in the West Indies seemed wonderfully clear. It is true that heavy rains followed the eruptions, but these, while washing the lower layer of the atmosphere, cannot be considered as having affected the region above the trade-wind stratum. The clearness of the air was beautifully demonstrated on the morning the *Dixie* left Fort-de-France on her homeward voyage. For an hour or more before sunrise there was not a visible cloud in the sky except the towering column of steam rising from the crater of Mont Pelée. As the sun neared the verge of the horizon, his radiance gradually increased, but nothing of the deep red produced by fine particles in the air made its appearance. Though the sun was below the horizon, and the forest-covered slopes of Carbet were yet indistinct and shadowy, the summit of the magnificent vapor column, rising from the steaming crater to a height of over fifteen thousand feet by measurement, was brilliantly illuminated. That vast column of sunlit vapor, composed of ascending fleecelike forms, each the product of a small steam explosion, expanding at the top like a mighty palm, such as those encircling the sculptured form of Josephine at Fort-de-France, was among the last and by far the most majestic and beautiful of the impressions of my visit to the stricken islands of the Lesser Antilles.



MARTINIQUE.



ST. VINCENT.

WILLIAM WATSON.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.



MR. WILLIAM WATSON has been prominently before the public for ten years, and notwithstanding some younger rivalries that remain to be tried, he is still the most widely accepted of new poets by the distinctive literary judgment in America. The volume in which he has lately collected his work, though he has omitted much that he has published even in the last decade, covers a period of twenty years of production, and hence must be taken to represent his entire poetic labor as he himself has chosen to set it forth. Such a book at such a stage seems justly to require a general estimate of what he has accomplished in poetry by long and arduous devotion to the high standard that is patent on every page, and also by a sincerity in the use of natural gifts so constant and deep that if one does not feel it, he does not feel the very pulse of the book. About one hundred and fifty poems make the sum of what he offers.

Various as the work is in its topics, one trait is obviously in the foreground, and is openly acknowledged in the concluding verses, the "Apologia," in which the poet defends his writings. He is a poet primarily of the literary life, trained in the great academic tradition of verse, and its child by discipline, with taste, matter, and style proclaiming his ancestry as he himself desired should be the case:

Their lineaments

Will out, the signature of ancestry
Leap unobserved, and somewhat of themselves
In me, their lowly scion, live once more.

Such poetical descent, which does not consist so much in an imitation as in an inheritance, comes virtually only through great love of the "eternal brood of glory excellent," and the intellectual appreciation which results from that early and intimate affection for the poets of past time usually characteristic of the literary temperament. It is not surprising that Mr. Watson consequently won his first recognition rather as a critic in verse, though the expression is

misleading; for the criticism is not prosaically conceived, like Pope's, but is rather the analogue in verse of our own interpretative and colored criticism, like Pater's, in prose, as Pope's was of the dry rules of his age. Mr. Watson, in brief, just phrases, or in images which illumine and display our own unshaped sense and unlanguage affection for the later poets, sets forth, in lines that have the quality of poetry with the coolness of prose, his own appreciation of Wordsworth, Landor, or Gray, as the case may be; or he expresses with somewhat more of lift and poignancy the eidolon he has created of Shelley, Burns, Byron, and Keats; or, in his elegy on Tennyson, with its brilliant qualities of style and depth of feeling, he passes out of the sphere of criticism into that disengagement from intellectual or moral values where love, though springing from judgment, forgets its origins and is itself alone. "Wordsworth's Grave" has many excellencies of its own, and is the more original poem; but the "Lachrymæ Musarum" belongs in the same class, and by its intensity, solemnity, and lyrical development must be reckoned the climax of the poems about poets by which Mr. Watson is most favorably known. The subject of these, which is the spiritual personality of these poets as they are now in men's memory, and the soundness of the judgment passed, its discrimination and penetrating power, its pure and often imaginative phrasing, and also the noble movement of the lines and the self-possession of the style, appeal to the literary class with a breadth and directness not equaled in our later verse.

The reputation founded upon poems whose motive was literary appreciation of great English masters of the art was sustained and spread abroad in the public mind mainly by the political verse contained in the "Ver Tenebrosus" and "Year of Shame," together with a few other pieces of similar tenor. Of these only a portion are now retained, and this fact itself illustrates the transitory interest and value inherent in such contemporary subjects and passions. Wordsworth himself in such sonnets seldom achieved the difficult

task of infusing into them the principle of permanency. A poet who uses his talent as a weapon for the hour must commonly be content with such results as exist in the hour. Mr. Watson's heart was in the cause, and his deep feeling gave to these sonnets a passion not elsewhere so strongly shown, a vehemence, indeed, that often overran the bounds of art and made the verse "foam itself away" almost at once. The sonnets he has now let stand are the finest of the series, and several of them, notably "The Soudanese," are in the best vein of the English political sonnet as practised in its imperishable form by Milton and Wordsworth. That upon Carnot's death, however, and that upon the Franco-Russian alliance, admirably done as it is, and all the verse on the armed state of Europe, must be regarded as occasional pieces depending on a political interest and making a moral rather than a poetical appeal.

This whole body of eloquent exposition, of indignant or pathetic denunciation, of world-sorrow in a humane heart incapable of knowing patriotism except as an element in a larger and inclusive humanity, or of discriminating between a state task and the task of civilization in common, is a fervid argument, a moving address, a lament over the times; but it is necessarily a passion of the moment, and is exposed to the impairment naturally belonging to all such work. Similarly, the religious verse, on which Mr. Watson in his preface lays a grave emphasis, is somewhat narrowly agnostic. In both the political and the religious sphere the poet departs furthest from his art in the sense that he employs the art as an instrument for ideas instead of subduing these ideas to the higher uses of the art itself. The element of his own personality, the interest of what he believes, is here strong, as, in like ways, his friendships are strong in the more familiar verse of the volume; the result is that the reader comes to know Mr. Watson otherwise than as a poet, and always with extraordinary genuineness. Sincerity, indeed, is the note of the book, as has already been indicated.

Apart from all the poems which are thus easily classified, there are a number less distinctively personal and in the common field of all who write. Of these the "Epigrams" and several brief songs are preëminent, and in them Mr. Watson shows most plainly his kindred with Landor in form. In others he attempts a longer flight, of which the chief are "Hymn to the Sea," the "Dream of Man," "The Father of the Forest," "A

Study in Contrasts," and "A Dedication." They are curiously alike, under all their differences, in that they use in common a method of veiled allegory; and all are in reality poems of meditation, and more artistically conceived than such poems as "The Unknown God" or "The Hope of the World," in which reflection is given in its intellectual nakedness. In a score of other poems, also, Mr. Watson works in matter which tests his powers when free from a motive engrossingly literary, political, or religious; and in a few instances, besides, he tries pure narrative verse, of which "Domine Quo Vadis" is the most striking example. Upon these various poems, taken as a mass, Mr. Watson's normal and constant poetical force must be judged, unless his signal successes alone be alluded to.

The great quality of all these is their style, as strong as it is flexible, as sure as it is refined, finished in every detail, and yet large and simple in its masses, clear-flowing always. Higher praise can hardly be given to style merely; in its vocabulary and cadences it continues with original touch the traditions of Landor and Arnold, and, in less degree, of Wordsworth's diction in blank verse; it is most admirable in its mastery of pure and often lofty phrase, and relies much upon the phrase as the element of composition; it is excessive in its Latinity, in its polysyllabic preponderance to a degree that seems mannered, and in the glide of the words that results; but even when, as in "A Study in Contrasts," the words are as distinguished as the collier's tail, they are handled with a fine mastery. "Amorist, agonist man" is a phrase that almost takes us back to the false taste of "Euphues"; and "millioned-billioned consentaneousness," "in majestic taciturnity refraining her ilimitable scorn," to quote those that come first to memory, are phrases that recall Tennyson's fear concerning the end of "Tiresias" that his friend would desire "a less diffuse and opulent close." Notwithstanding such extremes as these, not of infrequent recurrence, it is the style of Mr. Watson in all his verse which lifts it out of comparison with his contemporaries.

The appeal to the literary sense made by the style is very much increased by the prevailing tone and treatment. Mr. Watson is fundamentally a poet of meditation; thought of some kind, critical or political, or more broadly human, is the substance of the verse, sometimes given in the flashing phrase of a single idea, sometimes in the

diffused irony of a fable, as in "A Study in Contrasts," and at others in a mood, though rarely. But in rendering this thought less reliance is placed on imagination and passion than has been usual in this century. The verse cannot be described as romantic; the threefold chill of Landor, Arnold, and Wordsworth may have had its natural effect on other things than the style, and certainly the ideal here found is rather classic purity and elegance than color, passion, that outward audacity or inner intensity which go with romantic temperament. In the single point of nature-description Mr. Watson plainly is not of the Wordsworthian race; his landscape is largely an elegiac convention (except in personal anecdote), and his "Hymn to the Sea" is successful rather in what it says of man than of the ocean. The poetry of love, except for a few graceful songs and personal confidences, seems deliberately excluded.

There is deep feeling in many of the poems, and especially in two of the finest and subtlest in mood and most touched with charm, the "Vita Nuova" and "The First Skylark in Spring," which have the spontaneity of genius, as have also many of the elegiac bursts. There is also the strong

sense of nature as a process, the scientific conception of nature; but in neither the passion for love nor that for nature, as the elder poets had the infection of their age, does their eulogist seem to have inherited from them. Sentiment, pathos, meditative power, melody and phrase, love of the poets, interest in man's spiritual problems, passion for his social happiness, together with the faculty for graceful compliment, for friendship in verse, for light irony and the cameo forms of the art as well as for denunciation and eloquent protest in its noblest forms—all this the volume evinces. Its limitations, which have been glanced at, need not be imputed to the poet as defects; they are probably his by choice, in some degree, if the "Apologia" be read as a complete account of his aims; and, in any case, here is only the first-fruits of his art, truly looked at. More than all these qualities, which have been indicated so briefly, one other thing stands out shining: the devotion of the poet to the ideal of poetry as he received it from Tennyson, last of the sacred line. To have lived by it thus far is his honor, and while it remains with him he will scarce need fortune for his friend through many a long year.

THE TWOFOLD CAUSE OF BETTING.

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY,

President of Yale University.

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, "I don't think—"

"Then you should n't talk," said the Hatter.

BETTING on athletics, and especially on college athletics, does harm in even more ways than we generally imagine. It is bad alike for the boys who bet and for the boys who play. To the former it teaches the habit of making money by gambling instead of by service—a habit which will expose them to all sorts of temptations when they begin their actual business life. To the latter it introduces an element of professionalism in a peculiarly dangerous form. If their friends have much money staked on the result of a game, the players no longer contend for honor alone. The fact that their friends' property is thus involved leads them to do a great many things, and leads their coaches to allow them

to do a great many things, which violate the spirit of the game, if not the letter of its rules.

All this not only spoils athletics as a training-ground in morals, but creates a general looseness of public sentiment as to things which may be done and permitted for the sake of money-getting. The men who grow up in the midst of practices like these learn to tolerate not only gambling, which is bad enough, but corrupt manipulation of the market, which is even worse.

Our failure to stop the growth of an evil as bad as this shows that in some way we do not get to the root of the matter. It indicates that there are causes for the tolerance of this practice of betting on athletics which do not appear on the surface, and

that we must get back to these causes if we wish really to cope with the difficulty.

It is customary to treat this habit of betting as if it were nothing but a manifestation of the gambling spirit—the spirit which enjoys the excitement connected with risk of any kind, and which takes pecuniary risks on current events for the sake of such enjoyment. This accounts for a part of the practice, but not for the whole. If betting on sports had been nothing more than an indulgence of the propensity to gamble, it would probably have been restricted long ago. But it has another function, and a very important one. It can be used as a means of checking irresponsible talk. The propensity of some people to brag and bluster makes them at times a public nuisance. The men in our colleges, especially the younger and more callow ones, are no exception to this rule. Under these circumstances, the demand that the blusterer shall back his words by a wager of money becomes a means of protection to those about him against the unpleasant talk which is otherwise dinned into their ears.

In this respect the practice of betting has a function not unlike that which was exercised by the practice of dueling a century or two ago. In generations past the blusterer was compelled to make good his words by the wager of his life. We have become quieter in our temper at the beginning of the twentieth century, and only demand that he shall wager his money. But the principle is the same in the two cases.

This can be used, to some extent, as a theoretical justification for the practice of betting. It is, however, far more defensi-

ble as a theoretical view than as a practical argument, for in actual life betting fails to accomplish its object. In this respect also the parallel between betting and dueling holds good. The duel checked irresponsible language on the part of those who could not fight; but to those who were ready to take their lives in their hands it offered an indemnity instead of a restraint. In like manner, the public tolerance of betting allows those who have money to wager to give themselves free indulgence in boasting. In betting, as in dueling, the whole community suffers under the evils of the practice, without realizing much of the theoretically possible good.

How was dueling stopped? Only by the evolution of a code of public sentiment which made it a misdemeanor to insult one's fellows by word or deed, and removed the one ground upon which men of honor had reason to defend the duel. How shall indiscriminate betting be stopped? If our parallel holds good, by the same means. We have done away with habits of direct insult. Let us do away also with that indirect mode of insult which arises from the habit of glorification of one's self at the expense of the earth in general. We have learned to despise swagger when it is intended to give offense to an individual. Let us carry our ethics farther, and despise it altogether. Many of us already do this in theory; let us have our condemnation felt in practice. If we have once reached the point of making it a part of our social code that bluff and brag and loud talk of every kind are unworthy of gentlemen, the only present justification for betting will fall to the ground. The rest may be left to take care of itself.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Annexation.

THE making of American States is apt to be one of the recklessnesses of American politics, somewhat as the making of Vice-Presidents has often been. The deciding motive is too frequently one of passing politics,—a race of parties to achieve favor with a new constituency (the party of expectation being sometimes the party of disappointment),—rather than a calm weighing of the subject, with a view not merely to the natural wishes of the community desiring the connection, but to

the interests of the entire Union, and to something like a proper balance of representation in the Senate of the United States.

The threats—for so current outgivings may be called—of bringing Cuba into the Union, and the prospects held out to Porto Rico of joining the Union in full statehood, lead to considerations not without alarm for the judicious. The American Union can stand a good deal of strain, but it cannot stand everything. Within our time two heavy strains have been incurred—first, in actual civil war; second, in the serious and menacing

controversy resulting in the seating of President Hayes. The first of these difficulties resulted from a difference, within the Union, of climates, customs, laws. In the second, the decision hung upon the vote of a community in some ways the most foreign in habit and ways of thought to the great mass of our population. Suppose the question of the Presidency should hinge upon the electorate of Cuba or of Porto Rico—what would be the chances of an amicable settlement, as in the day of Tilden and Hayes?

The time may come, with a great increase of population on the continent, and a great change in the conditions of the islands, when annexation may be both desired and desirable; but that time is not yet—nor yet in sight.

The Whole World in the Geography Class.

WITHIN four years what an increase there has been not only in the white man's burden, but in the white boy's burden—or, more particularly, in the burden of the American school-boy! Before 1898 the most casual and superficial knowledge of Cuba or Porto Rico was all that would have been exacted of him. In the text-books Hawaii was a mere matter of lepers and volcanoes; the Philippines were virtually ignored; Guam was not. One by one these outlying dependencies have been loaded upon the geographical curriculum, until the meager knowledge of a few years ago will no longer answer: the American boy must now have almost as thorough an acquaintance with the geography of these islands as with that of his own fatherland. The independence of Cuba (on the consummation of which some Americans are preening themselves, as though one should boast of having paid a promissory note) has made a knowledge of that country not less, but more desirable. And there is more to be reckoned. Peking we knew in our youth as the double-circled capital of a country in which, as the voracious woodcut showed, the population was chiefly engaged in carrying boxes of tea suspended from each end of a pole. The campaign for the relief of the legations made it necessary to give almost as much attention to the geography and characteristics of that region as to those of Arizona. The discovery of gold in Alaska has added a large new territory to the range of the school-boy. Before these lines are read the Danish West Indies may be ours, and a further extension of geographical knowledge will be demanded. Certainly the great disasters of May have already made Martinique and St. Vincent familiar to the overlaid children of every progressive school. To-day the colors must be changed on the map of South Africa. To-morrow perhaps the Arctic frontier will be advanced considerably toward the pole. In short, geography has advanced in dignity to a place of first importance in the more-or-less-exact sciences. Cinderella has become a princess.

The result of all this expansion is that the whole reading world has become a class in geography. The British, by virtue of the multiplicity

of their colonies, have always been from infancy close students of the map of the world. The more self-centered peoples, like France, Germany, and Italy, have until recently confined themselves within their own borders or those of their immediate neighbors, or to foreign "spheres of influence." Russia, not having yet waked up to the ideal of true greatness that lies in an educated people, is content to have her view of the world intrusted to a few diplomats, who are of necessity out of sympathy with current tendencies. For her, probably, is reserved the greatest political movement of the twentieth century. But it will not come until a fuller knowledge of the world's progress penetrates from without and touches her imagination. Meanwhile she is merely "marking time," as the soldiers say, while the other nations we have named are hurrying up, in more or less disorder, to join the ranks of England and America in the study of human progress.

It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish War. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the school-boy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult. "Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies—mainly commerce, invention, travel, benevolence, and disaster—are conspiring to bring in touch all the nations of the world, and to demand the fullest knowledge of all by each. There are those who think that this absorbing interest in the actualities of material events is being cultivated at the expense of great creative art. But an epoch of large wealth has been usually the precursor of a period of great art. When this period comes, perhaps the result will be all the more significant and valuable that the peoples of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.

But what of our own country? Have we extinguished our ignorance of it? Do the representative Northerners who visit Hampton and Tuskegee every year find that they have nothing to learn? Were not the Buffalo and Charleston Expositions revelations of our own country to ourselves? "The spoiled child," say the Japanese, "should be made to travel"; and surely if he is made to travel he is in less danger of becoming a spoiled child. It is better to learn one's geography from observation than from text-books, and he will be fortunate and wise who can and will give his children the opportunity to see much of their own country.

A New Use of Beauty.

UNDER the title of "A Rich Man Killed" attention was called, editorially, in THE CENTURY for August, to the deference paid to wealth by many ingenious authors of head-lines in the daily press. Since then an item of police news has appeared under the title, "Rich Man charged with Beating Wife." The curious observers of newspaper pecu-

liarities must be aware of a similar deference, on the part of journalistic experts, in the presence of alleged womanly charms. This deference manifests itself in several ways. One is the tendency to find, or to seem to find, these charms in all women, especially all young women, who come under the professional purview of the journalist. All "débutantes," social, dramatic, or musical, are described as attractive to the eye,—this is to be expected. It is also to be expected that a young woman making her début as a divorcée, in our fast society, should be put forth journalistically as exceptionally gifted with good looks. It would not be surprising if no matter how plain a young woman, fond of athletic adventure, should perform a notable piece of horsemanship, it were chronicled under the head of: "Pretty Polly Pushkins Busts a Bucking Bronco."

But the tone of gallantry is so pervasive that no young person of the gentle sex can come under the notice of the police, for any cause, without being quite sure to find herself described in some newspaper the next day as the possessor of physical charms perhaps hitherto undiscovered. The young female accused of crime will not only see herself declared beautiful, but the ascription of beauty may have documentary proof in the shape of a fetching portrait, showing her arrayed in the latest and most attractive fashion of dress and head-gear. Not long ago the readers of two of our "up-to-date" dailies were served with portrait-drawings of this nature. One would hardly believe, by the way, except on the authority of the newspapers themselves, that the portraits were actually of the same person; but it was interesting to note that the amount of yellowness of these particular newspapers was clearly indicated by the degree of beauty attributed to the fair culprit. The immediate offense of the beauty against the public peace consisted in her having "pushed in" or "scraped off" the face of her rival, whose own facial charms, for some reason, were left to

the imagination of the reader. Any female shop-lifter, under the age of fifty, is likely to be described in language which used to be reserved for the society columns. No type-writer who has come into contact with any sort of litigation has been known to be other than "pretty." And so it goes: "A Pretty Paterson Girl Caught Picking Pockets," "A Young Charmer of Irrawaddy Turns Out to be a Skilful Forger," "A Belle of Dubois Elopes with a Colored Coachman."

Along with this wholesale and unblushing attribution of beauty to all sorts and conditions of women, there is a growing habit of even the more respectable press to print pictures of young women, of various cities, on the evident and in this case well-sustained grounds of their personal attractions. Frequently, in such cases, the journalist is not content with letting the picture speak for itself, but the fact that the woman is truly beautiful is stated in so many words, in connection with her name: as, for instance, "Miss Belinda Blank of Blanktown, one of Mr. Blank's Four Pretty Daughters," "The Two Beautiful Miss Abercrombies of Stringville," "Miss Melissa Moggs, the Handsome Sister of the Hon. Blatherstone Moggs of Kronin County."

Along with this deference to beauty often occurs the look from below upward at society, as in some such title as this under a portrait photograph: "The Beautiful Miss Shillaby, a Prominent Member of the Exclusive Set of Stokesville."

The journalist criticized for professional enthusiasms of this kind will doubtless be able to tell strange tales of the ease of procuring such pictures—possibly of the difficulty of avoiding rather than of any difficulty in obtaining artistic material of this sort.

All of which proves that there are many traits in human nature which have been there a great while, and which may be startlingly apparent only when new conditions bring out these old traits in novel forms.

OPEN LETTERS

Jefferson Davis not a Keeper of Bloodhounds.

IN the recent entertaining article on "Bloodhounds in America," in THE CENTURY for June, reference was made to a statement that forty-seven bloodhounds were killed by the Union troops at the home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, he having imported a pack for breeding purposes.

In relation to this Isaiah T. Montgomery, now Receiver of the Land Office in Mississippi and a resident of Jackson, formerly a trusted slave on the plantation of Mr. Davis's brother, which ad-

joined Mr. Jefferson Davis's place (the two places being virtually one), writes to the "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, stating that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Davis "had no hounds of any kind on his plantation, and absolutely had no use for negro dogs, as none of his slaves were runaways."

Mrs. Jefferson Davis herself writes to us as follows:

Mr. Davis never owned a bloodhound, never bred one, and had no possible use for one, as we never had a runaway negro, and should not have chased one with hounds or other means had such a painful accident happened to us. We never sold anything but cotton, and

had no use for stock for breeding purposes, except horses, hogs, sheep, and cows. Though horses were bred for the cultivation of our fields, even these were never sold. For fifteen years prior to 1861 Mr. Davis was seldom on his plantation, and except the mongrel dogs of the negroes there were no dogs on the place, nor on his brother's place adjoining ours.

THE EDITOR.

A Point Concerning the Charleston Exposition.

If one should ask what were the most salient characteristics of the Charleston Exposition, I think the most truthful reply would be that it was an exposition to be hereafter recalled as unique in the history of American expositions, in that it had the smallest average attendance of visitors and the least financial deficit. The people of Charleston, numbering altogether only 65,000, and of this 65,000 only 25,000 whites, were apprehensive for some months after the opening of the Exposition, and especially from the fact that the great Pan-American of Buffalo, which immediately preceded their own show, had closed with a deficit of \$3,000,000, that a

means to the enterprise. It is stated on good authority that the Exposition cost to build and equip less than \$1,000,000, and that the principal buildings were all erected for the same sum that the Electric Tower at the Pan-American cost alone.¹

The Exposition brought to the surface in Charleston what remains of an early culture and civilization which has scarcely had its parallel in the United States, and which it was the delight of visitors of artistic and literary taste and cultivation to study and explore.

James B. Townsend.
[Director of Fine Arts.]

"The Lances" (or "The Surrender of Breda"), by Velasquez.

(SEE FRONTISPICE.)

THIS picture, from which the detail of the principal characters is taken, was painted by Velasquez for King Philip IV in 1647, and was one of the latest—certainly the most important and best—of the works of the artist executed before his second visit to Italy, in 1648. It marks the culmination of his second period. The art of Velasquez is divided into three periods, the first ending in his thirtieth year, and marked by his great picture of "Los Borrachos," or "The Topers," to be engraved later; the second in his forty-eighth; and the third with his death, at the age of sixty-one, in 1660. The picture which marks the final period is his last and greatest,—"Las Meninas,"—the finest canvas in the world, as indicating the high-water mark of realism. This will also be engraved.

"The Surrender of Breda" is also styled "The Lances," from the number of pikes which form a conspicuous figure in its composition, stripping, as they do, the blue sky to the right of the picture. The subject represents an important event in the history of Spain which happened in 1625.

It also gives us a living portrait of "the last great general Spain ever had," Ambrogio Spinola, who, by the way, was an Italian and an esteemed friend of the painter.

It is a large canvas, measuring approximately ten feet high by twelve feet wide, with figures of life-size. The Spaniards are on the right, headed by the victorious General Spinola, and the Hollanders form the opposite group, from which the vanquished leader, Prince Justin of Nassau, bends forward, advancing toward Spinola, and resigning the key of the fortress. This the latter generously



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

KEY OF "THE LANCES" BY VELASQUEZ.

financial crash, which might shake the city to its foundations, would follow their own enterprise. They put away this fear some time ago, when it was gradually learned that by economical management the entire Exposition had been built and paid for, the incidental running expenses arranged, and that at the worst there could not well be a deficit of over \$100,000, and this to be borne by President Wagener, a public-spirited millionaire, who believed in the Exposition as a benefit to the city of Charleston, and proved his faith by the giving of his time, his labor, and his

¹ The United States government has since met the deficiencies of the two expositions by appropriations of \$500,000 for that of the Pan-American and \$160,000 for that of Charleston.—EDITOR.

ignores, and prepares to embrace his fallen foe, and doubtless to praise him on his valorous defense, for "he held the fort with stubborn resistance." It is a trying and delicate moment, but the artist has depicted it with consummate skill, placing us into sympathy with the situation. How well he invests the whole figure of the Italian with the kindly and courteous air of the perfect gentleman! The Dutchman shows in his whole person the sense of defeat.

The whole is rich and powerful in color and low in tone. The Spanish general is clad in a coat of mail riveted with brass, and he wears buff boots. He holds in his right hand a field-glass and his hat, from which projects a white plume. From

his shoulder hangs a wine-colored silk scarf, which flows in folds behind. The Dutch leader is loosely clad in a full habit of a warm-brown tone, which is ornamented with gold braidings that glint and sparkle softly in the relief of its folds, giving it pleasing variety. His thick boots are of a similar warm-brown tone, with flapping tops, and his limp costume presents a contrast to the trim elegance of his conqueror.

The scene is laid upon an eminence. Behind, and lower down, are soldiers marching, and off in the distance stretch the lowlands of Holland, with Breda and its smoking fortifications.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



The Crowned.

THOUGH keen ambition spurs you on
To laurel-crowned endeavor;
Though you be king upon a throne,
Or queen of royal favor;
Although the listening world applauds
Your picture or your story;
Although you tread the classic boards
With histrionic glory;

Although the idol of the press,
The hero of the drama,—
Yet in the midst of life's success,
Its cheering panorama,
There comes a time, whate'er betide,
When every man and woman
Must lay aside their sceptered pride
And just be nice and human!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

Lines to an Old Joke.

POETASTERS of Pompeii scrawled you on
a kind of clay; and, coming thence,
you might be dubbed a trifle tufa-
fetched;

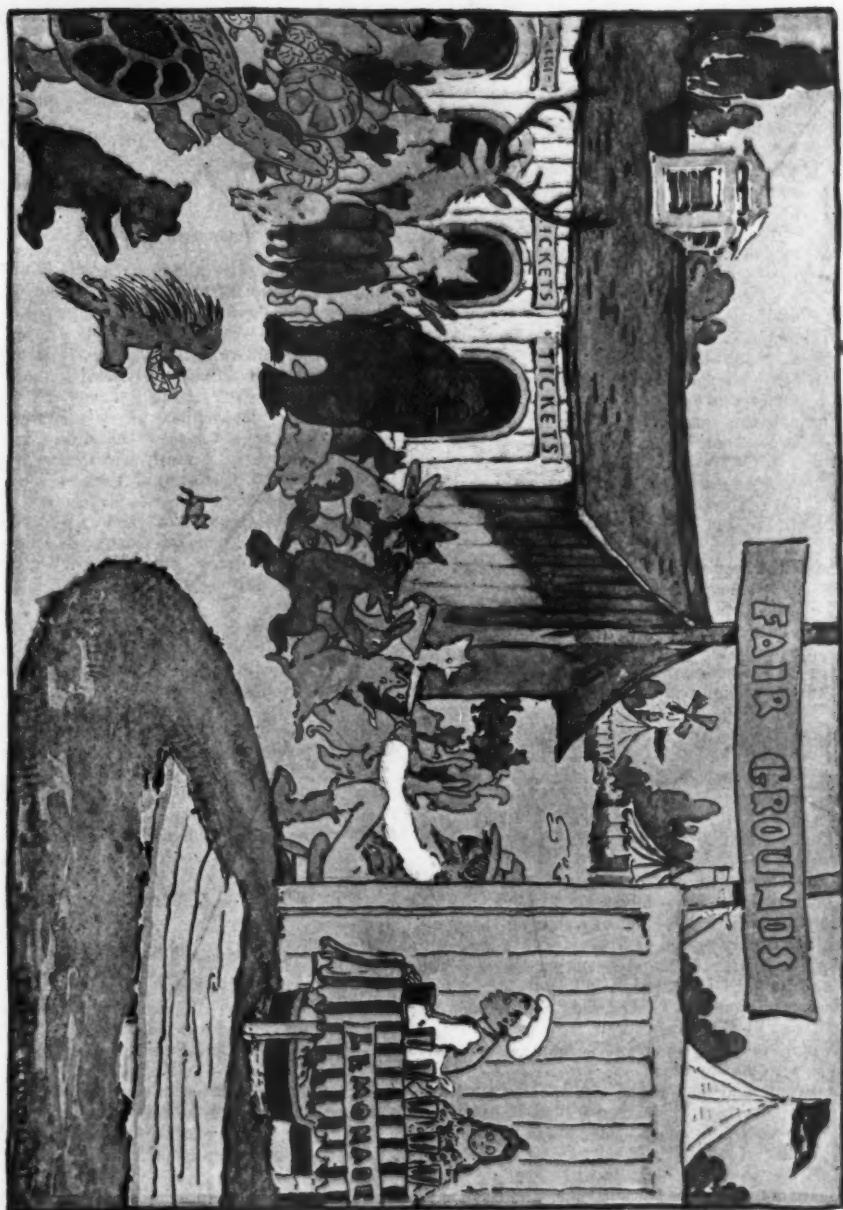
Yet, along with Amaryllis in dead verse
of N. P. Willis, I behold your family
likeness austindobaeonesquely etched.

You're the jape yclept by Chaucer "ye
beste thyng that evre I sawe, sirre!"
and on you doth hang a Canterbury
tale;

Yet you're prevalent in Asia ere that
Pericles' Aspasia sets the wits of
Athens by you in a gale.

Coming down to modern times now, within
sound of Bow-bell chimes how fre-
quently to flavor punch you have
been used!

"I DOAN' WAN' NO MO' BUFDAYS FO' A WHOLE YEAH."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY A. DAVIS.
AT THE COUNTY FAIR: THE ENTRANCE.

Hath the savory jest of Homer lost no jot of its aroma? Should your mummy come to life . . . 't would be refused!

Fullerton L. Waldo.

Two-Old-Cat.

COME days in the summer weather—the radiant, kingly days,
When Nature and Youth together go sauntering sunny ways;
When the land is a-shimmer—'shimmer—wrapped in its robe of green,
And ranging the vaulted azure the hen-hawk high is seen;
There surges a subtle longing, a wistful, keen desire
Which the earth and sky and breezes, the birds and the bees, inspire—
A wish for the knickerbockers, the blouse, and the tattered hat
Forming the garb of freedom and the times of two-old-cat.

Off with the starch and customs that trammel the path of man!
Hail to the blissful era of freckles and hives and tan!
When the feet were ne'er too weary, and the sun ne'er shone too hot,
For chasing the flies and grounders on Robinson's pasture lot;
When the title of "butter-fingers" was full of shrill disdain,
And the urchin who caught a "liner" was quite puffed up and vain;
When 't was truly a proud distinction to "take 'em off the bat"—
Oh, glorious sprains and bruises received at two-old-cat!

I fancy I'd like to linger again where the weeds are tall
And attempt to fool the runner with the cry:
"Lost ball! Lo-o-st ba-a-all!"
Or stand where the slab, unstable, as the home base duly served,
And face with an awed sensation the boy who thought he "curved."
Do you reckon that "Peg" and "Stiffie," and the rest of that joyous crew,
Would be willing to doff their mantles and start with me anew?
Merchant and doctor and soldier, professor and diplomat—
I'd rather be sixteenth fielder in playing at two-old-cat.

Hours on hours in the sunshine, drenched with the golden air,
Barefoot and brown and happy, with errant and tangled hair;
And then, in the tender twilight, to lie 'neath the maples still

And hear in the dusky woodland the call of the whippoorwill;
Asleep ere the day's red pennants their westward march have ceased,
Sure that a kindly morrow will rise from the fairy east.
Home and mother and father, castles and school—all that
Throgs in as a part and parcel of boyhood's two-old-cat.

Edwin L. Sabin.

The Elder Sothern's Tact.

MRS. FULLER'S entertaining article in the June number of THE CENTURY on "The Humor of the Elder Sothern" reminds me of an incident.

It was in the year 1863 or 1864. During the summer months Sothern, with John T. Raymond and several other well-known actors, occupied the local theater of a seaside summer resort, to which he and his company drew a houseful of people several nights in the week to hear and see them act—rehearse it really was in preparation for their next winter's New York season—the most important of Shakspeare's plays.

The little building had, of course, a gallery, and in the gallery the "gods" became so obstreperous on occasions that it was with great difficulty the play could be proceeded with. The ringleader, a well-known rough of the town, was a man named Bill Hanrahan. One night a happy inspiration seized Sothern: having learned the name of this prominent member of the rowdy element, he addressed him, in the midst of the most unearthly noises, as follows: "Mr. Hanrahan, will you be good enough to take charge of the gallery and keep order for me, and I shall feel very grateful." The result was magical. "Bill" became at once an official of the theater, and as such cracked the heads of a few of his erstwhile fellow-rioters with such good effect that it was only a little time before the best of order prevailed.

One who was present.

Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

By the roadside, rain or shine,
You'll find two jolly good friends of mine;
Sturdier comrades never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

O Ragged Robin! your coat of blue
Lets the sun and the rain come through.
O Betsy, you tomboy! your frock by night
Will be in tatters of pink and white.

Gay little beggars, what do they care?
They love their life in the sun and air.
Sturdier rascals never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

Alice Reid.

